

LABOUR IN TURMOIL

IN THE INDEPENDENT TOMORROW

So how did our friends in the North spend Christmas?

THIS STUDENT LIFE RETURNS FOR A NEW TERM

THE BEST WRITING, WEEK IN, WEEK OUT: DEBORAH ROSS, HOWARD JACOBSON, HAMISH MURRAY, MARK STEEL, ROBERT FISK, TERENCE BLACKER, JOHN WALSH, RICHARD WILLIAMS, DAVID ARONOVITZ, ANNE McILROY, THOMAS SUTCLIFFE, MILLS KINGTON, SUE ARNOLD, ANDREAS WHITMAN SMITH

■ **HEALTH**
PECS - A NEW SYSTEM FOR HELPING AUTISTIC CHILDREN COMMUNICATE AND LEARN
■ **PLUS MEDIA**



Cunningham 'spent cash on private jets'

BY SARAH SCHAEFER
Political Reporter

LABOUR WAS embroiled in a new row over ministerial spending yesterday as Jack Cunningham, the Cabinet Office enforcer, was accused of wasting taxpayer's money on travelling in private jets to meetings.

Tory critics claimed that during his time as Agriculture Minister, Dr Cunningham breached rules obliging ministers to ensure they travel by the most cost-effective means.

The allegations surfaced as Tony Blair sought to put the upheavals and turmoil of the Christmas recess behind him by pledging that his Government should be assessed on its record on health, education and reform of the welfare state rather than "scandal and gossip" about individual politicians.

The row erupted after Nick Brown, Dr Cunningham's successor at the agriculture ministry, released details in response to a parliamentary answer showing he had used private jets for seven journeys to Luxembourg, Strasbourg, Rotterdam and Bonn although there were several scheduled flights a day.

The cost of these flights was as much as £6,500 when the average fare for a business return would have been £438.

Mr Brown made clear no private jets had been used by the ministry in the last year of Tory rule nor had he himself used a private jet since taking office.

Tim Yeo, shadow Agriculture Minister, said Dr Cunningham, Cabinet Office Minister, had "been caught with his snout in the trough". He added: "It appears his penchant for travel-



Jack Cunningham (top) and Nick Brown, Minister of Agriculture

a separate development, Gordon Brown, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was facing demands for a Downing Street inquiry about his ministerial conduct after reports that the PR firm HMC, partly run by his girlfriend Sarah Macaulay, had been paid £100,000 to promote the New Statesman, owned by former Paymaster General Geoffrey Robinson.

David Heathcoat Amory, the shadow Chief Secretary to the Treasury, said Mr Brown was "driving a coach and horses" through the ministerial code of conduct.

He questioned whether the Chancellor knew about the commercial connection when he tried to persuade the Prime Minister last year to keep Mr Robinson in his job.

Mr Robinson resigned on 23 December, blaming his departure on 12 months of "a highly charged political campaign" by the media.

In his criticism, Heathcoat Amory pointed to the ministerial code of conduct under which ministers must guard against any risk of a potential conflict of interest affecting themselves or their spouse or partner.

"It is becoming clear why Mr Brown was so keen to keep his crony in place - not just to thank him for past favours but to keep his partner in style to which she had become accustomed," he added.

Critics argue that Charlie Whelan, the Chancellor's press secretary, fuelled rumours about the close links between Mr Brown and Mr Robinson last week when he allegedly joked that he could get a copy of the New Statesman before it was published because the Treasury "owned" the magazine.



Tony Blair talking with Sir David Frost on 'Breakfast with Frost' yesterday. The Prime Minister defended Robin Cook over allegations of philandering, and called for the Government to be judged on results, not the personal lives of ministers. Michael Stephens/PA

Watchdog to investigate Heath

BY SARAH SCHAEFER

SIR EDWARD Heath's commercial links with four companies will be referred to the parliamentary anti-sleaze watchdog today, after it emerged that the former Conservative prime minister had failed to declare them.

Sir Edward has denied allegations that he had breached parliamentary rules, insisting that he was not acting in his capacity as an MP in his role as a paid adviser to the firms. The companies include the China Ocean Shipping Compa-

ny (Cosco), owned by the Chinese government. Sir Edward, who is the House of Commons' longest-serving MP and the Father of the House, is also a board member of the Centre for Global Energy Studies, a London-based think-tank that was set up and run by Sheikh Ahmed Zaki Yamani, the former Saudi minister for petroleum and mineral resources.

Sir Edward's close relationship with China is also shown by his role as an adviser on the country for investment funds run by Dresdner Kleinwort Benson and CGU. In a statement, Sir Edward confirmed that he was being paid by the companies, but said that the payments did not have to be declared because he did not lobby on their behalf, speak or ask questions for them in the House of Commons. He added that the arrangement had been cleared in 1996 by the then parliamentary

commissioner for standards, Sir Gordon Downey.

"Matters which are not connected to Parliament do not need to be declared."

"This is quite straightforward, it has all been cleared by Sir Gordon Downey," Sir Edward said.

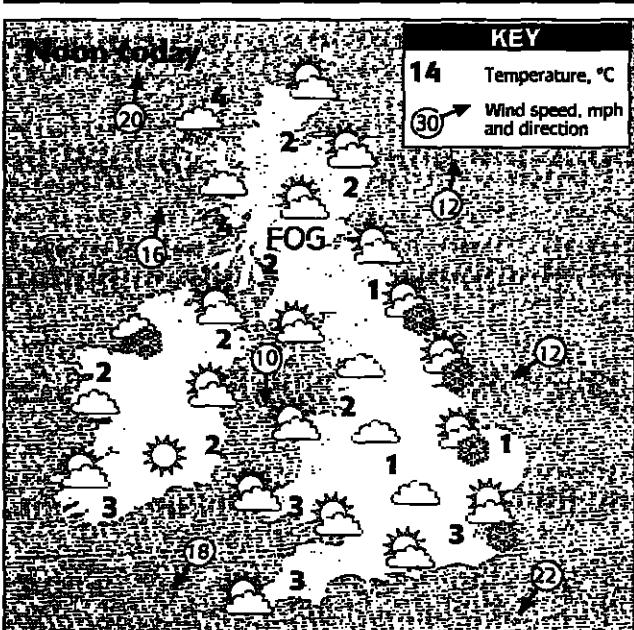
But Fraser Kemp, the Labour MP for Houghton and Washington East, said he would be referring the matter to Elizabeth Filkin, the new Parliamentary Commissioner, to investigate whether there has

been a breach of rules. "The rules of the House of Commons apply to every member, whether or not he is a former prime minister," he said.

"There have been fanatical claims about probity by Tories over the past few weeks and unless they want to look hypocritical they should share the concern about transparency which is felt by Labour MPs."

Mr Kemp said he was also writing to William Hague, the Conservatives' current leader, urging him for his support.

BRITAIN TODAY



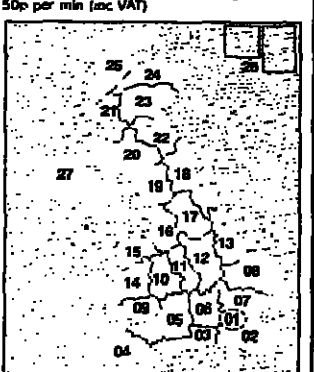
FORECAST
General situation Much of eastern England and the Midlands will be cold and rather cloudy with the risk of some light flurries of sleet or snow, most likely towards the North Sea coast. Wales and western England will also be very cold, but it will be generally dry with a few sunny spells. Scotland and Northern Ireland will again start very frosty with pockets of freezing fog clearing only slowly. Most parts will be dry with sunny periods, although some sleet and drizzle is possible in the west later.

SUN & MOON
Sun rises: 08:03
Sun sets: 16:14
Moon rises: 01:49
Moon sets: 12:27
New Moon: Jan 17th

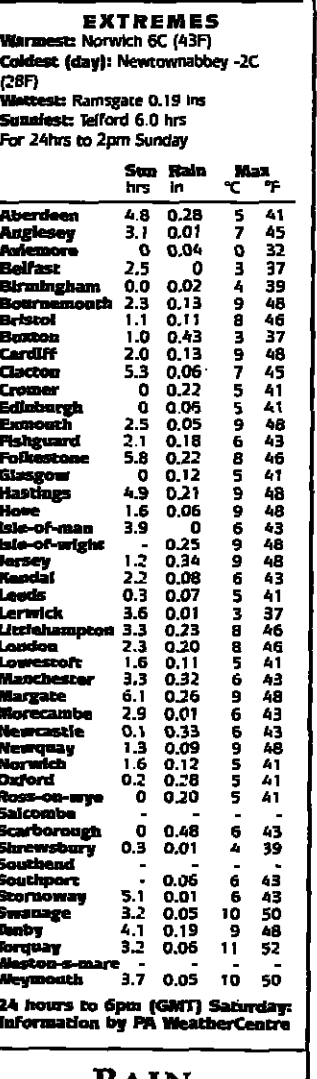
TRAVEL
London: A12 Green Man Roundabout, Leytonstone. Major roadworks on new M11 link road.
Cambridge: A10 between Foston and M11. Resurfacing and bridge maintenance work at Sharnbrook. Until 12th February.
Bristol: M5 J16-18. Major roadworks on Severn-Trent bridge. Until 12th February.
Leeds: M1 J27-28. Major roadworks on Airedale bridge. Until 12th February.
Sheffield: A14 Fawcett Docks. Roadworks. Until 28th February.
A1 roadworks: Call 0336 461777 for the latest local and national traffic news. Source: The Automobile Association. Calls charged at 50p per min (inc VAT).

YESTERDAY

Lighting up	Extremes
Winnipeg: -20C (-4F) Coldest (day): Newmarket -2C (28F) Winnipeg: -20C (-4F) Coldest (night): -20C (-4F) Winnipeg: -20C (-4F) Coldest (night): -20C (-4F)	Winnipeg: -20C (-4F) Coldest (day): Newmarket -2C (28F) Winnipeg: -20C (-4F) Coldest (night): -20C (-4F) Winnipeg: -20C (-4F) Coldest (night): -20C (-4F)

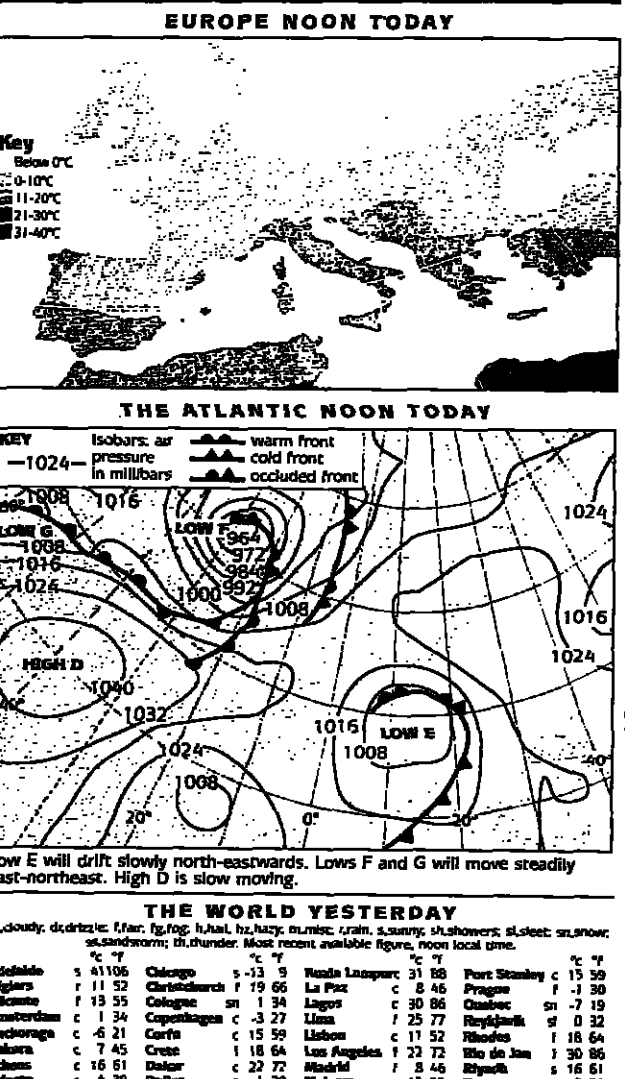


THE WORLD



THE WORLD YESTERDAY
Coldest (day): Newmarket -2C (28F)
Winnipeg: -20C (-4F)
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Whelan book will not be stopped

BY COLIN BROWN
Chief Political Correspondent

Brown resented Mr Blair winning the leadership and blamed Mr Mandelson; Robin Cook resented Mr Brown and "hated" Mr Mandelson; John Prescott saw Mr Mandelson's influence over Mr Blair as a "cancer" at the heart of the Government.

Mr Whelan is rumoured to have had offers of up to £200,000 for a book of disclosures about feuds between Mr Brown and Peter Mandelson and supporters of Mr Blair. Denying that No 10 was blocking publication of a book, the Prime Minister said: "I don't know how we could, even if we wanted to, and I haven't the slightest knowledge as to whether he's writing one or he isn't."

There are countless feuds for Mr Whelan to draw on, if he decides to go into print. Mr

Whelan is rumoured to have had offers of up to £200,000 for a book of disclosures about feuds between Mr Brown and Peter Mandelson and supporters of Mr Blair. Denying that No 10 was blocking publication of a book, the Prime Minister said: "I don't know how we could, even if we wanted to, and I haven't the slightest knowledge as to whether he's writing one or he isn't."

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What happens when public morality meets an unethical personal policy

BY PAUL VALLELY

THERE'S ALL this talk about preserving marriages and yet it seems Robin Cook did the right thing by leaving his wife and going off with his mistress and Piers did the wrong thing. So said Helen Merchant fairly recently in a radio interview about why she had not split up with her husband, the disgraced Tory MP Piers Merchant, after his fling with a 17-year-old.

Remember the good old days of Tory sleaze? In the dying days of John Major's Back-to-Basics era, Mr Merchant was caught on tabloid camera kissing and fondling a young woman in a park. He managed to persuade his wife, and, more importantly, his constituency party, that things were not as they looked, but six months later the *Sunday Mirror* obtained pictures of the pair in bed. Mr Merchant was forced to resign as an MP.

If Mrs Merchant is perplexed in her attempt to pin down the complex formula which governs the political consequences of sexual betrayal, she is not alone. The events of the coming few days will add a little more case law to the puzzling precedents in the field.

Will the Foreign Secretary finally get his comeuppance for dumping his wife at Heathrow on the eve of their annual holiday? Or will the Prime Minister's dismissal yesterday of "a whole lot of nonsense about the personal lives of ministers" be enough to save him - with its plea for a focus on important things like health, education, crime and welfare reform?

Certainly it is hard to detect a consistent pattern in the interaction between sex and politics. The old cliché that Tory scandals centre on sex and Labour's on money no longer seems to hold good. Mr Cook seemed safe when his infidelities became public and, with indecent haste, he married his mistress, but his position looks a little more wobbly now.

The Agriculture Minister, Nick Brown, easily shrugged off revelations of his homosexual-



Margaret Cook, former wife of the Foreign Secretary, Robin Cook, leaving her home in Edinburgh yesterday

ity, yet something altogether more hazy did for the former secretary of state for Wales, Ron Davies. Some, but not all, Labour sex is now scandalous too, it seems.

History is not much help here. Once, sexual shenanigans were kept quiet, unless, as with the Profumo affair, they were deemed to open the politics to blackmail. He was sleeping with a woman who was also having sex with a Russian spy. Sleeping with the enemy meant something rather different in those days. Nor does it assist much to narrow the question to "Should a politician,

when exposed as a philanderer, drop his wife or his mistress?" Cecil Parkinson was the modern prototype here. The chairman of the Conservative Party under Margaret Thatcher was revealed to have fathered a child by a rather formidable Tory secretary called Sarah Keays.

He dithered between the two, before finally plumping for marital loyalty with his dutiful wife, Ann, standing story-faced by him. But it was a lose-lose situation - Ms Keays and her handicapped child were left in a strained circumstance and Mr Parkinson

was forced out of frontline politics.

By contrast, the Tory heritage secretary, David Mellor, seemed to have brazened out a much more lurid affair with an actress, Antonia de Sancha, and even more outlandish embellishments concerning toe-sucking and Chelsea football strips. The sex did not force him from the Cabinet. He only went after allegations that he took holidays from the daughter of a PLO fundraiser. But, after forcing the compliant Mrs Mellor to stand by him in a notorious family photo-call, he dropped her for an aristocrat-

ic departmental adviser. It was only after that that the voters of Putney issued their own reprimand by removing him from office at the last election.

Contrast that with Piers Merchant who, despite dropping his teenage lover for the second time and reconciling once again with his wife, was still forced out of the Commons by his own party officials. The complicating factor in the political alchemy here was Mr Major's ill-fated Back-to-Basics campaign. It turned sexual morality into a party policy to such an extent that at one point the transport minister

Steven Norris - known to his colleagues as Shagger - seemed under pressure, even though his six lovers were all, by and large, consecutive and all came after his separation from his wife.

So far Labour has managed to avoid such confusion between personal and policy matters. Notwithstanding the contrast between his ethical foreign policy and his not-so-ethical private life, Robin Cook seemed, until this week, to have escaped whipping.

So has anything changed? The important thing to remember is that in politics it is not the presenting issue which

is always the key determinant. The Parkinson case dragged on because he was a man who had many influential friends. Mr Mellor, by contrast, had few real heavyweight friends. With Mr Merchant it was not making a fool of his wife which did for him in the end, but making fools of his constituency officials.

There are other factors too. When there is not much other news about it, it is quite possible for the press to get overheated about something which might otherwise be allowed to pass. And then there are cases which become handy sticks with which to beat opponents.

Tony Blair may have been right yesterday when he said: "One of the reasons people focus so much on books written about cabinet ministers by their former wives is because on the policy agenda there is not much criticism." But that does not necessarily make the vicarious criticism any less damaging.

Mr Blair may have been dismissive yesterday of a political agenda dominated by "scandal and gossip and trivia". But, as the example of the Clinton impeachment shows, politics often turns on things which are a good deal more arbitrary than mere facts.

PLAYING IT DOWN



Judith Mellor at her husband's 'happy family' photo-call

PLAYING IT UP



George Wilkie Sarah Keays told all about the baby she had by Cecil Parkinson

Master in opposition but not in art of the possible

BY COLIN BROWN
Chief Political Correspondent

ROBIN COOK was one of the glittering stars on the Labour benches in opposition, but his shining career was tarnished long before Margaret Cook's book was serialised.

Mr Cook faced a call yesterday for his sacking, not for sexual affairs but for his "pretty sorry record" at the Foreign Office. Lavishly praised by Tony Blair, Mr Cook was savaged by Michael Howard, the Tory spokesman on foreign affairs. The "charge sheet" read out by Mr Howard included: bungling a royal visit to India; causing great offence during his trip to Israel; failing to support a UN motion of censure against China for its record on human rights; deliberately misleading people over the UN arms embargo against Sierra Leone; failing to implement an immediate flight ban on Serbian airlines when it appeared a ban had been imposed; and creating a diplomatic crisis with Chile over the Pinochet affair.

"China's most distinguished democrat, Wei Jingsheng, went



Robin Cook with his wife and former secretary, Gaynor

so far as to describe Mr Cook as two-faced," said Mr Howard. The Foreign Secretary's first error of judgement was to imagine that he could follow the ethical principles in government that he had pronounced upon in opposition. It was compounded by the launch of an ethical foreign policy, which cynical observers said was doomed to failure the moment it was unveiled.

He promised there would be no sales of arms that could be

used for internal repression, but in government, he found the Foreign Office impatient to stop the sale of equipment to Indonesia because he could not revoke the export licences which had been granted by the Conservative government.

Critics of Mr Cook attribute these self-inflicted wounds to his arrogance in office. He ran into trouble when his civil service secretary at the Foreign Office complained she had been ditched to make way for Gaynor

Regan, his Commons secretary, who later became his wife.

He has a reputation for not suffering fools gladly, and his intellectual brilliance, coupled with a spiky wit, has made him few friends in the Commons.

Without powerful friends in government, he was an easy target when the sniping began. In the leadership election, he voted for Mr Blair and John Prescott, who subsequently decided to form an alliance with the Chancellor, rather than with Mr Cook.

Mr Cook's rivalry with Gordon Brown - who, as Chancellor, occupies the one job Mr Cook coveted, according to his ex-wife - led to sharp exchanges between the Foreign Office and the Treasury over the euro.

His friends were not surprised by the revelations of sexual affairs, but they were shocked by the allegations that he was a drunk, which they strongly rejected. "He will slip a glass of cheap chardonnay in the Foreign Office, and perhaps have a glass of whisky after dinner, but he's not one to reach for the bottle," said one source close to Mr Cook.

Angry envoy blames ministers

BY PAUL LASHMAR

AS THOUGH he did not have enough problems, Robin Cook has now become embroiled in the controversy surrounding the departure of a senior Foreign Office official, Sir David Gore-Booth.

A critical telegram sent to the Foreign Secretary from Sir David, the outgoing High Commissioner to Delhi, has been leaked to the media. It was sent last month as Sir David left the Foreign Office after he was turned down as prospective head of the British Mission at the United Nations.

The telegram makes it clear that Sir David thinks ministers have lacked the courage to defend their civil servants. "No

civil servant should be put in a position where he or she is pilloried in public - and mimicked on the radio, television and stage - without the chance to defend him or herself," he says. "The gradual erosion of trust between officials and ministers is one of the saddest consequences of the dunning down of the media and the focus on personalities as opposed to policies."

This will further embarrass Mr Cook, who has been trying to restore flagging morale at the Foreign Office. Sir David has already blamed ministers for the collapse of his 35-year

career. "Somebody out there is taking pleasure from seeking to destroy my reputation slice by slice," he was quoted as saying.

Sir David, an Old Etonian is known to the readers of *Private Eye* as "Gore-Blimey of the FO". During the Scott Inquiry into arms to Iraq he originated the phrase, "Of course, half the picture can be accurate."

In December 1997, it was revealed that he had cost a British Aerospace employee his job, after complaints about ineptitude at the British Embassy in Saudi Arabia. At the time Sir David was the ambassador in Saudi Arabia where he helped negotiate the £20bn al-Yamamah arms deal.

In the telegram Sir David complains that "ill-judged but widely published comments" by the Foreign Office legal adviser about the case were "prejudicial to my personal and professional reputation".

Sir David also makes his bitterness over the UN job clear. "It is no secret that I had hoped to leave the Diplomatic Service from New York. But the dice fell the other way..."

By all accounts he is not a man to excite moderate passions. His critics say he is a plummy voiced old Etonian out of step with Mr Cook's Diplomatic Service. His admirers say that he was one of the Foreign Office's finest high-flyers.

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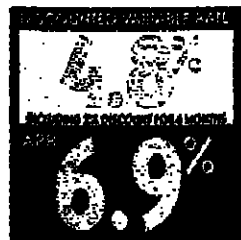
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Traditional maths teaching 'a success'

TRADITIONAL TEACHING methods in maths being promoted by the Government are already raising standards, ministers will say today. David Blunkett, Secretary of State for Education, will announce a £55m campaign to ensure all pupils know their times tables and brush up their mental arithmetic as part of a daily numeracy hour.

The money, which would enable all schools to offer the daily hour from September as part of the national numeracy strategy, would help to end 30 years

BY JUDITH JUDD
Education Editor

of poor maths teaching. Mr Blunkett is publishing reports showing the strategy is already improving primary-school maths. Figures from the National Foundation for Educational Research indicate that 11-year-olds in schools piloting the strategy are 12 to 16 months ahead of equivalent pupils two years ago.

The start of the drive appears to have been more successful than the first stages of

the national literacy strategy, which began nationally last September.

Reports on literacy published before Christmas showed many teachers had failed to grasp the recommended methods of teaching reading, through phonics. Boys continued to lag behind girls and working-class pupils and those from some ethnic minorities made less progress than others.

But today's figures say the numeracy methods are ensuring boys do as well as girls,

pupils with special educational needs are making good progress and those from ethnic minorities are doing better. There has been a marked improvement in pupils' mental arithmetic.

Mr Blunkett said: "For perhaps 30 years we have not focused on what we know works. The new daily maths lesson will ensure children know their tables and can do basic sums in their heads and are taught effectively in whole-class settings."

The methods outlined in the strategy are not compulsory but

schools that refuse to use them will be criticised if they fail to raise standards.

Ministers have set a target for 75 per cent of 11-year-olds to reach the expected standard in maths by 2002. The £55m package for 1998-2000 includes £50m for local education authorities to help train teachers as well as money for maths summer schools and family numeracy projects.

A further £18m will go to maths revision classes, after school, at weekends and in the Easter holidays to prepare

11-year-olds for the transfer to secondary school.

Nearly 800 out of 20,000 primary schools are using the methods recommended by the strategy, which is based on the previous government's National Numeracy Project.

Teachers are worried that the new strategy is too prescriptive. Doug McAvoy, general secretary of the National Union of Teachers, said: "Teachers will appreciate the advice and guidance but they must not be dictated to and should be free to use their own professional judgement. Rote learning of multiplication tables doesn't mean that you understand maths."

Inspectors from the Office for Standards in Education, who surveyed 211 schools, say progress towards the 2002 targets "will be neither even nor straightforward", because of year-by-year fluctuations in performance, writes Ben Russell. In a report to be published today they say they are pleased with the progress, given that most schools in the pilot were in deprived areas and had low scores in previous national curriculum tests. "The project has improved many aspects of the way teachers plan, organise and carry out teaching of mathematics. In these respects it has shown a significant success."

"It has brought substantial improvement in some weak schools. A much greater degree of support and intervention will be required, however, in the small but significant minority of schools where deep-seated weaknesses in leadership, management and the quality of teaching combine to reduce the impact of the project."

Jack Straw urged to reveal report on Blair Peach

BY IAN BURRELL
Home Affairs Correspondent

JACK STRAW, the Home Secretary, has been urged to reopen the file on Blair Peach to mark the 20th anniversary of his death. The New Zealand-born teacher was killed as police charged anti-racist demonstrators in Southall, west London.

Mr Peach's partner, Celia Stubbs, who attended the fatal protest on 23 April 1979, has written to Mr Straw saying that she has never been allowed to see the official police report into the tragedy.

As a young backbencher, Mr Straw was one of the first of 150 MPs to sign an early day motion calling for a public judicial inquiry into Mr Peach's death.

The Conservative home secretary at the time, William Whitelaw, refused a public inquiry. An internal Metropolitan Police investigation by Commander John Cass was never released. An inquest recorded a verdict of "death by misadventure", though 11 witnesses had reported seeing Mr Peach struck by police.

Ms Stubbs, 58, a social worker in Islington, north London, has written to the Home Secretary asking for a meeting. "Jack Straw was one of the first



Celia Stubbs: Her partner was killed 20 years ago

politicians to take an interest in this case but there are still many issues that are unresolved," she said.

She would like to see a copy of the Cass report and to ask Mr Straw to meet community leaders in Southall to discuss the continued racial tension in the area.

Ms Stubbs, who still works with anti-racist groups in Southall, said: "After 20 years of very little, it would be nice to just have the courtesy of a meeting with the Home Secretary to discuss what has changed."

The demonstration 20 years ago was sparked by the National Front deciding to hold a St George's Day election meeting in Southall town hall, the

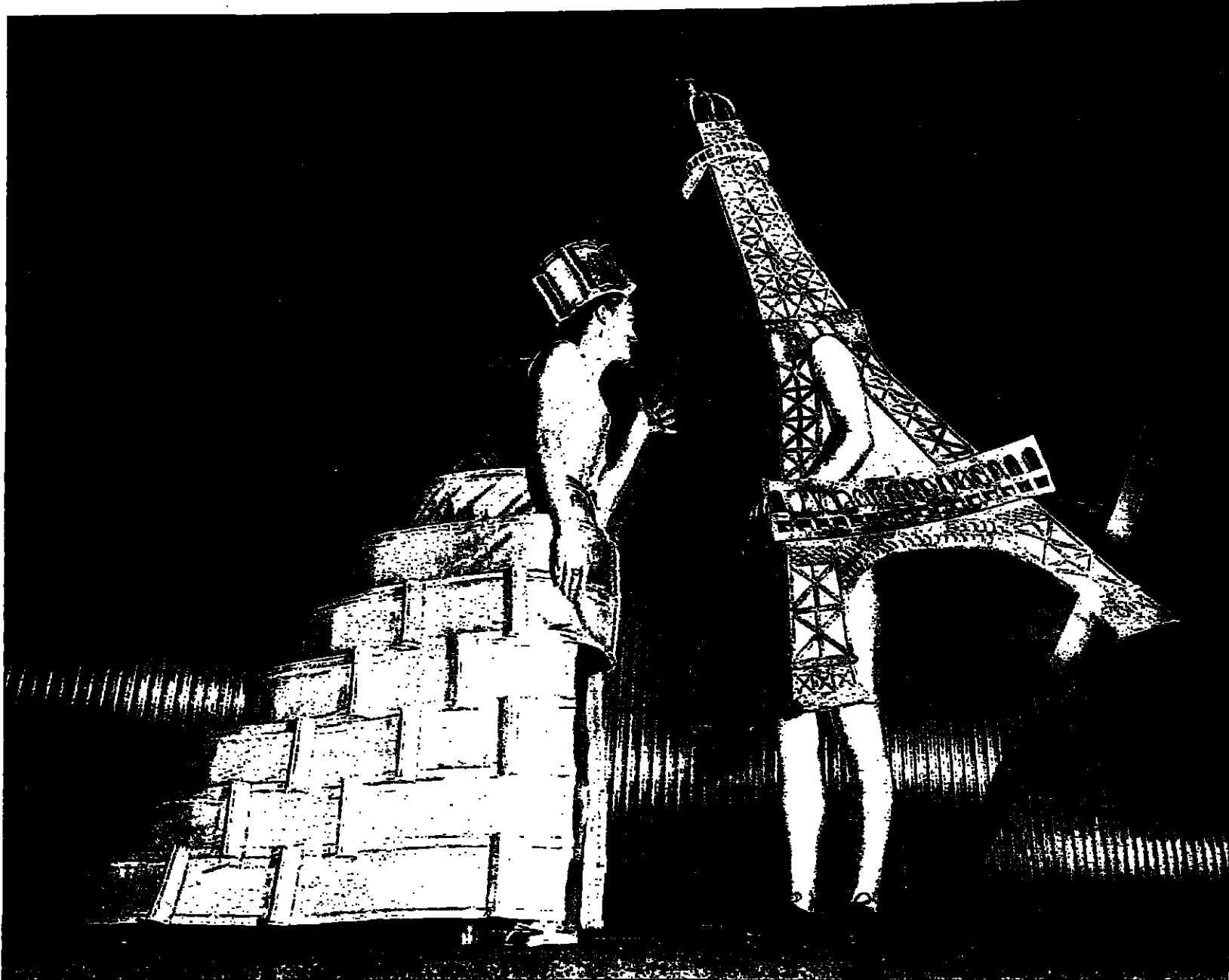
traditional heart of London's Indian community.

Thousands of protesters converged on the meeting. They were met by rows of police officers who had sealed off much of the area. Mr Peach, a 33-year-old special needs teacher working in Tower Hamlets, east London, attended the protest with other teachers.

He was a prominent anti-racist campaigner who had led a successful campaign to close down a National Front building in the middle of the Bengaldeshi community around Brick Lane. Ms Stubbs said: "He felt that racism should be tackled. You should never let it lie."

Hundreds of the Southall protesters were arrested as they were dispersed by police. Forced down a side street, Mr Peach suffered serious head injuries, following a charge by the Special Patrol Group. A local Asian family helped him into their home and called an ambulance but he was dead on arrival at hospital.

Ms Stubbs will tomorrow launch the Blair Peach 20th Anniversary Committee which will fight for more anti-racist education in schools. She said: "The race issue has been abandoned in schools because of the pressures of the curriculum."



Actors kitted out as buildings outside the Scottish Exhibition and Conference Centre on Saturday to promote Glasgow as 1999 UK City of Architecture and Design. The Eiffel Tower is greeting Glasgow's as-yet-unbuilt 'Building for the People' Ashley Coombes/Atom

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Site sought for giant clock designed to last 10,000 years

AN AMBITIOUS plan to build a giant clock designed to run for 10,000 years in a remote desert will be presented to international politicians when they meet at the World Economic Forum in Davos, Switzerland, at the end of the month.

The aim of the project is to build a global monument that will stimulate people to think beyond the normal human concept of time, as measured by hours and days, by encouraging them to think in terms of centuries and millennia.

Artists and computer engineers who have set up an organisation called the Long Now Foundation to build the clock, believe politicians are the key people to win over to the idea of a 10,000-year timepiece given

BY STEVE CONNOR
Science Editor

their predilection for thinking in the short-term.

A prototype clock standing seven feet tall will be completed in the next few weeks and if the foundation secures the funding it is seeking, the full-scale version standing up to 80 feet tall will be built at a dry, desert site somewhere in world.

Using simple mechanical levers and devices that could be mimicked with Bronze Age technology - in case modern civilisation is destroyed - the clock is designed to tick once a day, move its hands once a year, bong once a century and do something spectacular once every thousand years.

"Most of the workings will be buried below ground as it needs to be fairly well protected, but the moving parts on its face will be visible," said Alexander Rose, director of the Long Now Foundation in San Francisco.

The clock is the brainchild of a computer scientist, Danny Hillis, and Stewart Brand, an author who is writing a book on the project to be published later this year. "We've got an invitation to debut it at Davos. It is the perfect place to get world leaders and corporate leaders and so on thinking in 10,000 year terms," Mr Brand said.

Brian Eno, the British musician and artist, who is also a board member of the foundation, came up with the name of Long Now after moving to New

York and being made to realise that the city's concept of "now" was even more short term than in Britain.

"The idea is that you sort of move in the now and feel a responsibility for what happens in the now; if you can push the now out past your own lifetime in a couple of directions, that's good," Mr Brand said.

The 10,000-year clock will be built out of tungsten and steel which in a dry climate should last for many thousands of years. A giant torsion pendulum will drive the clock and it will use the sun's position at midday to ensure that it keeps the right time.

Sites in Egypt, Jerusalem, China and a desert mountain in Nevada are being considered.

Boy orphaned by double shooting

THE ESTRANGED parents of a two-year-old boy have been found shot dead in a car in Humberston.

Detectives believe the toddler's father, Tony Easthope, 34, shot his former girlfriend, Lucy Carter, 23, with his own rifle before turning the gun on himself. The couple's bodies were found in Mr Easthope's grey Metro car by a neighbour of Miss Carter's behind the row of houses where she lived in Scunthorpe early yesterday.

The gun was near the car and a post mortem examination revealed that both parents had died from gunshot wounds.

Police said the couple had lived together for several years but the relationship had been "stormy" since they split up six months ago and Ms Carter moved to a house in a nearby street with her son, Ethan.

On the night she died, she left Ethan with her sister to go out to a nightclub with friends. She then caught a taxi to a friend's house and is believed

BY JANE HUGHES

to have left there in another taxi at around midnight to return home. A police spokeswoman said: "It is believed Lucy died first - there is no suggestion she took her own life. We believe Tony died after Lucy and was killed by a single shot from his own gun. Numerous forensic tests are needed to confirm this but at present we are not looking for anyone else in connection with these tragic deaths."

Mr Easthope, a steelworker, was a registered firearms holder and a member of a gun club. The couple's son is being cared for by Miss Carter's mother. Her family were said to be "too devastated" to comment last night.

A neighbour of the girl, who refused to be named, said: "I knew Lucy to say hello to and she was always a very pleasant and nice girl. I have heard though that he asked her to marry him on New Year's Eve and she had said 'no'."

IN BRIEF

More UK lifers than all of Europe

MORE PRISONERS are serving life sentences in England and Wales than in the rest of Western Europe put together, according to a report issued today. The Prison Reform Trust said 4,000 lifers were being held compared with a total of less than 3,000 in 15 European countries.

Experts prepare cannabis trials

Experts met yesterday at the Royal Pharmaceutical Society to prepare the first official patient trials testing the therapeutic effects of cannabis. Cannabis contains chemicals which are said to be useful for treating MS and epilepsy. Many MS sufferers take the drug illegally.

School's fourth meningitis victim

A 12-YEAR-OLD boy was in hospital last night after becoming the fourth pupil at his school to be struck down with suspected meningitis. The boy, from Grange Comprehensive in Runcorn, Cheshire, was admitted to Warrington hospital days after Sarah Holland, 17, died.

Internet may see off estate agents

TELEVISION and Internet services that allow homebuyers to search for their own houses could bring about the demise of estate agents, according to a survey. The report said consumers think estate agents waste more of consumers' time than any other retailers.

Lottery winners share £8.9m

TWO TICKETS shared Saturday night's £8.9m National Lottery jackpot, winning £4.45m each. The winning numbers were 1 15 23 34 37 40 with bonus ball 45.

Health crisis: As hospitals struggle to cope, doctors claim patients have died because of delays in treatment

Patients 'harmed' by cash rationing

A SURVEY of doctors has revealed widespread concern that National Health Service budget rationing is harming patients, just as fresh statistics indicate that the shortfall in nurses is nearly double what managers previously thought.

BY SARAH WILSON

Mr Dobson is likely to face tough criticism over the handling of the influenza outbreak as MPs return to the Commons today. He admitted last week that the flu outbreak had provoked a "crisis" in the NHS and hospitals were continuing to struggle as the weather turned cold again yesterday.

The Midlands remained the worst affected, with nearly 300 sufferers per 100,000 head of population. But the outbreak will not be deemed an epidemic unless the figure reaches 400 per 100,000.

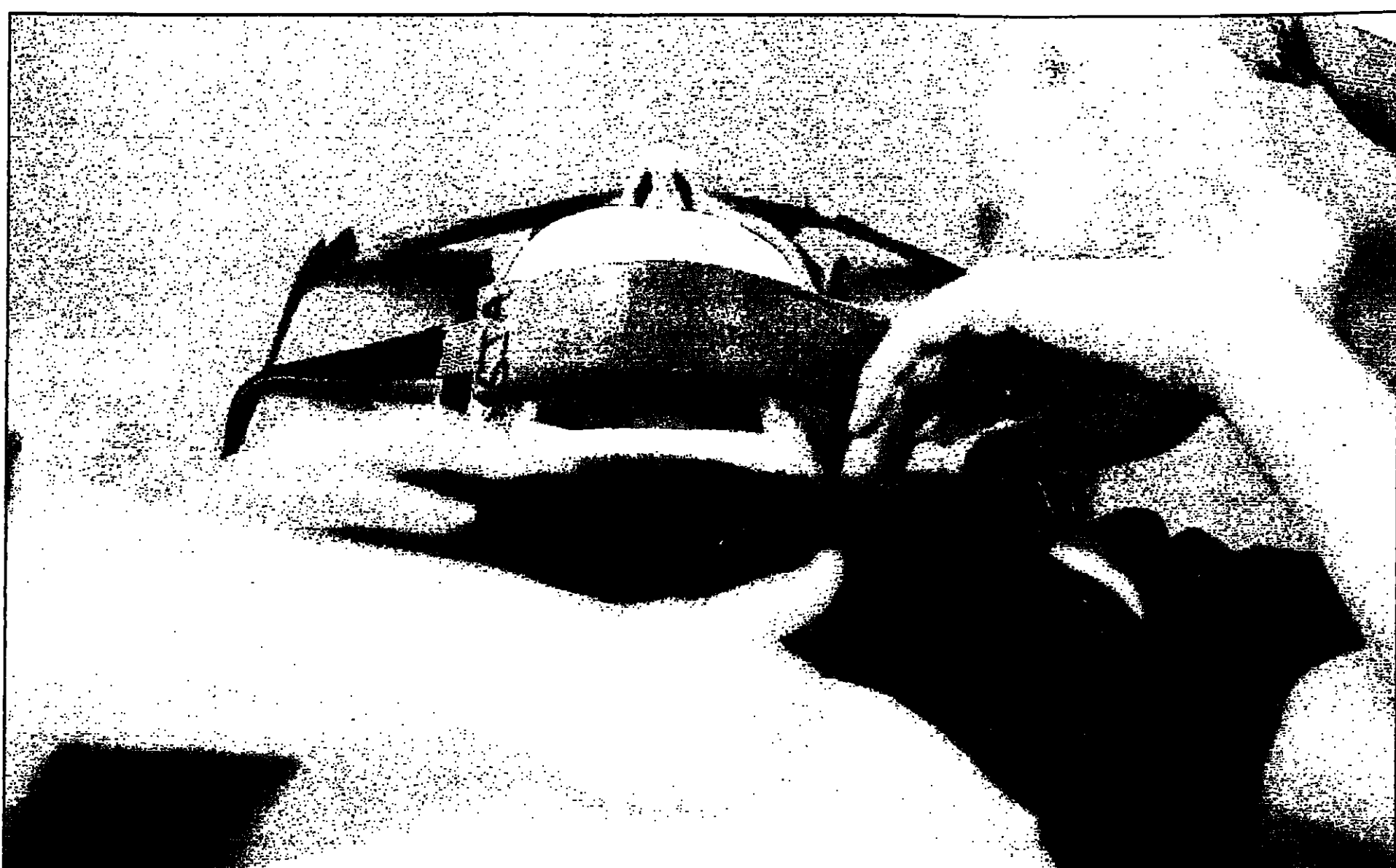
Many GP practices opened their surgeries for extra hours on Saturday and began drafting in extra staff to cope with the rising flu figures. Hospital nurses in some areas were cancelling their leave in order to ease the pressure on fellow staff.

A spokeswoman from the Association for Infection Monitoring and Surveillance said: "We won't know the actual figures until early next week, but the outbreak is expected to peak over the next couple of days."

"We know that some GPs that don't normally have Saturday surgery are realising the need to open rather than just be on call because of the outbreak and hospitals are obviously aware of the situation."

Although the Midlands area has seen the worst of the outbreak, virologists reported last week that it was spreading southwards. Health experts said the cold weather gripping London and the South-east was adding to problems.

Hospitals in Newcastle and Manchester confirmed that he pressure had eased on them in the past couple of days. But in Oxford, a spokesman for the John Radcliffe hospital said: "We are under a lot of pressure... we are having to cancel routine operations."



Dave Hales, who suffered a whiplash injury in a car crash, is seen by a doctor at the hospital, which has been operating beyond its capacity since Christmas. Andrew Fox

Hourly dramas in a real-life 'Casualty'

THERE IS no coffee brewing in the staff rest room at the Manor Hospital in Walsall, near Birmingham. No magazines or newspapers scattered around the tables.

BY SARAH WILSON

The idea that the nurses in the intensive care unit might have time for a break provokes a hollow laugh from the sister in charge. They have been operating over-capacity since Christmas, and forced to rely heavily on agency nurses. And the pressure is showing no signs of letting up.

The picture has been similar at casualty. On New Year's Day the cases were mounting so fast the A&E had to close briefly, something that rarely happens at The Manor. John Rostill, the chief executive, said: "We can predict there will be excess and take precautions to cope with it. But we cannot predict when or where the excess is going to come. There is always somewhere somebody under pressure."



Walsall's Manor Hospital: No time for even a coffee

Indeed, on Saturday morning A&E staff were enjoying a lull but by noon it evaporated as several patients came in at once. Dave Hales, 36, arrives strapped into a head brace after suffering whiplash in a car accident. Four nurses are required to help turn him while the doctor examines him. Careless handling in his condition could leave him paralysed. By 1pm he is ready for X-rays and the casualty staff are optimistic about his chances.

Meanwhile, Priscilla Lees, 86, is bleeding from a head wound after a man had an apparent epileptic fit in a shopping precinct and accidentally knocked her over on to the concrete. Closer examination reveals a superficial injury, but because of her age she is given oxygen.

Shortly afterwards, Shaun Painter is brought into the trauma area cradling his three-year-old son, Jack, also spurting blood from his head. "I don't know what happened: my girlfriend came in screaming, with Jack in her arms," said Mr Painter. "I was in the car with him before I had time to stop and ask." The prognosis looked better after Jack was cleaned up. He would need a few stitches, but probably nothing more. At the Manor some pressure is taken off casualty by having a separate ward for medical admissions referred by GPs. But this means Carol Osbourne, the sister at medical admissions, endured a similarly grueling holiday season as the flu cases mounted up. On Saturday a woman came in with suspected meningitis. Unlike many hospitals hit by the flu crisis, the Manor has managed to avoid leaving patients on trolleys in the corridor. But only by expecting superhuman efforts from its staff. "We were hanging on by our thumbnails last week," said Ziggy Ezikwa, the staff physician on the ward. Patients were on their way to hospital before beds in the ward had been cleared. At the height of the crisis, medical admissions were forced to commandeer two surgical wards to cope with their overspill. "Elective surgery collapsed, because we stole their beds," said Dr Ezikwa. Managers mucked in, making beds to help clear the backlog. The Manor has a better reputation for efficiency than most hospitals in the area. But after nine years in nursing, Sister Osbourne has had enough: she handed in her notice last week. Nurses with her skills and experience are at a premium in the NHS and managers are trying to persuade her to stay by offering a new timetabling arrangement. "The bed crisis is nothing new," she said. "We have an ageing population and there aren't enough beds for them. There are certainly not enough nurses." Violence also plays a part. Janet Brookes, overseeing the night shift in casualty, said: "When I first started 20 years ago, stabbings were rare. Now we get gunshot wounds about once a month." Shortening the hours of junior doctors has also put pressure on nurses, because the extra work has largely fallen to them. All this for very little money. "I have a friend who qualified as a teacher about the same time as I did and her pay is a lot better," said Sister Brookes. "She once said 'I've had such a stressful time, we had to spend the whole week preparing for a visit from the Bishop.' I told her that in one day that week I'd had to deal with two cardiac arrests, one death and a schizophrenic who had to be sectioned. I think my day beat her week."

Sixties activist sues Random House over 'damaging lies'

CAROLINE COON, once the epitome of Sixties hippie chick, a former artist, model and ballerina, turned radical activist and co-founder of Release, the drugs advice organisation, is suing Random House, Britain's largest publishing conglomerate, for libel.

BY JOHN WALSH

Ms Coon claims the company printed "libellous damaging lies" and "a sexist fraud" about her and the female fundraisers of Release, in the book *All Dressed Up* by Jonathan Cape, published in August last year by Jonathan Cape.

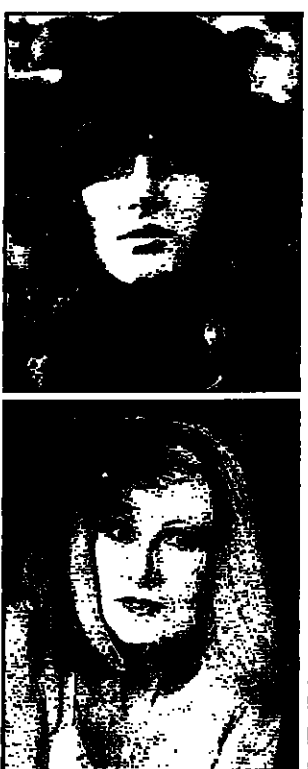
The book is a long, exhaustive history of the "counterculture" that prevailed among hip metropolitans during the Sixties: the rock bands and their hangers-on, the drugs scene, the clubs, the "underground" magazines, the avant-garde

poetry circuit. The passage to which Ms Coon objects concerns a Beattie, a Rolling Stone and a suggestion that one Release's female helpers tried on two occasions to extract contributions to the charity in exchange for sexual favours.

On the first occasion, Green alleges, the woman was given £1,000. On the second, she came away with nothing - and the disbelieving pop star remarked, on leaving the bedroom: "If she thinks she's getting five hundred quid for a blow-job, she must be joking. She may have got a grand out of [him] but she won't get a penny out of me."

When the book was published on 27 August last year, it ran straight into trouble. Six days after publication, the publishers received a solicitor's letter from Ms Coon. Two days later, they received another from one of the pop stars, flatly denying the sex-for-charity story. On the basis of the latter complaint, Random House withdrew the book from the nation's bookshops. By December, they had reached an agreement with the pop star, paid costs and damages and agreed to make an apology in open court. The book *All Dressed Up* will now be republished in July this year, with the offending passages removed.

It is understood that Ms Coon was also offered an apology and a sum of money (believed to be £5,000) by Random House, but turned both of them down. In a recent communication to friends, however, Ms Coon complains that Gail Rebeck, chief executive of the publishing empire, "is refusing to compensate for this deception of the reading public by making a sincere apology to those her company have distressed and damaged", and that she failed to make "an appropriate financial settlement". What also puzzles Random House is that Ms Coon's reaction is as though she had been named as the charity worker. "We do not believe that we libelled Ms Coon," said Dan Franklin, publishing director of Cape. "She isn't even mentioned in the offending paragraph. Neither Jonathan Green nor I have anything but respect for everything she has achieved with Release." "Random House must explain their behaviour to a judge and jury," says Ms Coon.



Coon (top) in the Sixties and in the Nineties: Turned down settlement

Easy listening station deserts lounge lizards

THIS IS A sad week for lounge lizards. On Thursday, easy listening will be silenced when the radio station whose velvety tones have caressed Londoners' ears for nearly a decade ceases its last.

BY RHYNS WILLIAMS

On Friday morning Melody Radio, purveyors of Burt Bacharach, Herb Alpert and Nat King Cole since 1990, becomes Magic 105.4. The new station, created after Emap Radio's takeover of Melody last year, will provide yet another home in the capital for the music of George Michael, Celine Dion and Simply Red.

However, faced by accusations that Magic will simply act as an outlet for artists already served by Virgin, Heart FM and Capital, executives insist the new station will be different from its commercial rivals.

Francis Currie, the station's director of programmes, admits that Magic will have no monopoly on artists but counters that it will have a sound all its own. "Every tune has to be melodic and soft. It has to pass the old grey whistle test, you know, can you whistle it or hum along?" he said. "Inevitably there will be some overlap with other operators, but from a competitive point of view, we have to be different."

When Melody launched in 1990 it quickly gained a reputation as the aural equivalent of a flotation tank, as its blend of Bacharach standards, Astrud Gilberto and instrumentals from the Boston Pops Orchestra invited listeners to turn on, tune in and drop off. But when easy listening flirted with fashionability in the mid-Nineties, Melody found itself at the forefront of popular culture. The station rode the wave as its audience briefly passed one million but, in the end, there was only so much Julio Iglesias a well-developed sense of irony could take. Critics see the rebranding of Melody as a further erosion of choice in the capital, as yet another station is turned over to bland, adult-orientated rock (AOR) artists whose works can be heard elsewhere. "I guess this means 'Hasta La Vista' to the lounge lizards," said Richard Cook, the radio critic with the London listings magazine *Time Out*. "Once again music is being subsumed into that primordial pap that is AOR."

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Sebastian Haffner

SEBASTIAN HAFFNER was well known in German journalistic circles for over 60 years. He became known to British readers through his first book, *Germany: Jekyll and Hyde*, published by Secker and Warburg in 1940, the overt purpose of which was to explain Germany to the British. Born Raimund Pretzel in Berlin in 1907, he studied law while working for the German press in the late 1920s and early 1930s. Because of his democratic beliefs and Jewish girlfriend (and later wife), he had his share of difficulties with the Nazis. He left Germany for Britain, where he persevered in gaining the necessary language skills to continue his career.

Fear of Nazi retribution against his relatives in Germany caused him to change his name to Sebastian Haffner. And it was under this name that he became familiar to British newspaper readers. During the war, he worked for the Foreign Office on anti-Nazi propaganda. For many years he was associated with *The Observer* and he returned to Berlin in 1954 as that paper's correspondent. He later wrote for a variety of German publications like *Stern*, *Die Welt* and *Süddeutsche Zeitung*.

Many members of the literary and journalistic emigration chose not to go back to West Germany. Some, like

Bertolt Brecht, Ludwig Renn, Anna Seghers and the still active Stefan Heym, opted for the "anti-Fascist" German Democratic Republic. Others, like Stefan Lorant, founder of Picture Post, and most of the Hollywood émigrés, decided to stay in the United States or Britain. Returning was a brave step for Haffner to take.

There was the massive psychological problem of going back to a country in ruins both physically and spiritually. There was still much hostility to returning émigrés. In private one could hear the view that, although Hitler had gone too far, the Jews had brought it on themselves by being too "pussy". Returning émigrés were feared as rivals for jobs. Some regarded them simply as agents for the occupying powers who were inflicting, once again, unfair burdens on the Germans to prevent them succeeding too well economically. Literary émigrés were regarded as part of a process of thought control to make the Germans feel guilty and therefore amenable to the measures imposed upon them by the victors.

Haffner did not fit into any stereotype. He was difficult to pigeonhole. He was a genuine seeker after truth. Obviously he did worry about where divided Germany was going. Despite



He battled to understand what had gone wrong, between 1933 and 1945, in the country he loved. It became his life's mission

the economic "miracle" of the 1950s there was much to worry about.

The so-called Spiegel affair of 1962 shocked opinion in Germany and abroad. Rudolf Augstein, the owner-editor of the prestigious and popular weekly *Der Spiegel*, was arrested, as was the magazine's defence correspondent Conrad Ahlers. Using the public interest argument, *Spiegel* had published classified NATO material claiming West Germany was not properly equipped to defend itself and revealing the massive casualties Germany (and Britain) would suffer in case of a conflict. Controversy surrounded the question of who had or-

dered the arrests, as the relevant Minister of Justice, Wolfgang Stammberger, had not. Stammberger subsequently resigned in protest.

Although he denied it, Franz Josef Strauss, the Defence Minister, had personally ordered the arrest of Ahlers, who was taken while on holiday in Spain. There were widespread protests in Germany and abroad. This was the time of the Cuban missile crisis, when fear of nuclear war was very real. Haffner wrote, "The question is whether the Federal Republic of Germany is still a free and constitutional democracy or whether it has become pos-

sible to transform it overnight by some sort of coup d'état based on fear and arbitrary power." He feared the federal system of West Germany was being undermined. Happily he was wrong. His views were echoed in other papers and Strauss was forced out of office. Augstein and Ahlers continued their successful careers. Another scandal broke in 1968. This involved a number of suicides by individuals in the military or civil service. On 8 October 1968 Maj-Gen Horst Wendlandt, deputy head of the Federal Intelligence Service (BND), shot himself. On the same day Admiral Hermann Lüdtke, deputy head of logistics at NATO, killed himself. Four other similar deaths occurred in the same month. At the same time a group of seven scientists and engineers disappeared, only to re-emerge in Communist East Germany. The authorities passed off the incidents as unrelated.

Most people were clear that the West Germans had a massive security problem. Writing in the *New Statesman* Haffner agreed that they had. He was quick to point out, however, that others had too. "But what about Blake and Philby? What about Wennerström and Penkowski [Swedish and Soviet defectors respectively]? It is safe to assume

nowadays that there are undetected highly placed spies in every defence organisation in the world." Haffner appeared to think it was a good thing that "everybody knows about everybody else". This would make war less likely.

Haffner was also respected as a writer on historical themes. He presented Winston Churchill to the Germans in 1967. His 1968 book on the German revolution, *Die verrätene Revolution* ("The Betrayed Revolution") was an attack on the Social Democratic leaders of 1919. *Anmerkungen zu Hitler* ("Comments on Hitler") was a German best-seller in 1978. *Preussen ohne Legende* ("Prussia without Myths") was widely read and discussed in Germany and Austria. Weidenfeld & Nicolson published it in English in 1980 under the slightly more academic title of *The Rise and Fall of Prussia*.

Haffner knew his market; he knew what would sell. His Prussian study appeared when there was renewed interest in Prussia in both parts of Germany. Indeed, the fight was on for the soul of the vanished and formally abolished Prussian state. Haffner was of course deeply interested in his subjects. Like so many Germans and German Jews of his generation, he battled to under-

stand what had gone wrong, between 1933 and 1945, in the country he loved. In his case it was his life's mission.

Haffner long regarded himself as a "Prussian with a British passport". He identified with Prussia and its achievements: general compulsory schooling (1717), the abolition of torture (1740), the establishment of religious toleration (1740), Bismarck's welfare state (1883), the medical giants Virchow, Koch, von Behring, the intellectual giants Kant, von Humboldt and von Schlegel, and much more. At the end of his book he recounted the (often-ignored) expulsion of millions of Prussians from their homeland in 1945. "It was an atrocity, the final atrocity of a war which had more than its share in atrocities, admittedly begun by Germany under Hitler." His message is very relevant today, when he praises those expelled for rejecting revenge and having the courage to say, "This is enough".

Haffner's last book, *From Bismarck to Hitler*, appeared in 1987.

DAVID CHILDS

Raimund Pretzel (Sebastian Haffner), writer and journalist: born Berlin 27 December 1907; married (one son, one daughter); died Berlin 2 January 1998.

James Hammerstein

JAMES HAMMERSTEIN was a successful man and complete man of the theatre. The son of the lyricist Oscar Hammerstein II, he was born to the purple and could have remained in it, becalmed but important. He chose instead to begin at the bottom.

He took his first job at the age of 19, in 1930, as a replacement extra in the first New York production of *Mister Roberts*. He went on to work as a stage manager for half a dozen shows, among them *The Fourposter*, when he was still only 21, and *Damn Yankees* when he was 24. Almost anyone can pass for a director, but only intelligent and highly responsible people can cut it as stage managers, who have to know everything about a production, from the producer's IQ to the (on- and off-stage) whereabouts of a box of matches. When Hammerstein went on to produce and direct, he was already qualified at an altogether higher level.

He took on, in one capacity or another (and sometimes in both) productions which demanded a variety of contradictory skills. There were the small and intense straight plays - Harold Pinter's *The Party* (1968) and Israel Horowitz's *The Indian Wants the Bronx* (1968) on the one hand; his father's large-scale *Oklahoma* and *The King and I* (over a number of years) on the other - all highly successful.

I first met him when he was directing a play of mine, *Wise Child*, in 1972. It was a disaster - though his production was much admired. The *New York Times* hated the play. Subsequently he directed two more of my plays with great success - *Bulky* on Broadway, and *The Rear Column* off it. But for my part I shall always be most grateful to the failed *Wise Child* for bringing me Hammerstein and his future wife, Dena Sherman, closest of friends ever since.

James Hammerstein achieved as much as anyone can reasonably hope to achieve in the theatre - more in fact, nevertheless, he had to bear an unusual burden, the burden of inheritance. He was the son of a genius and had a great name, almost a title. For all the independence he won for himself, he always assumed that what he had been given also entailed a debt. It must sometimes have been hard, even for such an honourable and dutiful son, to have to devote so much of himself to being a custodian of his father's died in 1960.



Discussing various actors with whom he had once worked, he said he sometimes wished he had got deaf younger

Mostly, though, he showed his pride and pleasure in it, travelling about the world overseeing productions of his father's musicals, and receiving awards on their behalf, with a laconic and beguiling grace.

Still, he was blessed in his work, and more importantly, blessed in his wife and children, becoming even busier and feeling even more blessed after he discovered a few years ago that he had a heart condition. Although he found his increasing deafness a great nuisance, he did say, when discussing various actors with whom he had once worked, that he sometimes wished he had got deaf younger.

He was a man of great but almost invisible elegance. You never noticed what he was wearing, he made no show of his innate good manners, and his natural kindness was offered tentatively, with a shyness. His air of sagacity, completely unassuming though not always relevant, sometimes led him into positions of unwanted authority. In impromptu games of any sort, he was invariably appointed scorer, umpire, referee, which was all right by him as long as he was allowed to play too. Tall

and unfairly handsome, he reminded one of long-gone film stars - a beau idéal, American style. Inevitably women found him sexy and sympathetic; men liked and admired him in spite of that.

He had only one truly irritating characteristic. When playing tennis or ping-pong, he had a habit of complaining his opponent on a shot, even as he was returning it unplayably. I remember one game, from about a quarter of a century ago, when I was so tormented by his lethal combination of good manners and swift reflexes, that I met his conclusive "Hey, good shot, Sir!" with a volley of oaths. He was a jolly good winner and I was a rotten loser, but then I have no idea what he could have been like as a loser, which isn't fair of course. There was only my own social disgrace in losing to him - he was the most complete sportsman I've ever come across.

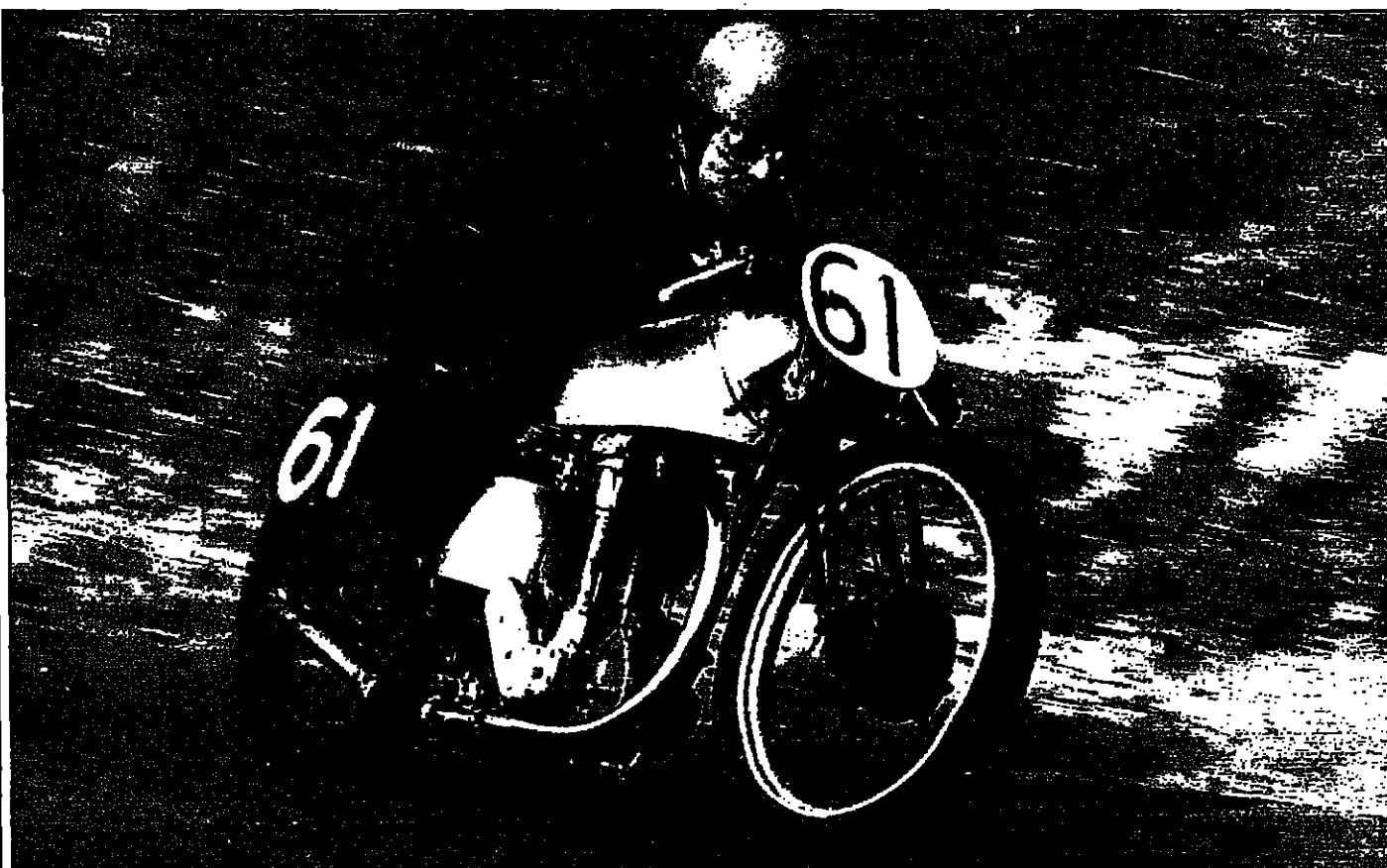
As a young man he played tennis to a professional level (when living in London he played at Queen's, and had represented the club in tournaments), and as an older one he was good enough to mix it with veteran champions. He was a marvelous swimmer and diver, and in these last years took up golf as well. As well!

Hammerstein, like many of us, I think, was most himself at play, and I know that my most vivid memories are of him in movement - in the water, on the tennis court, dealing cards, simultaneously concentrating and relaxed, full of enjoyment.

He died in the arms of his beloved Dena, with their beloved son Simon close by, after celebrating the 100th performance of one of his current off-Broadway successes, *Over the River and Through the Woods*. A decent enough way to go, at least so everyone says, but too soon, indecently soon, for those many who loved him. James Hammerstein, such a son to his father, and such a father to his children, has made quite a few feel partly orphaned all over again. "Wow!" he'd probably say, with his sudden boy's grin. "Hey, guys, I didn't mean it to be like that, I really didn't!"

SIMON GRAY

James Hammerstein, theatre director and producer: born New York 23 March 1931; married three times (three sons, one daughter); died New York 7 January 1999.



Heath made his racing debut in 1934 in a Morgan three-wheeler and turned professional in 1949

Phil Heath

ONE OF the final links with 1930s racing at Donington Park in Leicestershire was broken with the death of Phil Heath. Today Donington is the established host to the British Motorcycle Grand Prix; Heath knew it as a parkland racecourse in more carefree days and in recent times was an organiser in classic racing.

He was born in 1915, the son of a Leicester insurance agent; he was educated at Oakham School and teamed with a friend he met there to make his racing debut in 1934. It was in a Morgan three-wheeler, previously used by Robin Jackson to win a 100mph Gold Star at Brooklands in Surrey and the novices found it a very powerful handful. "We touched the grass verge on both sides going down the straight," Rob Buxton remembers. "We turned it over once but weren't hurt, and then we did get a third place in one race."

A member of the Officer Training Corps at Oakham, Heath was an early volunteer in the Second World

War and served with the Royal Artillery in Egypt. Inevitably a motorcycle came into his life, but the old AJS he bought in Cairo and painted khaki before riding it back to camp at Mersa Matruh to be left behind when the battery moved on.

In the early post-war years he was a noted rider, with second place in the 1948 1,000cc Clubmans TT, riding a Vincent HRD. That same year he was runner-up in the 350cc Manx Grand Prix and, with that level of success behind him, turned professional in 1949.

For two years he and his old partner Rob Buxton spent the summer months driving across Europe in an ex-RAF Ford van, carrying Heath's two solo racing machines and Buxton's 1932 Norton sidecar outfit from one race meeting to another. Living quarters were a tent, Heath's equipment his old army issue. He was also sending freelance reports back to England, and his description of the 1949 season in Geoff

Davidson's *The Racing Year* (1950) remains one of the most evocative accounts of racing in that period.

This nomadic life was a good learning ground, both in riding skills and in negotiating start-money with race promoters. At their first race the body of the ageing sidecar collapsed and Heath had to perch on the chassis tubes to stay aboard, but the veteran Norton earned its keep. "It was our start-money goldmine," Buxton explains. "We could get as much as £50 for starting with the sidecar - the European organisers loved them."

Heath met his wife, Annette, then a young journalist, at a Belgian race meeting. They married in 1953 and he carried on the perilous life of a professional racer, Annette riding her little FN machine to fetch and carry spares. When Heath retired from full-time racing, he worked as a sales representative for the Excelsior Company of Birmingham and later sold advertising for the emer-

gent newspaper *Motor Cycle News*.

He never retired officially, dividing his time between freelance writing, selling the spares that filled the extensive glasshouses in the grounds of the family home in Leicestershire, and running the library service for the Vintage Motor Cycle Club, of which he was a founder member. When Donington Park circuit was reopened in 1977, he was part of the celebratory parade, as one of the oldest original competitors from the original circuit.

He was due to spend time on research work in the Vintage Club's headquarters in Burton-on-Trent on Christmas Eve, and spent the night with a friend at what he called his "halfway house" stop in Ilkstock, but on 24 December he did not wake up.

JIM REYNOLDS

Frank Philip Heath, motorcycle racer: born 18 January 1915; married (one daughter); died Ilkstock, Leicestershire 23 December 1998.

Dr Louis Jolyon West

LOUIS JOLYON WEST devoted his professional enquiries into the outer reaches of human experience. Over the course of his career as a leading US psychiatrist and cult expert, he examined "brain-washed" prisoners of war, victims of kidnapping and abused children; later his research included post-traumatic stress syndrome, alcohol and drug abuse, pain, sleep problems, dreams and hypnosis. He was able to overturn many pre-existing conceits of the psychiatric community and those of the west at large.

West examined Jack Ruby, the killer of John F. Kennedy's assassin Lee Harvey Oswald, and helped convince the court that Ruby should not be sentenced to death. Ruby, he said, suffered from "major mental illness apparently precipitated by the stress of his trial and its aftermath". In 1978, West was cited as a court-

appointed witness in the defence of Patricia Hearst after her kidnapping. West, along with four other empaneled psychiatrists, found she was sane and able to stand trial but "psychologically damaged as a result of torture". They recommended she be treated before the trial, a recommendation ignored by the court. In a speech after the heiress's conviction, West concluded, "The government finished the destruction of her life started by an anti-government group."

In the 1950s and early 1960s, he aided civil rights workers who led lunch-counter sit-ins, and became the first white psychiatrist to go to South Africa to testify on behalf of black prisoners as part of an attempt to end apartheid. After witnessing a gruesome execution in Wisconsin, he for years led a movement of doctors against the death penalty.

West brought a touch of flamboy-

ance to the business of psychiatry and loved his role as one of America's first celebrity shrinkers. Dr Milton H. Miller, a long-time colleague, described "Jolly" West as "above all, a colourful figure, an alive person who loved being on the stage".

His study into sleep deprivation in the 1950s became a national event when West convinced a disc jockey, Peter Tripp, to broadcast live for 290 hours without stopping. The DJ suffered temporary physical and mental illness in the process.

In another prominent study, also in the 1950s, West was appointed to a panel to discover why 36 of 59 airman captured in Korea confessed or co-operated in charges of war crimes against the United States. Some called the airman cowards, others raised the fear that the Communists had found drugs or mysterious methods to induce "brainwashing". West, through interviews with the

servicemen, offered a simpler explanation: "What we found enabled us to rule out drugs, hypnosis or other mysterious trickery," he said. "It was just one device used to confuse, bewilder and torment our men until they were ready to confess to anything. That device was prolonged, chronic loss of sleep."

The study concluded that sleep deprivation, combined with the fear of harm and total dependence on their captors, had led the airmen into startling and long-lasting personality changes. West's work saved the airmen from court-martial and expanded the findings to uncover the vulnerability of people in general, and particularly children. He argued that children may become violent when exposed to coercion and violence within their families, and was one of the first to demonstrate that inflicting painful punishment was not a part of good child-rearing.



Studies of sleep deprivation

His belief in that principle led him to study the Tarahumara of the Sierra Madre in south-western Chihuahua, Mexico. In a paper, he described how they held non-violence as one of the highest principles of

their society and never physically punished their children. The result, he said, was that the Tarahumara children grew up without learning expressions of anger or rage, and violent crimes were almost unknown amongst the tribe.

West's belief in non-violence would lead him into confrontation in the early 1970s when he proposed the establishment of a centre to be the "world's first and only centre for the study of interpersonal violence". However, his proposal included descriptions of human experiments, including psychosurgery to alter behaviour. The plan drew vehement protest, despite support from the then Governor of California, Ronald Reagan, failed.

Louis Jolyon West was born in Brooklyn, New York, to a Ukrainian immigrant and a Brooklyn piano teacher. He received his medical degree from the University of Min-

nesota and did his psychiatric residency at New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center. At the age of 29 he became chairman of the psychiatry department at the University of Oklahoma School of Medicine, where he remained until 1969, when he became chairman of psychiatry and head of the Neuropsychiatric Institute at Los Angeles.

West retired in 1989 but remained a prominent and popular figure in psychiatry. In 1997, he was sought out to give his insight on cults when the Heaven's Gate cult staged a mass suicide in San Diego to join, as they saw it, their saviours following in the tail of a passing asteroid.

EDWARD HELMORE

Louis Jolyon West, psychiatrist: born New York 6 October 1924; married (one son, two daughters); died Los Angeles 2 January 1999.

Early hunters gathered all-time extinctions record

BY STEVE CONNOR
Science Editor

HE WAS supposed to be the Noble Savage who was at one with nature, but new research suggests that wherever early Man went, mass extinction was sure to follow.

It has always been difficult to explain why so many of the world's largest animals - the "megafauna" - had disappeared so quickly from different regions of the world over the past 100,000 years.

Climate change was considered the reason for the extinction of giant sloths in South America, huge flightless birds in Madagascar, the sabre-toothed cats of North America and carnivorous kangaroos in Australia.

In a few thousand years Australia lost all 19 species of marsupials over 100kg in size, and 22 out of 38 species between 10 and 100kg. South America fared even worse. It lost 46 of its 58 groups of large animals, including *Glyptodonts* (armadillos the size of vans), *Macrauchenia*, a long-necked



Scientists blame Stone Age man for wiping out big beasts like the American sabre-toothed cat (left) and giant land sloth (right). In Australia (centre) Man is believed to be behind the extinction of 'megafauna' including marsupial lions and huge wombats. The koala survives



liest colonisers differed enough from the natural fire cycle that key ecosystems were pushed past a threshold from which they could not recover," Professor Miller said.

Colin Tudge, a research fellow at the Centre for Philosophy at the London School of Economics, said there is now overwhelming evidence to suggest that humans were responsible for the "overkill" at the end of the Pleistocene era.

"Soon after you get humans arriving on a big continent or island, you get animals disappearing," Mr Tudge said. The only exception is Africa, where humans and big animals co-evolved for 2 million years.

"Unlike the animals of Africa, the creatures of the Americas and Australia were totally unused to human ways," Mr Tudge said.

"However it happened, it shows that the idea of a 'noble savage' in tune with the animals around him is a lie. The only animals we are in harmony with are the ones that we failed to knock on the head," said Mr Tudge.

camel-like animal, and *Arctodus*, a huge bear, half as big again as the grizzly.

Professor Gifford Miller, a scientist who dates fossils at the University of Colorado at Boulder, believes he has the first firm evidence linking the

death of the megafauna with the emergence of Stone Age people at the end of the Pleistocene era - between 100,000 and 10,000 years ago. His team of researchers focused on the dating of pieces of fossilised eggshell left behind by *Genyornis*, a giant flightless bird.

The scientists found that none of the eggshell fragments they analysed were younger than 50,000 years old. This coincides nicely with the date when the first humans arrived on the continent. "I think we

have compelling evidence that the *Genyornis* extinction date is applicable to the majority of Australian megafauna," Professor Miller said.

The scientists believe that with the arrival of the first human colonisers, Australia's

landscape underwent a radical change which ultimately killed off the larger animals, from giant horned tortoises as big as VW beetles and wombats the size of rhinos, to a 25-foot-long snake and a one-ton lizard. The new arrivals are

thought to have pioneered a system of land management used until recently by Aboriginal people, who would start bushfires in order to stimulate grass growth and encourage fresh game. "We suspect the systematic burning by the ear-

Drug tsar to target 'rich kid' addicts

YOUNG MIDDLE-CLASS "recreational" drug users are to be targeted in a national anti-drugs campaign that will stress the harmful impact on the environment and human rights of taking illegal substances.

Warnings about the long jail sentences that drug convictions can carry and the dangers of driving while under the influence of drugs will also be used to frighten off "recreational" users, including university students. The switch in tactics is to be introduced by Keith Hellawell, Britain's drugs "tsar", following concern that campaigns are failing to reach young "achievers" and clubbers.

Mr Hellawell, in an interview with *The Independent*, also revealed that he will encourage the makers of television soap operas, including *Coronation Street* and *EastEnders*, to include story lines that highlight the consequences of taking drugs. He is to meet regional newspaper, radio, and television editors to urge them to include more information about the long prison sentences involved and the medical and social repercussions of drug-taking. Schools will also be encouraged to teach students the jail terms drug offences carry.

The move is an attempt to persuade what Mr Hellawell terms the "rich kids", university students and clubbers, into giving up drugs. He is particularly worried that research suggests that heroin is being used as a "recreational" drug and that the young "achievers" believe they can take substances, such as ecstasy, cocaine and cannabis, without harmful effects.

Mr Hellawell, the UK's Drugs Co-ordinator, said: "I am talking about a group of 'rich young kids' - young achievers in their late teens and early 20s who don't have to commit crime to pay for their drugs."

"They are critical of people who drink and drive, of human rights and pollution," he added.

BY JASON BENNETT
Crime Correspondent

"If you look at why most people are involved in drugs you find deprivation, lack of care and social exclusion."

But there were others, he said, who used drugs recreationally who do not come from that deprived group.

"It's quite a substantial group that's a more recent phenomena. But they don't necessarily need the same initiatives as the first group. The issues that seem to work with this group are the medical, legal and social consequences."

On environmental issues, he said that millions of drug needles end up in children's playgrounds, on beaches and in the countryside.

"Human rights is another issue - you can explain to young people that some organisations involved in drug production have appalling human rights records. They are supporting these people by using drugs."

He gave the example of the Taliban, an extremist Islamic group who control most of Afghanistan, which produces much of the UK's heroin.

The Taliban has banned women from working and forced them to cover up, banned music, television and alcohol, and ordered men to pray five times daily in a mosque.

He believes most young people are ignorant of the law on drugs.

He cited the example of two recent visits to a comprehensive school in Middlesbrough and a private school in Solihull, near Birmingham, where he asked groups of 14 to 17-year-olds what was the maximum penalty for being caught in possession of 12 ecstasy tablets.

The answers ranged from a "slap on the hand", to two years' imprisonment. "They were visibly shaken when I told them they could get life in prison," said Mr Hellawell.

Clubbers switch to cheap cocaine

LONDON CLUBBERS are rejecting ecstasy amid growing fears about the dangers of the drug and switching to cocaine as its market price falls, according to a new survey.

Researchers from the Institute for the Study of Drug Dependence say that cocaine is increasingly viewed as a fashionable substitute for ecstasy and amphetamines, the two drugs most often linked to the club scene.

Young people in London are said to be switching to it as prices of the drug, traditionally associated with rock stars

BY JANE HUGHES

and the jet set, tumble. About half of a group of 350 recreational drug users aged between 16 and 22 said they had tried cocaine, a Class A drug which can lead to mental breakdown. Only 1 per cent said they had taken heroin, another Class A drug. "Cocaine may be becoming a popular choice for young drug users in the capital, who worry about the quality and dangers associated with ecstasy and who regard amphetamines as a poor substitute," say researchers.

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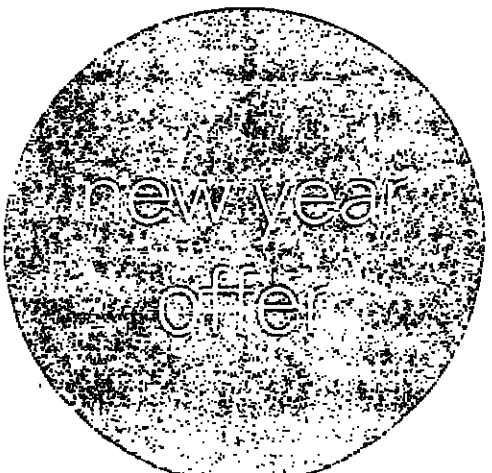
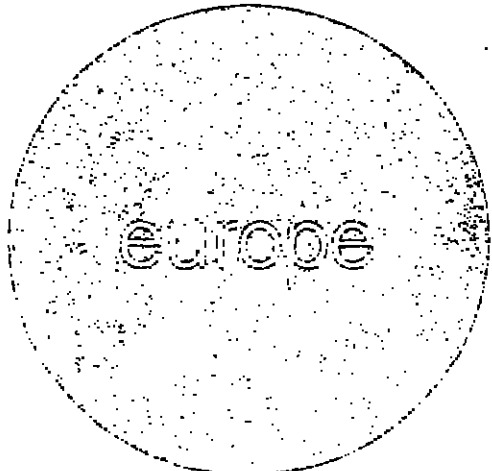
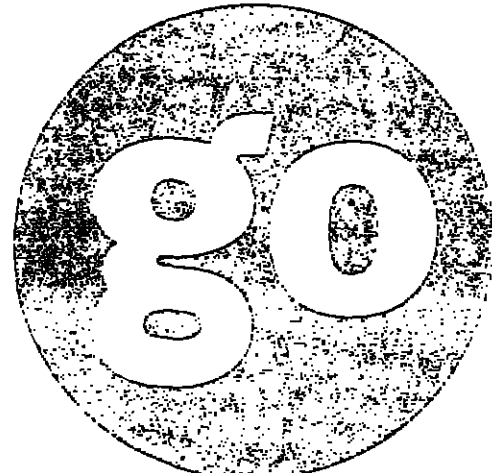
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Clinton legal team comes out fighting

AS SENIOR Senators promised an impeachment trial that would be "above all, fair", White House lawyers worked through the weekend to prepare their motions in the President's defence. Both sides must submit pre-trial documents by this evening as the prelude to the start of trial proceedings on Thursday, when opening statements will be read.

The timetable for at least the first part of the trial was approved unanimously on Friday after an informal Senate meeting produced a deal that postponed the thorniest procedural questions. Striking a newly aggressive note after the trial format was announced, Gregory Craig, White House special counsel, said it would mount a "vigorous, successful and complete" defence.

Over the weekend, Senators - all of whom have sworn to "do impartial justice" - appeared on radio and television talkshows to offer their view of the trial. The leader of the Republican majority in the Senate, Trent Lott, who annoyed the right wing with earlier calls for a brief trial as possible, used his party's Saturday radio address to appeal for observance of the highest standards of "decency and decorum".

His call was echoed by his

BY MARY DEJEVSKY
in Washington

colleagues, on both sides of the Senate, who congratulated themselves on the give and take that had allowed the trial to proceed and contrasted it with the ill-temper of last month's House debate. It was apparent, however, that a host of disagreements lay only just beneath the surface, most of which set Democrats against Republicans and cast doubt on how long the Senate's "bipartisanship" could last.

One of the first discussions will be whether the trial should be televised. Opponents say it would inhibit free discussion, and cite rules providing for deliberations in secret. Others, mainly Democrats hoping to capitalise on the President's popularity, want to see openness and accountability.

Hard on the heels of the television question is the issue of the President's State of the Union address. It is fixed for 19 January, coinciding with the start of his legal defence in the Senate trial. The White House has insisted it sees no reason to postpone the address - some believe it would show the President in the best possible light, carrying on the business of government. But

Senator Dianne Feinstein, a California Democrat, said she felt it would not be appropriate for the Senate to consider the removal of the President by day and welcome him to the Capitol in the evening. Others have said it would be "unseemly" for him to appear before Congress while his continuation in office remains uncertain.

And, although deferred, the most divisive question - whether witnesses should be called - has not gone away. A poll released yesterday indicated that in this, at least, the public was on the side of the Republicans. More than half of those polled said they wanted to hear testimony both from Mr Clinton (66 per cent) and Monica Lewinsky (53 per cent).

The first part of the trial will conclude with motions that could include proposals to dismiss the case or to call witnesses. Either would require only a simple majority (51).

If the Democrats vote as a bloc, only six Republicans will need to change sides for the President to be acquitted. But one of the Republicans deemed most likely to switch dashed Democrats' hopes yesterday, saying he would want to hear witnesses first.

Mary Dejevsky,
Review, page 4



Pal bearers carrying the coffin of Tyisha Miller on Saturday during a funeral service in Bloomington, California, which was attended by 500 people. The 19-year-old woman was shot on 28 December by four police officers as she sat with a gun in her car. The killing has sparked protests by black people and others in the city about 60 miles east of Los Angeles in the United States
William Wilson Lewis/AP

Police say Disney hid evidence of fatal accident

THE VIOLENT death of a tourist at Disneyland is never going to be good publicity. That might explain why officials at the southern California theme park have been oozing reassurance ever since a metal cleat flew out of a wall on Christmas Eve and hit two visitors from Washington state in the head, killing one and seriously injuring the other. Disney officials insist they

BY ANDREW GUMBEL
in Los Angeles

are co-operating fully with the authorities to investigate the cause of the accident, which happened at the mooring bay of the sailing ship *Columbia*. This is only the ninth death in 43 years, they add, in which time more than 400 million people have visited the park safely.

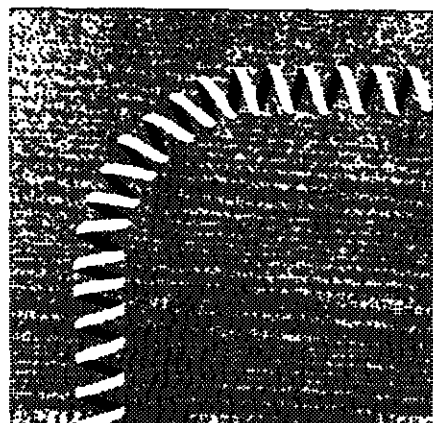
Not everyone has been reassured by the behaviour of Disney and the local Anaheim police, however. Several seasoned police officers have asked why Disneyland officials took it upon themselves to clean up the accident site before the police arrived, why the police did not turn up for three hours, and why they then spent another hour and a half interviewing

park officials before taking a look at the scene themselves. Reacting to an initial report by the Anaheim police, released late last week, officers with experience of other theme parks have argued that an accident involving a theme park worker - as was the case - raises the possibility of manslaughter charges and requires the immediate presence of police officers on the scene. "You're taking control of the situation. You're not allowing them to spoon-feed you," Sergeant Anton Mirec of the Santa Clara police, which recently investigated a death at Paramount's Great America park near San Francisco, told the *Los Angeles Times*. "Maybe Anaheim has a special relationship with Disney. Maybe they trust their security. Obviously, there's a comfort zone."

Disney insists it did nothing wrong by cleaning up before the police arrived. "It was shocking and disturbing for the other guests," said the director of communications, Ray Gomes. "As far as we were concerned this was an industrial accident. There was no question of a crime being committed."

The episode has fuelled longstanding criticisms that Disney's protectiveness of its theme parks verges on obsessive secrecy. In past incidents at Disneyworld, Florida, the company has successfully resisted pressure to let police interview its employees or examine broadcast transcripts of its in-house security team.

When an 18-year-old man was killed in 1994 in a car chase with Disney security officials, the Florida Highway Patrol's investigator complained Disney "would only release the information that wouldn't hurt them". An attempt by the family to sue Disney for more information failed when a local judge defended the company's right to run its own law enforcement operation on its property.



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Common sense in a crazy world

Santer fights prospect of entire EC being sacked

JACQUES SANTER, the beleaguered president of the European Commission, will today seek to assuage mounting calls for the resignation of two of his Commissioners by announcing new measures against abuse of power in Brussels.

As MEPs gather for a debate which could end with the sacking of the entire EC, Mr Santer will adopt a conciliatory tone and bow to one of the parliamentarians' requests. However, Mr Santer's eleventh-hour olive branch was last night described as a "minimum demand" by one leading critic, and a larger package of measures is likely to be needed to buy off parliament. Several groups of MEPs are demanding the resignation of Edith Cresson and Manuel

BY STEPHEN CASTLE
in Brussels

Marin, the two Commissioners who have come in for the most criticism and passions have been inflamed by the suspension of Paul van Buitenen, a "whistle-blower" who worked in the Commission.

Wim Kok, the Dutch prime minister, added to the pressure by arguing that, if more than half the parliament supports a motion critical of individual Commissioners, it would be "difficult" for them to continue. Technically such a vote would not force them out of office.

Mr Santer will hope to lower the temperature by offering a new, updated and toughened code of conduct to cover Com-

missioners and their staff. This would lay down new rules for appointments and thereby outlaw favouritism and overt patronage in job allocations.

"It will be adopted in the next few months and made public... and will strengthen the transparency and openness of the European Commission," said an EC spokesman.

However, Edward McMillan-Scott, leader of Conservative MEPs, said: "The code of conduct is now a minimum requirement for us. We are calling for other measures including the lifting of diplomatic immunity from those working in the Commission while helping police with inquiries, and the reinstatement in full of Mr van Buitenen."

Some senior figures within the parliament believe that the row has become so bitter that it will be difficult to assuage MEPs without resignations from the Commission.

Other initiatives being debated by Mr Santer's staff include a new committee, composed jointly of EC and Parliament staff, to investigate the specific allegations which have arisen. The Commission president may also give more details of reforms to the in-house fraud-busting unit.

The EC has faced mass censure four times before but MEPs, who need a two-thirds majority to expel all 20 Commissioners, have never succeeded in triggering the "nuclear option".

Death cheats two wartime lovers

LIFE HAS imitated art for an Italian man and a Greek woman who rekindled their wartime romance after more than half a century, mirroring the story in the literary bestseller *Captain Correlli's Mandolin*.

But the real-life story has a sad ending: the Greek woman, Angeliki Stratigou, died at the weekend, two weeks before she was to marry the former Italian soldier, Luigi Surace, who asked for her hand in 1942.

In the novel by Louis de Bernieres, Captain Correlli is sent to Greece with the Italian forces and meets and falls in love with a Greek girl. The ravages of war and an earthquake contrive to keep the couple apart.

BY PAUL WOOD
in Athens

The story of Luigi Surace and Angeliki Stratigou began in August 1941, when Mr Surace was sent to the Greek port city of Patras. He met and fell in love with Miss Stratigou, aged 23, and promised to marry her.

When the war ended, he wrote to Miss Stratigou who was living with her aunt. Her aunt intercepted and destroyed the letters. After three years with no reply Mr Surace gave up. He married in Italy but when his wife died in 1986 he began to search for Miss Stratigou. She was living in Patras and had never married. On Saint Valentine's Day last year they met and Mr Surace, aged 77, proposed marriage. Miss Stratigou, 79, accepted.

The wedding was to have taken place on 22 December. Mr Surace was unwell and the date was put back. He has partially recovered and everything was set to go ahead in two weeks. Then, unexpectedly, Miss Stratigou fell ill. She died on Saturday. However, Mr Surace has not yet been told.

"History repeats itself, first as tragedy, and then again as tragedy," wrote Louis de Bernieres.

IN BRIEF

Nigeria's Democrats take lead

NIGERIA'S CENTRIST People's Democratic Party (PDP) took a lead yesterday but lost key seats in the first results of state elections under the military's plan to restore democracy. The PDP won 13 of 25 states so far declared, but the right-of-centre All Peoples Party (APP) took six key marginals and the left-leaning Alliance for Democracy swept all six states in its southwestern stronghold.

Kazakhstan President secure

AS VOTES were counted after Kazakhstan's first contested presidential election on Sunday, the man who has led the nation since Soviet times expected to retain power by a wide margin. Nursultan Nazarbayev, 58, was expected to win more than 50 per cent of the vote and secure seven more years in power.

Journalists killed in Freetown

TWO JOURNALISTS for the Associated Press were shot yesterday in Freetown, Sierra Leone. They were among a group of journalists and officials of the Information Ministry driving through the capital escorted by the troops from the Nigerian-led intervention force, Ecomog.

Yugoslavs held hostage in Kosovo

INTERNATIONAL MONITORS were yesterday trying to negotiate the release of eight Yugoslav soldiers held by ethnic Albanian guerrillas in Kosovo. The incidents have added to a week of tension in the Serbian province, where Yugoslav army tanks bombarded mountain bases of the ethnic Albanian Kosovo Liberation Army (KLA) near Podujevo for several hours on Saturday.

Victims of war: Boys as young as 10 press-ganged into armies

300,000 children 'forced to fight'

ACROSS THE world, from Africa and Latin America to south Asia, at least 300,000 children - some of them aged little more than 10 - are actively serving as soldiers in combat, a new report from Amnesty International says today.

A wealth of case studies published by the human rights group paints a horrifying picture of children at war. Press-ganged by thugs, often after seeing parents and relatives murdered before their eyes, they are thrown into combat. The boys may be stoked up by drugs and alcohol; girl soldiers, invariably, are forced to provide sexual services to their masters.

The reasons for the growing involvement of children in con-

BY RUPERT CORNWELL

flict are several. One is the changing nature of war, in which conflict between states with regular armies has become a rarity replaced by dirty civil wars within states, which invariably drag in the civilian population, and continue for years, usually over much the same territory. Uganda, Sierra Leone, and Kurdistan are but a few recent examples.

Another, according to Amnesty, is the use of lighter automatic weapons. "Once guns were simply too heavy," says Rachel Brett, a co-author of the report who has worked for the UN and leading human rights groups on the problem, "but these days a child can use

such weapons as effectively as an adult."

For commanders, semi- or untrained children are expendable too - human fodder for clearing minefields, unencumbered by wives, husbands or children of their own. Most chilling of all perhaps, they can be very good at the job. "Once inhibitions are broken, children are less cautious, and become highly effective killers and torturers," says Ms Brett.

The report is being published to coincide with the start of a new bid in Geneva to secure a UN protocol that would ban the use of child soldiers and raise the legal minimum age of recruitment from 15 to 18.

Although the new protocol would be voluntary, it will pose

special problems for the US and above all Britain, which operates a minimum military enlistment age of 16, and which relies on under 18-year-olds for a third of army recruits. Under-18s are no longer sent to the front line, but there is no sign of an increase in the recruitment age.

A more serious difficulty is how to persuade rebel and opposition groups to sign an accord being negotiated by governments - in some cases governments they are fighting. Here Amnesty and other human rights groups are pinning their hopes on the future International Criminal Court, whose authority will cover anyone committing war crimes, governments and oppositions alike.



The hand of a man emerges from the rubble of a six-storey block of flats that collapsed in Cairo yesterday. Rescue workers in the Egyptian capital said five people were killed and at least 15 others were missing. AP

Food crisis in the land of orphans

CARLOS LOST his father and all four uncles to the war. "I don't want to go like them. I told myself I would never die like them, in this stupid war. Never," Carlos, 21, like many young men his age, lives in fear of being rounded up by government police and sent to the front line of Angola's never-ending civil war.

His fears are well founded. Fighting between the Angolan government, led by the former Marxist Popular Movement (MPLA), and the National Union for the Total Independence of Angola (Unita) is getting more widespread. Parliament is debating whether to pass the law banning all boys and men between the age of 18 and 35 from leaving the country.

In addition there are rumours of the rebel group Unita taking boys from families and training them as child-soldiers. Girls as young as 13 have reportedly been kidnapped and abused by the rebels.

Since Angola won independence from Portugal in 1975 the war has claimed hundreds of thousands of civilian lives, displacing many more, and has left a large part of the country's young population orphaned and homeless. Forty-two per cent of Angola's 11 million are now under the age of 15.

Today the cities of Kuito, Huambo and Malanje are under siege. The Humanitarian Assistance Co-ordination Unit (UCAH) estimates the number of displaced people in all three regions has risen from 350,000 in December to 470,000. It was reported that displaced children of Malanje were suffering from

BY ELEANOR CURTIS
in Luanda

serious food shortages and UCAH described the situation as "catastrophic".

According to Gillian Forest of Save the Children Fund (SCF), within the first week of the fighting in December the number of Kuito's orphans in the care of SCF houses more than doubled. The central office in Luanda has collected 350 unaccompanied children from the airport over the last month, mostly from Huambo and Malanje. The last plane to leave Kuito on 15 December reportedly had people hanging on to the wings as it took off.

Aid workers who remain in the combat regions say the situation is dire with high risk of starvation and disease as aid cannot get through. Aid operations remain virtually at a standstill with all flights suspended after two UN aircraft were shot down near Huambo, killing 22 UN personnel.

In this oil- and diamond-rich country, illiteracy rates are estimated to be as high as 60 per cent and the education system is in tatters, barely reaching beyond primary school level.

The streets of Angola's capital, Luanda, are busy with small children scavenging in the garbage bins for food, sometimes carrying even smaller ones on their backs. They hardly look like warriors in waiting, but without a change of direction in the grotesque modern story of modern Angola, that is precisely what many will become.

Zimbabwe officers 'held in coup plot'

A NUMBER of senior Zimbabwe army officers have been arrested for allegedly inciting colleagues in the military to join a revolt to overthrow the government, the independent *Sunday Standard* newspaper reported yesterday.

The Harare-based newspaper, quoting what it described as highly-placed military sources, said 23 officers and men were detained at Chikurubi maximum security prison on 17 December.

No comment was available from the government yesterday and calls to officials were not returned. The *Standard* said a colonel was among seven officers arrested for plotting against President Robert Mugabe.

The alleged plotters cited Zimbabwe's involvement in the distant Congo war and Mr Mugabe's mismanagement of the economy as their reasons for wanting to take action against the government, the report

said. The newspaper said thousands of loyal troops were put on alert hours before army intelligence officers "closed the net" on the disaffected soldiers.

Zimbabwe has 8,000 troops backing Congo's embattled president, Laurent Kabila, in the five-month civil war in the former Zaire.

The government has in recent weeks denied reports of a near mutiny by Zimbabwean soldiers serving in the dense jungles of eastern Congo at the height of the tropical rainy season. Zimbabwe says it has lost 26 troops killed in action in Congo since August and 17 captured by rebels fighting to topple President Kabila.

An independent survey last month by the four main human rights groups showed that 70 per cent of Zimbabweans were against military intervention in Congo and most did not believe the government's official casualty figures.

MARY DEJEVSKY



Even the souvenir pens had a misprint: 'the United States Senate'

IN THE MONDAY REVIEW PAGE 4

WINTER GERMS ARE BACK

Redoxon

DOUBLE ACTION

TAKE DOUBLE ACTION

NEW IMMUNE SYSTEM GIVE MAXIMUM PROTECTION AGAINST COLDS AND FLU

Singapore wants to restore link to UK

SINGAPORE IS keen to restore old colonial ties with Britain and yesterday urged the British government to use the island state as an outpost for its east Asian activities.

This surprising call for a turning back of the historical clock came yesterday in a statement on the government-controlled Singapore television by George Yeo, the Information and Arts Minister. Brigadier General Yeo is one of the most influential members of the Singapore government and widely regarded as a possible successor to Goh Chok Tong, the present Prime Minister.

Mr Yeo was speaking after returning from a visit to Hong Kong. He said that now the former British colony had returned to China, the British needed to think about Singapore as a centre for its activities. "Singapore is probably Britain's most important outpost in the region", he said.

BY STEPHEN VINES
in Hong Kong

However, it is not clear whether he was really proposing a restoration of former colonial and post-colonial ties. Even after Singapore gained independence, Britain maintained extensive military co-operation with its former colony. Ties of trade and investment also remained strong.

Mr Yeo said that while Hong Kong was busy shedding its colonial links with Britain, Singapore was keen on preserving them. Singaporean leaders often, for example, point to the fact that they have not replaced old colonial symbols or place names. Indeed, the name of Sir Stamford Raffles, the founder of the colony, is ubiquitous. Many roads still bear the names of British governors and many old colonial government buildings have been preserved.

Nevertheless Lee Kuan-yew,

the former prime minister of Singapore, who still exercises a considerable degree of influence over the government, made strenuous efforts to pull his tiny nation away from British influence. He greatly diversified its foreign ties and put greater emphasis on an Asian orientation.

Recently, however, Singapore has shown more interest in Britain again. This has been encouraged by the evident enthusiasm of Tony Blair, the Prime Minister, for some of Singapore's social and economic policies. Mr Blair lavished considerable praise on Singapore during a recent visit. Unlike the Americans, the British are not vocal critics of Singapore's intolerance of domestic political opposition.

In part the Singaporeans are motivated by their almost obsessive sense of competition with Hong Kong. Both are

vying for a central role as east Asia's financial, trade and tourism centre.

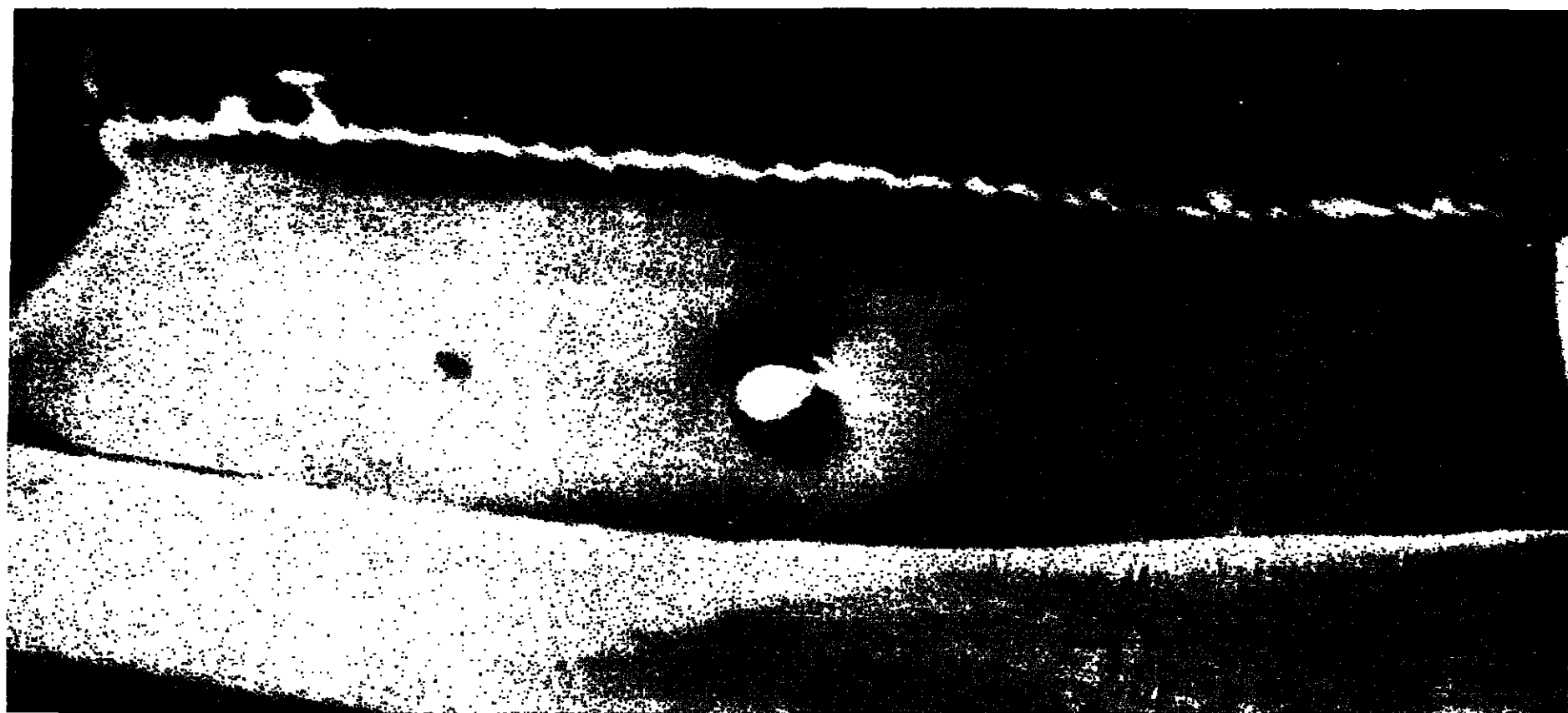
Mr Lee was a vocal critic of Britain's attempts to bring greater democracy to Hong Kong in the last years of British rule. Singapore regularly supported the Chinese government's stand in controversies over the future of Hong Kong and declared itself to be an enthusiastic supporter of the former colony's reintegration into China.

Yesterday, Mr Yeo spoke of how Hong Kong would lose its distinctiveness and become increasingly absorbed into the Chinese mainland. Meanwhile, the Singapore government has been doing its best to lure Hong Kong's more qualified people to live in the island state. It has also stepped up efforts to persuade multi-national companies to shift their regional headquarters from Hong Kong to Singapore.

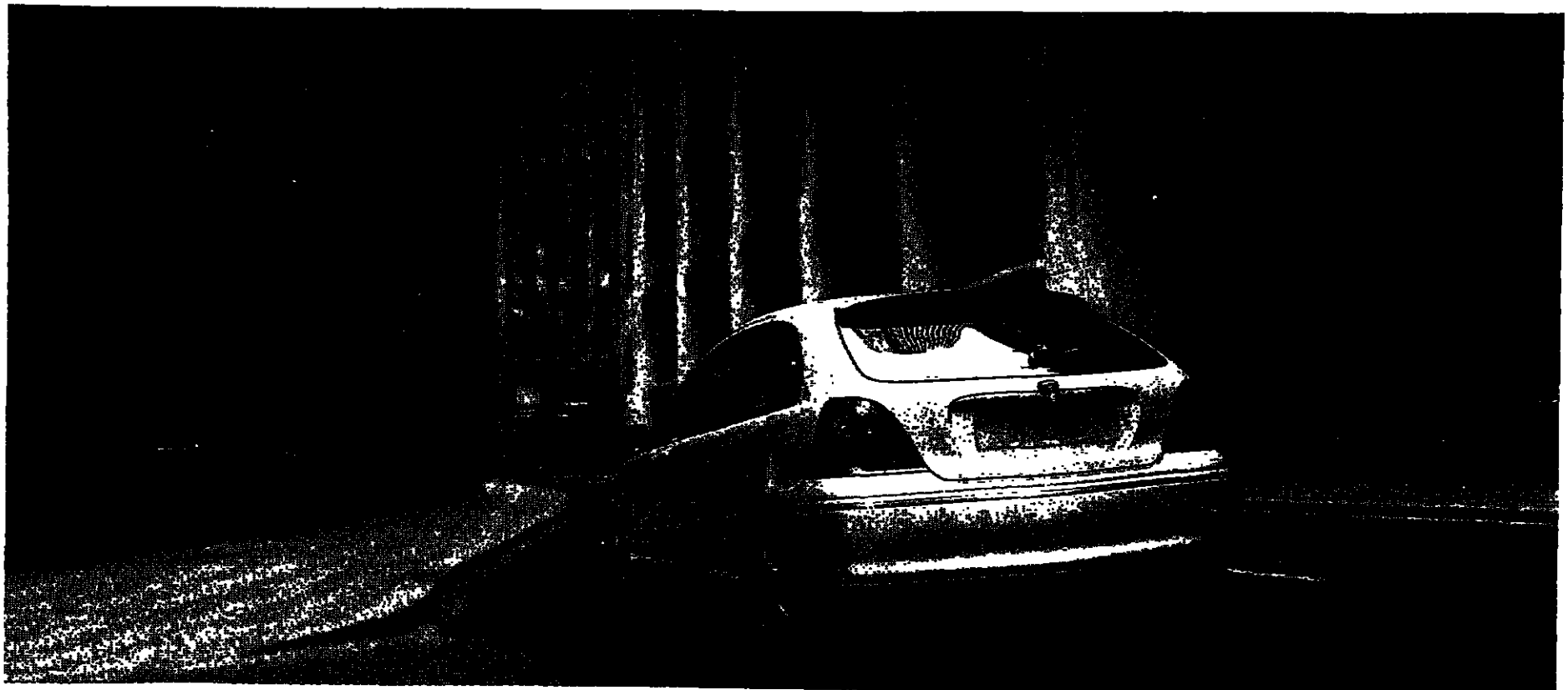


A Shinto priest leading followers to pray at Tokyo's Teppozu-Inari Shrine yesterday. The group is carrying a huge block of ice to chill waters at the shrine for an annual icy-bathing ritual, believed to have health-giving properties AP

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Peking Duck gave birth to a fortune

CITY LIFE
PEKING

THERE WAS a time when it was difficult to find anywhere to dine in Peking. This seems far-fetched now, given that the city has hundreds of restaurants. But all gastronomic revolutions have a beginning, and Peking's epicurean turning point happened down a nondescript alley on 30 September, 1980.

That was when Liu Guixian threw Maoist dogma to the wind and opened the "Happy Guest", the city's first private restaurant since the Communist victory of 1949.

On the first night the Liu family bought four ducks and prepared four simple tables of duck dishes. It was hardly gourmet dining, but it was a sell-out. At that time, it was difficult enough just getting hold of the ingredients, as food staples could only be obtained with ration coupons. A constant worry was also whether this capitalist venture would suddenly find itself out in the political cold. So, with China just celebrating 20 years of economic reform, whatever happened to Ms Liu?

The original "Happy Guest" is alive and thriving. The traditional Peking alley of single-storey, grey-bricked buildings has barely changed and outside the restaurant's entrance hang large red paper decorations. Inside in the one long dining room are 12 square formica tables. Prices are extremely modest by Western standards. The bill for a group of 18 lawyers who recently held their end-of-year lunch at the restaurant was 265, including beer and spirits.

"Though I received little education, I think I am different from other women. If I do something, I try to make it a success," said Ms Liu, now 66. As a young peasant from nearby Hebei province she came to Peking soon after 1949 and worked as a cook in the homes of officials. In the years before opening her restaurant she cooked for a



Liu Guixian, who opened Peking's first private restaurant

party elder. "Don't say who!" she laughed. But the salary was low, and in 1980 she asked to be allowed to resign. "I had five children to support."

Starting a private venture was not easy. "At the beginning, I went to the district government commercial bureau and asked if I could open my restaurant. They didn't have the documents, so I went to the government and sat in another office all day," she said. Then she seemed to get the go-ahead.

"It was dangerous at first but once it was open, the government showed some support." Her restaurant did well, and eight years ago she opened a bigger one nearby and now employs over 20 staff. It is perhaps only in a society that has changed as much as China in 20 years that an illiterate peasant woman, with less than three years schooling, can have achieved so much. "When I give a speech, I have a good memory. I'm nicknamed 'the tape-recorder'," she said.

But it is also astonishing that a couple of very basic food joints can have generated so much money.

"Every month I give my children's families over 1,000 yuan (£74). Every year I divide the profit among them. It's not equal, but they don't ask each other how much they got. I tell each one, you have got the most, do not tell the others."

TERESA POOLE

Chinese men face bachelor's life

BY STEPHEN VINES
in Hong Kong

TWENTY YEARS after China introduced its one child policy – brutally tailored by many people to favour boys – the world's most populous country has become its loneliest. The latest demographic trends show that some 111 million Chinese men will never marry.

A nation where some 6 million women bear the names Lai-di and Zhao-di ("call for a brother" and "bring a brother") there are now 120 potential grooms for every 100 brides-to-be. The trend seems to be worsening. Just four years ago, there were 113.4 men for every 100 women.

The Chinese Academy of Sciences claims a "natural gender rate" is 106 men for 100 women. But in Western countries there

are consistently more women than men in the population.

Since 1979, when China adopted its one-child policy, the 1.2 billion-strong nation has become awash with gruesome stories of female infanticide and abandonment of baby girls.

Campaigners against the one-child policy estimate that a million girl babies are abandoned every year.

China's growing prosperity and increasing imbalance between men and women has also fuelled the burgeoning sex industry. Denied the chance of a wife or girlfriend, many men turn to commercial sex as the only alternative.

صحنه من العمل

DEPENDENT
by 11 January 1991

Duck
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BUSINESS

BRIEFING

Alstom wins £500m Taiwan work

ALSTOM, the Anglo-French engineering giant, has won a contract worth 650m euros (£500m) to build a coal-fired power plant in Taiwan. The contract, due to be signed with the independent Taiwanese power producer Ho-Ping Power today, is one of the first private power production projects in Taiwan. Construction work will begin this month and it is expected to be ready for commercial operation by 2002. The project is similar to another plant built by Alstom in the Philippines, now nearing completion.

Discount retailer beats gloom



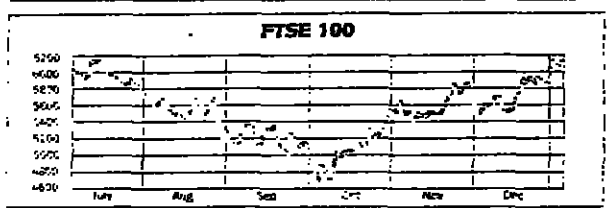
TJ HUGHES, the discount department store group, has bucked the gloom on the high street with a buoyant Christmas trading performance. In the five weeks to 2 January, like-for-like sales increased by 11.8 per cent while overall sales were up 43.8 per cent. In the past 22 weeks, sales have increased 13.9 per cent on a like-for-like basis.

George Foster (pictured), the chief executive, said TJ Hughes had succeeded by concentrating on the basics of discount retailing and providing quality merchandise at value for money prices. The group has secured three new stores as part of its 1999 expansion plans.

Going it alone 'will cost City jobs'

THE CITY will lose jobs as a result of the Britain's decision not to join the European single currency in the first wave, firms in London's Square Mile believe. The survey, carried out by the accountants KPMG, has found that 40 per cent of City firms believe the financial centre will lose jobs because it is not in the euro-zone. Almost 50 per cent of companies believe London is now less attractive to overseas investors.

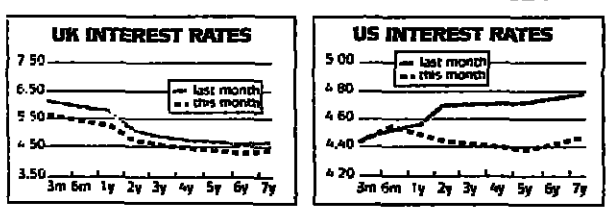
STOCK MARKETS



INDICES

Index	Close	Wk's ch	Wk's ch (%)	52 wk high	52 wk low	YTD (%)
FTSE 100	4147.20	264.60	4.50	6183.7	4599.2	2.625
FTSE 250	4976.40	121.70	2.51	5970.9	4247.8	3.334
FTSE 350	2888.70	116.30	4.20	2968.1	2210.4	2.73
FTSE All Share	2784.68	110.76	4.14	2886.52	2143.53	2.778
FTSE SmallCap	2133.80	62.90	3.04	2793.8	1834.4	3.773
FTSE Fledgling	1177.80	31.40	2.74	1517.1	1046.2	4.25
FTSE AIM	805.90	5.30	0.66	1146.9	761.3	1.247
FTSE Europe 100	2909.02	185.15	6.80	3079.27	2018.15	8.889
FTSE Europe 300	1253.32	70.58	5.97	1332.07	890.63	0.991
Dow Jones	9643.32	451.89	5.03	9562.22	7400.3	1.584
Nikkei	13391.81	-450.36	-3.25	12352.95	12787.9	1.084
Hang Seng	10722.70	674.12	6.71	11926.16	8544.79	3.229
Dax	5392.84	350.45	7.51	6217.63	3833.71	1.552
S&P 500	1275.16	45.92	3.74	1277.5	912.84	1.238
Nasdaq	2344.89	152.34	6.95	2333.7	1357.09	0.297
Toronto 300	6868.80	382.86	5.90	7337.7	5320.9	1.581
Brazil Bovespa	6781.41	-2.92	-0.04	12339.14	4575.69	8.759
Belgium Bel20	3573.96	39.45	1.65	3713.21	2357.78	1.62
Amsterdam Eux	559.27	20.81	3.89	600.65	366.56	1.725
France CAC 40	4245.42	302.76	7.63	4406.94	2809.73	1.902
Milan MIB30	57670.00	2518.00	7.16	39170	24175	1.075
Madrid Ibor 35	10412.30	575.70	5.82	10989.8	8669.9	1.769
Irish Overall	5285.88	282.04	5.65	5581.7	3132.47	1.367
S Korea Comp	626.32	63.87	11.36	638.41	277.37	0.97
Australia ASX	2856.30	42.90	1.53	2902.9	2386.7	3.116

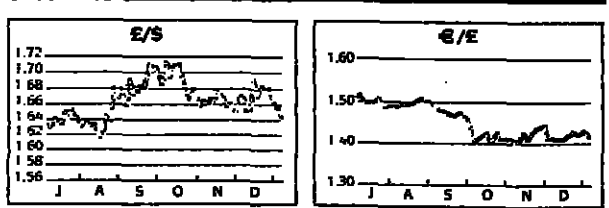
INTEREST RATES



MONEY MARKET RATES

Index	3 month	6 month	1 year	10 year	15 year	Long bond	Yr chg
UK	5.95	-1.61	5.46	-2.12	4.26	-1.78	4.28
US	5.04	-0.65	5.09	-0.66	4.87	-0.57	5.27
Japan	0.54	-0.23	0.56	-0.18	2.00	0.12	2.74
Germany	3.20	-0.41	3.14	-0.79	3.73	-1.40	4.66

CURRENCIES



Index	Close	Wk's ch	Wk's ch (%)	52 wk high	52 wk low	YTD (%)
Dollar	1.6432	-1.72c	-1.04	1.6129	1.4506	-0.63p
Euro	1.4198	+1.19c	+1.07	1.4079	1.1575	-0.89c
Yen	182.62	-95.21	-214.05	182.62	111.12	-42.49
£ Index	99.20	-0.50	-0.50	103.60	103.70	-0.20

OTHER INDICATORS

Index	Close	Wk's ch	Wk's ch (%)	52 wk high	52 wk low	YTD (%)
Brent Oil (\$)	11.51	0.94	8.57	11.54	3.00	112.04
Gold (\$)	291.35	3.10	281.05	291.35	159.61	10.61
Silver (\$)	5.21	0.20	6.06	5.21	6.00	7.25

TOURIST RATES

Country	Rate	Country	Rate
Australia (\$)	2.5395	Mexican (nuevo peso)	14.71
Austria (schillings)	18.99	Netherlands (guilders)	3.0428
Belgium (francs)	55.83	New Zealand (\$)	2.9371
Canada (\$)	2.4394	Norway (krone)	12.04
Cyprus (pounds)	0.8003	Portugal (escudos)	275.61
Denmark (kroner)	10.34	Saudi Arabia (rials)	6.0349
Finland (markka)	8.2392	Singapore (\$)	2.6454
France (francs)	9.0712	Spain (pesetas)	229.76
Germany (marks)	2.7144	South Africa (rand)	9.1071
Greece (drachma)	449.18	Sweden (krone)	12.91
Hong Kong (\$)	12.44	Switzerland (francs)	2.2449
Ireland (pounds)	1.0864	Thailand (bahts)	55.33
India (rupees)	63.31	Turkey (liras)	505719
Israel (shekels)	6.4069	USA (\$)	1.6179
Italy (lira)	2.588		
Japan (yen)	179.55		
Malaysia (ringgits)	6.0351		
Malta (lira)	0.6064		

Rates for information purposes only
Source: Thomas Cook

Predators circle over Equitable Life

PREDATORS ARE circling Equitable Life amid mounting concern in the industry that financial pressures may force the board of the mutual life insurer to follow NPI and consider putting the business up for sale.

The group, which has repeatedly rejected takeover approaches insisting it is wedded to the principle of remaining an independent mutual insurer, has assets of £25bn and would represent a formidable prize.

It is Britain's biggest seller of pensions with 8.7 per cent of the UK life and pensions market.

BY ANDREW GARFIELD
Financial Editor

It is also widely regarded as having the most efficient and productive workforce and the lowest cost-base in the business.

Potential bidders range from clearing banks such as National Westminster, to general insurers like CGU which want to expand their life business, as well as foreign players like Swiss Life which recently lost out to AMP in the bidding for NPI.

Investment bankers, who have a queue of potential buyers "running around the block",

have been playing up fears about Equitable's financial situation in the hope of putting it into play.

One City source said that Equitable has had to get a waiver from the Treasury to continue writing new business after being technically in breach of a number of solvency ratios, a claim that has been dismissed by Equitable as "absolute nonsense".

Nigel Webb, Equitable's spokesman, said: "We are absolutely committed to the benefits of mutuality."

The firm is also facing a fur-

ther threat from so-called guaranteed annuity issues. This is an industry-wide problem which arises from promises made about payouts to pensioners at a time when long-term interest rates were much higher than they are now.

However, a report by American credit rating agency Standard & Poors, which was published last month, warns that while the firm's capitalisation is "adequate," it is below the level expected for an AA-rated institution and below the level of its peers.

S&P also points out that the

firm's ability to grow is restricted by its commitment to remaining mutual.

"Financial flexibility is relatively limited owing to Equitable's strict adherence to mutual principles," the report says.

Ned Cazalet, head of Cazalet Financial Consulting, the life insurance consultancy, said Equitable had been a favourite target for potential bidders for years.

"The big issues are: if Equitable's solvency is thin, why it is thin, and whether it will have to lower bonuses or seek more cap-

ital to support new business," he said.

Another industry source said: "Equitable's solvency ratio, according to the latest returns, was 8 per cent which is actually lower than NPI's was when it put itself up for sale."

Competitors said Equitable is also writing new business at an unsustainable rate. "Equitable writes 95 per cent of new business as with-profits business, which requires an extensive amount of capital. Standard Life, by comparison, writes just 30 per cent as with-profits," said one analyst yesterday.

Oil rivals in talks on £2.3bn merger

ENTERPRISE OIL yesterday confirmed it was in merger talks with Lasso, the arch-rival it failed to take over four years ago. If agreed, the merger would create an independent energy group with a combined market value of £2.3bn.

Lasso yesterday confirmed it was in discussions with Enterprise but said the outcome of the talks was still uncertain as a merger with Enterprise was only one of several options under consideration. The group is also in talks with other potential partners, including several oil giants.

"Lasso is in discussions with a number of parties on a range of strategic initiatives, one of which is an evaluation of a possible merger with Enterprise Oil," the company said in a statement.

The talks began in December when Sir Graham Hearne, chairman of Enterprise Oil, began talks with his old rival Joe Darby, chief executive of Lasso. Sir Graham's approach to Lasso comes more than four years after Enterprise launched a disastrous £1.7bn hostile takeover bid for Lasso.

The talks between Enterprise and Lasso are still at an early stage, Enterprise said it was engaged in "exploratory discussions which may or may not lead to a merger between the two companies".

Any merger would be on the basis of current market valuations. Enterprise is valued at

BY ANDREW VERITY

£1.4bn in terms of market capitalisation, while Lasso is valued at £910m.

The future positions of senior executives on both sides has not yet been discussed, Enterprise is said to be dismayed that news of the talks has already leaked.

Both Enterprise and Lasso have also been in talks with other parties, including oil majors of a similar size to BP/Amoco, though these are not thought to include a full takeover.

A successful merger between Enterprise and Lasso would conclude a saga which began with an acrimonious bid battle in 1994. Then, after an angry war of words, Enterprise's £1.7bn bid for Lasso failed to gain shareholder approval and left Enterprise, which had built up a 7 per cent stake in Lasso, with a large paper loss.

Sir Graham Hearne, then chief executive and chairman, was forced to split his role and find a new chief executive. Many observers blamed Warburg's, Enterprise's advisers, for the debacle.

The reconciliation between Enterprise and Lasso has been prompted by the slump in world oil prices in the second half of 1998. At \$11.78 a barrel, nearly \$7 cheaper than in 1997, the oil price is lower than it has been for 10 years.

The oil price slump has called



With oil prices at a 10-year low, the entire industry is under pressure to consolidate

into question the value of oil exploration projects planned by the two companies. Shares in Enterprise have more than halved this year from 604p to 283p. Shares in Lasso have sunk by more than 70 per cent, from a May high of 297.5p to 94.25p on Friday.

Amid rumours of a cash crisis, Lasso last week issued a

statement insisting its share price was unjustified and denying rumours of a forthcoming rights issue. In its 1999 projections, the company is banking on an average price of \$13 a barrel.

The company said its balance sheet was in good shape. It had a current cash balance of £550m, £150m in undrawn facilities, and gearing was 54 per cent.

In November, Lasso said it was cutting 60 per cent of the staff at its London head office - 300 jobs. The company said it was concentrating on safer exploration projects and aiming to cut its costs by £30m.

News of the talks underlines the mounting pressure for consolidation in the sector owing to the slumping oil price.

Vickers in armoured vehicles link-up

VICKERS WILL this week announce a joint venture with Giat, the French armaments firm, to form a new company making armoured vehicles with combined sales of around £500m.

Vickers will sign a memorandum of understanding with the state-owned group to the effect that it will co-operate on a range of activities and form a new company, owned 50-50 between Vickers and Giat.

The company will concentrate on developing armoured

BY ANDREW VERITY

vehicles in competition with the "battlefield taxi", a multi-purpose armoured car being commissioned by the German and British governments.

Vickers recently lost the race to win an order for the battlefield taxi to Alvis, the rival armaments firm which is part-owned by GKN, Vickers' main rival.

The deal with Giat is the outcome of a year-long search by Sir Colin Chandler, chief execu-

utive of Vickers, for a partner in the armoured vehicles industry. Vickers also considered a link-up with Rheinmetall, a German rival, and the US-based Carlyle group.

European governments have been pressing for consolidation in the armoured vehicles industry because of declining orders and a serious problem of over capacity. While around 20 manufacturers make the vehicles, only a handful of governments are likely to place substantial orders.

The joint venture with Giat will link Vickers with France's leading manufacturer of LeClerc tanks, competing for export orders from South Africa and Greece.

A deal will bring Vickers one stage closer to its aim of ditching its non-core activities and focusing on marine technology. It is also a success for Paul Buysse, the chief executive, who has been seeking to re-focus the group since his arrival last year.

In July, Mr Buysse, former-

ly of BTR, secured the £478m sale of Rolls-Royce Motor Cars to Volkswagen of Germany. The purchase price included an element of compensation for previous investments ploughed into Rolls-Royce by Vickers.

The sale helped Vickers to buy Ulster, a Norwegian marine equipment company, for £300m. Vickers already has a presence in marine technology through its subsidiary, KaMeWa. The company still has £200m in cash to spend on further acquisitions.

Trinity walks away from Mirror Group deal

MERGER TALKS between Mirror Group and Trinity, the regional newspaper publisher, have collapsed for the second time in a year amid accusations that David Montgomery, Mirror Group's chief executive, is blocking a deal in an attempt to save his job.

In a one-line statement issued yesterday, Trinity said it was withdrawing from merger discussions with Mirror "with immediate effect". Senior Trinity executives are understood to have pulled out after concluding that Mirror's board is not fully committed to a deal.

Mr Montgomery and John

BY PETER THAL LARSEN

Allwood, the Mirror director in charge of its regional newspaper interests, met Trinity executives last week to discuss the possibility of a merger. But the talks, which have been dragging on since November, ended without an agreement.

Both companies refused to comment yesterday. But Trinity, which publishes the *Liverpool Echo* and the *Huddersfield Daily Examiner*, is understood to have proposed an all-share deal which would place a value of £1.3bn on the combined company and leave Mirror share-



Mirror Group's David Montgomery (left) and Trinity's Philip Graf have been in talks since November

holders with 55 per cent of the enlarged equity.

Philip Graf, Trinity's chief ex-



ecutive, would run the company while Mr Allwood would become his deputy. But Mr Mont-

gomery would be sidelined with a job overseeing the integration of the two companies. Trinity directors are adamant that there is no confusion about who would be in charge of the combined company.

Sir Victor Blank, Mirror's recently appointed chairman, is said to support the idea of the merger. But the company's executive directors, led by Mr Montgomery, argue that the deal undervalues Mirror. The group's share price has fallen sharply in recent months and closed at 162p on Friday.

Mr Montgomery is believed to have held discussions with ven-

ture capital groups about the possibility of leading a management buyout of the company. But potential buyers have been put off by Mirror's heavy debt load. Mirror Group is today expected to clarify its position with a Stock Exchange announcement.

Trinity and Mirror held merger talks last year, but discussions broke down when Axel Springer, the German publishing group, expressed an interest in bidding for Mirror. Springer eventually walked away after concluding that Mirror's asking price - reportedly 300p per share - was too high and the UK newspaper market too competitive.

Deficits spell trouble for the world

AS WE ENTER 1999, many economic commentators have argued that the global economy - and more particularly the UK - will be "lucky" to avoid a fatal accident this year.

Even so, most of the mainstream forecasting groups, such as the International Monetary Fund and the Organisation for Economic Cooperation and Development, assume in their central projections that the world will stay lucky.

At Goldman Sachs, we expect the world as a whole (including emerging economies) to grow by 2 per cent - roughly the same as last year, with the UK growing by 0.5 per cent.

In one sense, though, the pessimists are undoubtedly right. Although economists always seem to argue that times are "particularly uncertain", there is clearly a greater number of identifiable downside risks to the global outlook than normal this year - notably, the Brazil debacle, the so-called "death spiral" into deflation in Japan, and a spontaneous decline in equity markets.

Any of these events could occur without much warning, tipping the world from benign low inflation into malign outright deflation.

Although analysts at Goldman Sachs are often depicted as crazily optimistic on financial markets, we certainly recognise that there are threats which no-one should dismiss lightly.

There are obvious symptoms of extreme froth in share prices, and the rapid growth in the global money supply indicates that there might be much more "leverage" supporting equities than is commonly assumed.



GAVYN DAVIES

The most troubling imbalance in the world today is the private sector financial deficit in the US

Furthermore, with almost every international economist willing to agree that the world looks riskier than usual, it is quite surprising that risk premia in both bond and equity markets should have fallen to abnormally low levels.

Yet it is not enough simply to point to imbalances that might, one day, lead to trouble. These imbalances have been around for several years, and those commentators who have been most worried about them have not completely missed one of the greatest bull markets in the 20th century.

As usual, the real problem in assessing the outlook for 1999 is to judge whether this will prove to be the year when these imbalances will finally need to be corrected.

The most extreme, and most troubling, imbalance in the world system today concerns the private

sector financial deficit in the United States. The private sector in this regard is defined to include both corporations and households, and its financial deficit is the difference between income and expenditure - ie free cash flow. By definition, the sum total of the financial deficit of the private sector and the government taken together is equal to the balance of payments deficit.

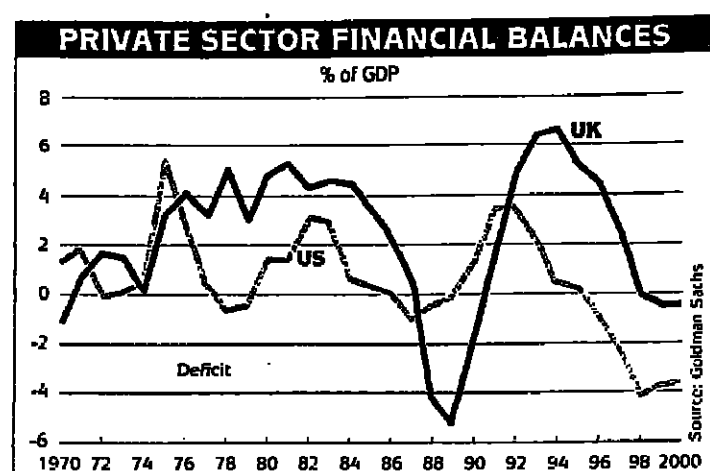
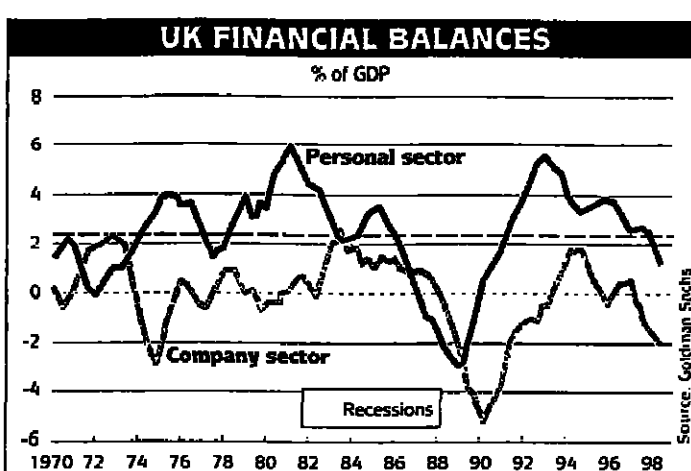
In most economies in the post-war era, the private sector has typically run a financial surplus in order to build up its stock of assets. Usually, these private sector surpluses have been matched by similar sized government deficits, and balance of payments positions have therefore been roughly in equilibrium.

The present situation in the US is, however, very different. Over the past few years, private expenditure has risen much more rapidly than private income, so the financial deficit of the private sector has risen to all-time record levels.

With the government having eliminated its own budget deficit, the private deficit has, of course, triggered an equally large amount of red ink in the balance of payments statistics.

Put simply, Americans have been spending more than they earn, driving the trade figures into deficit. This imbalance has in turn been financed by foreigners acquiring a mountain of American assets.

So far, these developments have protected the world from a major recession. To illustrate how important this has been, a sudden elimination of the US private sector



deficit would impact a negative shock to global GDP of something close to 2 per cent (including multiplier effects).

Still worse, in a crisis situation the US private sector might decide to shift back into substantial financial surplus, in which case the shock effect might reach a remarkable 4 per cent of global GDP. This is far and away the largest accident that is waiting to happen to the world economy.

But this certainly does not mean that it must happen, not this year at least. As early as 1994, American households were already running a record financial deficit, with pessimists warning even then that it would not prove sustainable.

But in the ensuing four years, the deficit has more than doubled, without any ill-effects so far. Furthermore, there are some economists who would argue that the private sector deficit is a natural consequence of the government

sector moving into surplus, since the elimination of the budget deficit will reduce the expected level of taxation.

If this argument is valid, it implies that a private sector financial deficit might prove to be a permanent feature of the American landscape.

But this will surely prove over optimistic. Not only will the budget surplus itself probably prove a temporary product of the economic boom, but there are elements of unsustainability in the private sector's behaviour.

Excessive private spending has no doubt been connected to the remarkable surge in share prices, which may or may not prove sustainable. Furthermore, it is not clear that foreigners will remain willing to lend money to the US on the scale required to perpetuate these imbalances.

The betting must therefore be that, one day, this episode will end

in a crisis, just as it did in the case of the UK in the late 1980s. But what will be the trigger for such a crisis? There are three possibilities.

First, the dollar might decline precipitously in a familiar old-fashioned balance of payments crisis. But it seems doubtful whether this will happen in the immediate future, since there are excess savings in the world system, and few attractive investment opportunities outside of the US.

Second, inflation in the US might start to rise, forcing the Federal Reserve to increase interest rates, thus killing the boom in American asset prices. But a rise in US inflation seems most improbable this year, given the strong deflationary forces emanating from overseas.

Third, some foreign shock - most likely emanating from Brazil or Japan - might puncture confidence in the growth of the US economy, and remove some of the froth from equity markets.

Although this is the most likely crisis to happen this year, it can probably be addressed by further monetary easing by the central banks, as in the aftermath of the Asian and Russian crises. Thus, while it may be the most likely to happen, it may not be powerful enough to prove fatal. That is why central economic forecasts assume - albeit nervously - that a crisis correction of the US deficit will not be visited upon the world this year.

The UK may not prove quite so fortunate. Although the deterioration in household and corporate finances in this country has not touched the ludicrous extremes seen in the late 1980s, or indeed those seen in the US today, the private sector will need to cut its spending sharply this year in order to return its financial position to normal. This threat may be smaller than in the past, but it still spells trouble for the British economy in 1999.

Pay pressures start to recede

PAY PRESSURES are receding as fears of recession grow, according to new figures on pay settlements out today. Most deals lie in the range of 3.5 to 4.5 per cent, according to researchers at Incomes Data Services (IDS).

The latest evidence that the upward momentum in pay growth is easing follows last week's decision to cut interest rates by a quarter point by the Bank of England's monetary policy committee.

The Bank's statement re-

ferred to signs that the jobs market had stopped getting tighter.

A separate survey from research group NTC at the end of last week found a marked slowdown in pay growth in December.

NTC said its findings had been sent to the Bank of England ahead of the monetary policy committee meeting last week.

The fresh confirmation from IDS of a slowdown in the pace at which earnings are rising will be taken as further vindication of the interest rate reduction.

Of the 105 settlements covering 406,000 employees monitored in December, 51 were between 3 per cent and 3.9 per cent, and the bulk of these were in the lower half of the range. Just 14 deals awarded increases of more than 4.5 per cent.

The report notes that settlements have remained broad-

ly stable for the past 12 months, even though headline inflation drifted down from a peak of 4.2 per cent in May to 3 per cent in November. Most settlements during 1998 therefore ran well ahead of inflation.

However, the turnaround in optimism about the economy is starting to have an impact on pay negotiations.

For example, according to the Engineering Employers' Federation, the average level of settlements dropped to 2.7 per cent in the three months to No-

vember from 3.2 per cent in the previous three month period.

Official figures for unemployment due on Wednesday are expected to show a rise of 10,000-20,000 in the number of benefit claimants last month. This would follow a small increase of 5,900 in November.

The official figures on average earnings are currently suspended subject to an independent review following startling revisions. They are not expected to be ready in time for this week's jobs market data.

Vodafone waits for an answer from AirTouch

CHRIS GENT, Vodafone's chief executive, will today meet other senior directors of the mobile phone operator as it awaits a response to its proposed \$55bn merger with AirTouch, its US rival.

Mr Gent yesterday flew back from New Zealand, where he had been at a board meeting after watching Australia defeat England in the fifth Test match. Meanwhile Ken Hyndou, Vodafone's finance director, has returned from New York, where

he met senior AirTouch executives to discuss the offer.

AirTouch is expected to respond to the proposed merger within the next two weeks. However Morgan Stanley Dean Witter, the investment bank advising AirTouch, is still trying to solicit higher bids.

Bell Atlantic is considering whether to raise its original \$43bn offer, but it is unclear whether the former Baby Bell

could justify matching Vodafone's offer. MCI WorldCom has ruled itself out of the running.

City sources were yesterday playing down reports that British Telecom might enter the fray. BT - which will probably be overtaken by Vodafone in terms of market capitalisation if the merger goes ahead - has agreed not to compete with AT&T, its international partner in its home market. AT&T currently operates the only national mobile phone network in the US.

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SPORT

New faces for 1999: Britain's 'next boxing superstar' has already attracted comparison with one of the all-time greats

Hatton the natural phenomenon

BY GLEN LEACH

SPORTING SUCCESS and the sky blue sector of Manchester have hardly been joined at the hip in recent years. But the decade could yet end on a happy note for the long-suffering side of town thanks to the former Manchester City apprentice, Ricky Hatton. It seems cruelly unnecessary, however, to point out that the Stockport-born 20-year-old called time on his football career some years ago.

Soccer's possible loss is boxing's considerable gain – there is no hotter prospect than the unbeaten light-welterweight in British boxing today. Hatton's promoter, Frank Warren, has described the 5ft 7in pressure fighter as "the nearest thing I've ever seen to a certainty". And few who have seen the exciting body-puncher go to work would argue. "His potential is unlimited," said Billy Graham, the Manchester manager-trainer who became the boxing equivalent of a lottery winner by securing Hatton's services when he turned professional two years ago.

'I just wish I had two of him. Some of the things he does in the gym makes my hair stand on end'

A truly outstanding amateur career had made Hatton's head the most hunted of any British amateur in recent years. On the home front, Hatton won an impressive seven junior national titles and an Amateur Boxing Association championship, the highest honour available in domestic amateur boxing.

But it was Hatton's achievements on the international scene that left professional managers salivating over his signature. The youngster had proved himself to be as rare as a City success – a British fighter capable of taking on and actually beating crack opposition from the amateur boxing world's superpowers. Twice he defeated Russians on their home ground, while at the World Junior Championships staged at Havana in November 1996 Hatton not only beat but stopped his Cuban and American opponents – absolutely unheard of for a British amateur. The stage was set.

Hatton was 17 when he first entered Graham's gym in Manchester's Moss Side district, the blue-collar powerhouse of the successful Phoenix Camp stable that has produced fighters of the calibre of Carl Thompson, the World Boxing Organisation cruiserweight champion. "He was sold to me



Light-welterweight Ricky Hatton, a former apprentice at Manchester City, had an extraordinary amateur boxing career and as a professional is aiming higher than just a British title *Peter Jay*

as just a strong kid who had knocked everyone out as a junior amateur," said Graham, a former pro himself. "But from his first day of sparring I could see there was so much more to Ricky than a big punch. Even at that stage he had exceptional balance, skills and strength – he's a natural. Everything I try to teach him, he picks up straight away."

"He can do anything. He reminds me of Julio Cesar Chavez in some ways. Ricky

can pile on the pressure all night long, but he's just as comfortable as a counter-puncher. And like Chavez, his left hook to the body is excellent."

Comparison with Chavez, the magnificent Mexican whose mastery of the pressure-fighting style brought world titles in four weight divisions, is flattery of the highest order for a youngster such as Hatton. And trainer Graham, known as "The Preacher", is aware of the

pitfalls inherent in heaping on the hyperbole at such an early stage. But where Hatton is concerned, Graham cannot stop himself from spreading the word. "I just wish I had two of him," said the trainer. "Some of the things he does in the gym makes my hair stand on end."

However, it is in the competitive ring that fighters are judged and Graham, while fully confident in Hatton's ability, is determined that his prospect's career will be

advanced at a sensible rate. Graham preaches caution. "It's a really exciting time for us, but things can happen too quickly – and I ain't gonna mess this chance up, believe me," he said.

"Ricky could win one of those Intercontinental titles right now, and he could beat the British champion, Jason Rowland, too. But we don't want the British title yet; once Ricky wins it, he's on another, higher level. Ricky has enormous potential, but the kid's only

just 20 and he's still learning his trade."

However, Graham recognises that if Hatton continues at his current rate of development it will be damaging, if not impossible, to hold him back. He conceded: "If he's ready young, he's ready young. And to be honest, I believe Ricky will get there early. He'll be this country's next boxing superstar."

And he is being groomed as such. Already Hatton has received American exposure,

having featured on the undercards of the featherweight champion Naseem Hamed's two title defences across the Atlantic. But while Hatton has been placed on the fast track, his trainer insists that the fighter's feet will remain firmly on the ground.

"He just seems to take everything in his stride," said Graham. "He's tough mentally now, but when he becomes a man..."

Hatton still holds a Maine

Road season ticket, perhaps due more to a sense of professionalism than previous ties with the club for which his father and grandfather both played. After all, he must learn to soak up punishment somewhere and, after nine fights, there has been no sign of this happening in the boxing ring. That will not always be the case, but the early signs suggest that when the day comes, Hatton is one blue nose who will not catch a cold.

TOMORROW

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The New Ball, Volume One: England v Australia
Edited by Rob Steen
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JUST OCCASIONALLY something bounces in from the left field and hits the spot. And that is certainly the case with this original compilation of cricket writing.

It is not just that this book contains work by the *Independent* on *Sunday's* correspondent Stephen Brenkley (a fascinating piece on Frank Tyson), former *Independent* cricket writer Martin Johnson (just downright amusing), Matthew Engel (editor of *Wisden Cricketers' Almanack*) on his pioneering tour Down Under, Scyd Berry (*Sunday Telegraph* correspondent) looking back at the first five-Test Ashes series – apposite given that New Zealand would like to see an end to them – and author Rob Steen (editor of this publication). It is also the fact that the writing is original to the book.

So, instead of having a mere 1,000 to 2,500 words of a re-hashed feature or comment piece, fans of the various writers can get their teeth into a 5,000-word chunk of their favourite cricket writers.

BOOK OF THE WEEK

And if your favourites do not happen to be English or are simply not included among the writers herein, then have a glance at Dirk Wellham's dense piece on the character of the Aussie cricketer, or England-based Murray Hedgecock's wonderful piece, "Failing the Tebbit Test", at one and the same time witty, serious and thoroughly entertaining.

If Ian Chappell's contribution, "My Favourite Pom", turns into a denial that he was the progenitor of sledging, so what. It informs and entertains, the two prerequisites of writing. The book is littered liberally with stunning studies and portraits by Australian photographer Mark Ray.

The content is eclectic, reflecting the breadth of the sport, yet sticking with the theme – England v Australia. The piece on the late Jack Iverson is interesting, even if the author, Gideon Haigh, does fail to shed any startling new light on the reasons for the former Australian leg-

spinner's suicide just over a quarter of a century ago.

Iverson, renowned as an Australian leg spinner extraordinaire, was found dead having shot himself with a .22 calibre rifle. The article begins well, dramatically even, takes the reader through the player's career, then his business career. A few layers are peeled off the man and the player, but not enough to reveal the darkness and level of despair which led to such an act.

Steen's own contribution is to list his own top 10 of Ashes Tests of his lifetime. Steen writes: "You have to go back

to Sydney 1987, to those soppy days when Thatcheropos and Reaganosaurus Rex roamed the earth, to locate the last Ashes encounter entering its fifth day with both sides scenting the spoils..."

They are well selected and amusingly introduced. In his editor's note Steen professes not to know how Micky Stewart spells his moniker, so now he does, but he does justify what he calls: "Another pillage of the rainforests..."

This, as the sub-title "Volume One" suggests, is the first of what it is to be hoped will be many more publications. The writing is of an extremely high standard. It is planned that each volume will be thematic.

Volume Two (due out shortly before the World Cup), he promises, will focus on the game "...in broader, more progressive terms: from east to west, from north to south, from schools to globalisation, from the here to the now."

He likens the publication to the renowned south London madam Cynthia Payne, saying: "The New Ball" will go all the way – and then some." Here is one willing client. More please.

David Llewellyn

THIS WEEK'S TOP TEN SPORTS BOOKS

1 *Angry White Pyjamas*, Robert Twigger (Indigo, paperback, £8.99)

2 *Addicted*, Tony Adams with Ian Ridley (Collins Willow, hardback, £18.99)

3 *Winter Colours – Changing Seasons in World Rugby*, Donald McRae (Mainstream, hardback, £18.99)

4 *Turning Point*, Sean Fitzpatrick and Duncan Johnstone (Penguin, hardback, £16.99)

5 *Cups for Cock-Ups – The Extraordinary Story of Manchester City FC*, Ashley Shaw (Empire, paperback, £8.99)

6 *The New Ball – the Best New Cricket Writing Vol 1*, edited by Rob Steen (Two Heads, paperback, £8.99)

7 *Anuario del Calcio Mondiale 98-99*, Salvatore Lo Presti (SET, hardback, £19.95)

8 *Against The Odds*, Larry Holmes with Phil Berger (St Martins Press, hardback, £21.50)

9 *European Football Yearbook 1998-99*, edited by Mike Hammond (Sports Projects, paperback, £23.95)

10 *Elliott's Golf Form 1999*, Keith Elliott (Portway Press, paperback, £20.00)

List compiled by Sportspages, 94-96 Charing Cross Road, London (0171 240 9604) and St Ann's Square, Manchester (0161 832 8530), and www.sportspages.co.uk

Draws best option in FA Cup replays

THERE ARE SIX FA Cup third round replays this week, many of which are bound to be tense affairs. And, while some are infinitely more likely to end in draws after 90 minutes than others, all six could go into extra time.

Barnsley ought to hold First Division rivals Swindon at Oakwell tomorrow. However, after losing 2-0 at West Brom on Saturday, the Tykes make no appeal at odds-on and Swindon, held 2-2 by Sheffield United at home, might force a draw and take the game to extra time.

Second Division, Notts County, despite being beaten 1-0 at home by Oldham, might also force a draw to take First Division Sheffield United into the extra period. And non-League Yeovil, who won 3-2 at Southport on Saturday, could easily force a draw with Third Division Cardiff, 4-1 winners at home to Hartlepool.

On Wednesday, Second Division Fulham, who beat Macclesfield 1-0 on Saturday, could force Premiership strugglers Southampton, despite their 3-1 win over Charlton at The Dell, into extra time with a draw at Craven Cottage. And Third Division

SPORTS BETTING

BY IAN DAVIES

Swansea, despite their 4-0 drubbing at Exeter on Saturday, might raise their game to draw and force useful Premiership outfit West Ham into overtime.

Finally, it would not come as a complete surprise if non-League Rushton & Diamonds, 2-0 winners at Barrow on Saturday, forced Premiership hosts Leeds, beaten 1-0 at Blackburn, into extra time by forcing a draw in 90 minutes at Elland Road.

	C	H	L	S	T
Barnsley	8-11	4-5	4-6	4-5	4-5
draw	9-4	9-4	12-6	11-5	2-1
Swindon	10-3	3-1	7-2	10-3	7-2
Notts County	9-3	15-8	15-8	2-1	15-8
draw	11-5	9-4	9-4	12-6	11-5
Sheff Utd	8-4	6-5	6-5	11-10	6-5
Yeovil	8-4	15-8	7-4	7-4	9-5
draw	11-5	9-4	9-4	9-4	11-5
Cardiff	8-4	6-5	9-4	9-4	9-4
Fulham	8-5	8-4	11-2	11-2	6-4
draw	2-1	11-5	11-5	9-4	11-5
Southampton	6-4	6-4	13-8	8-5	6-4
Leeds	1-8	1-7	1-7	1-8	1-8
draw	5-1	9-2	9-2	5-1	11-2
Rushton & D.	16-1	16-1	16-1	16-1	16-1
Swansea	7-2	9-2	11-2	9-2	10-3
draw	12-6	11-5	12-6	9-4	9-4
West Ham	4-6	8-13	1-2	8-13	8-11
C.Cent, W.Hillman Hill, L.Ladbrokes, S.Scorley, T.Bet					

One-day international: England put the boot in as Australia fall short of reaching revised target in rain-affected match

Mullally walks tall with size 12 shuffle

FOR A brief moment after England's rain-affected seven-run victory at the Gabba last night it was possible to think that the wrath of the authorities would be heaped on English cricket and that the whole contest would be subject to an inquiry about gambling on matches. Fortunately, it turned out that Alan Mullally was talking about bootmakers.

It was a member of that honourable profession who made a substantial contribution to England's cause at the start of the Carlton & United series. This makes for a healthy change. For weeks one-day cricket has been making headlines because of the unhealthy influence of bookmakers.

Not that the story which Mullally related after cutting through Australia's top order is anything other than bizarre. He took four wickets in 37 balls, just when it seemed the consensus that England were at least 30 runs short of a competitive score would be proved painfully accurate, and then explained how it did not say too much for the meticulous preparations on which this England pride themselves, it was gripping stuff.

It seems that after a long tour Mullally's size 12s were rather more than down at heel. Ian Botham secured a replacement pair from Nike but when they arrived they were two sizes too small. Mullally had worn basketball boots before and found them to his liking so he took a wild chance and went to a Brisbane sports shop.

There he found a pair of basketball boots of the type promoted in return for a fortune by the great basketball player, Michael Jordan. The boot-maker was enlisted to sand down the sole and replace it with a leather version into which spikes were inserted. White tape was then liberally applied to the black segments on the uppers to make them look suitable for cricket.

BY STEPHEN BRENKLEY
in Brisbane

England 178-8 in 50 overs
Australia 145-9 in 36 overs
England win on faster run rate

Mullally said they were the most comfortable pair of boots he had ever worn. "All I need now is \$40m (£25m) like Michael Jordan and I will be home and hosed," he said. His spell of eight overs merited the rewards it reaped.

The pitch, green and moist after heavy rain in Brisbane, was more like something in England in late May than the Gabba, which is generally reckoned to be the best one-day batting pitch around. It was here last week that England made 324.

The first success of the day was Alec Stewart's winning of the toss for the first time this winter in an international

match. After calling heads as usual he gave a little jig of delight. The feeling of relief lasted precisely one ball for him when England batted. Nick Knight played a maiden and then the England captain was palpably low to Adam Dale's first delivery.

It swiftly became clear that here was a pitch whose reputation, on the day at least, was false. The ball was moving if not alarmingly then enough to prevent assured strokeplay. In addition to which Australia's fielding and the field placings of their acting captain, Shane Warne, were both highly commendable.

None of the top batsmen managed to look truly in and though Graeme Hick was the victim of a dodgy decision there was also some pretty injudicious play. Vince Wells, who with Mark Alleyne was making his debut for England in a one-day international, was

not exactly out of his depth at No 3 though he looked a bit perplexed as Glenn McGrath greeted him with a burst of balls which made a statement something along the lines of "Welcome to the big time, mate."

Neil Fairbrother worked the ball around as usual but it was not a comfortable process for this master of the rotating scoreboard. England were indebted to the ninth-wicket stand of 42 from 57 balls between Darren Gough and Robert Croft, using care and common sense.

It rained during the break and Australia lost 14 of their 50 overs. The revised target, assessed by a system of Australia's own invention rather than the Duckworth-Lewis method now favoured in most other places, left them needing 153 in 36 overs to pass England's 178.

When Gough failed to control the swinging white ball it seemed only a matter of how much Australia would help their run rate in securing victory. The Yorkshireman went for 32 of his first three overs. But at the other end Mullally was accurate and gaining movement. He bowled Adam Gilchrist with a beauty and though Mark Waugh played some sweet strokes, Australia went from 46 for 1 to 48 for 3.

There was still, however, the little matter of Michael Bevan, the most effective one-day batsman in the world. He ran swiftly between the wickets, aided by Brendon Julian. A tight finish looked likely but the run out of Warne by Mark Alleyne, moving swiftly to his left at mid-off, finally put it beyond Australia's reach (though their overall run rate was 4.02 compared to England's 3.56).

They needed 14 off the final over, too many even for Bevan, who finished with 56 in 76 balls with just one four. He probably thought the match was a load of cobblers.



England's Alan Mullally celebrates claiming the valuable scalp of Australian opener Mark Waugh, caught behind by Alec Stewart for 23, in yesterday's one-day international at the Gabba in Brisbane

BRISBANE SCOREBOARD

England won toss

ENGLAND

N V Knight c Gilchrist b McGrath...30

95 min, 57 balls, 3 fours

*A J Stewart lbw b Dale...0

4 min, 1 ball

V J Wells b Dale...10

25 min, 22 balls, 1 four

G A Hick c Gilchrist b Fleming...8

18 min, 14 balls, 1 four

N H Fairbrother b McGrath...47

123 min, 83 balls, 4 fours

A Gilchrist c Gilchrist b Fleming...5

23 min, 20 balls

M W Alleyne run out...2

5 min, 3 balls

M A Eatham c Ponting b Julian...14

32 min, 31 balls, 1 six

R D B Croft not out...26

48 min, 46 balls, 1 four

D Gough not out...23

33 min, 24 balls, 2 fours

Extras (lb, w, nb, 1)...13

Total (for 50 overs)...178

Falls: 1-0 (Stewart), 2-29 (Wells), 3-42 (Hick), 4-72 (Knight), 5-87 (Gilchrist), 6-93 (Alleyne), 7-122 (Eatham), 8-136 (Fairbrother).

Did not bat: A D Mullally.

Bowling: McGrath 10-1-24-2

(4-1-12-0), 2-0-2-1, 4-0-10-1, Dale

10-3-25-2 (w2) (one spell); Fleming

10-0-21-0 (w1) (4-0-11-1, 4-0-15-1,

2-0-7-0); Julian 5-0-29-1 (nb, w2)

(3-0-17-0, 2-0-12-1); Warne

10-0-42-0 (w2) (7-0-22-0, 3-0-20-0);

Blewett 5-0-21-0 (w1) (one spell).

Progress: 50: 74 min, 102 balls, 100;

146 min, 197 balls, 150; 196 min, 272

balls.

AUSTRALIA

M E Waugh c Stewart b Mullally...23

35 min, 22 balls, 4 fours

*A C Gilchrist b Mullally...13

14 min, 11 balls, 2 fours

R T Ponting c Holloake b Mullally...8

26 min, 18 balls

D R Martyn b Mullally...0

16 min, 8 balls

G S Blewett c Stewart b Eatham...0

7 min, 10 balls

M G Bevan not out...56

122 min, 76 balls, 2 fours

B P Julian c Croft...23

63 min, 43 balls, 1 four

*S K Warne run out...8

24 min, 16 balls

D W Fleming c Mullally b Croft...2

14 min, 7 balls

A C Dale b Gough...4

11 min, 4 balls

G D McGrath not out...1

9 min, 1 ball

Extras (lb, w, nb, 5)...7

Total (for 36 overs)...145

Falls: 1-24 (Gilchrist), 2-46 (Waugh), 3-47

(Ponting), 4-48 (Blewett), 5-48

(Martyn), 6-84 (Julian), 7-117 (Warne),

8-129 (Fleming), 9-162 (Dale).

Bowling: Gough 6-0-47-1 (w3)

(3-0-32-0, 2-0-10-0, 1-0-5-1); Mullally

8-1-18-4 (one spell); Eatham 7-1-16-1

(5-1-13-0, 2-0-7-0); Bevan 7-1-31-0

(w1) (5-1-18-0, 2-0-13-0); Croft

7-0-24-2 (w1); Alleyne 1-0-7-0 (one

spell each)

Progress: 50: 55 min, 71 balls, 100;

121 min, 158 balls.

Umpires: D J Harper and A J McCullin.

Man of the match: A D Mullally.

Bribery 'not only in Pakistan'

THE Pakistan Cricket Board chairman, Khalid Mahmood, fears that betting and bribery in the sport may be widespread.

Mahmood, in New Zealand for the International Cricket Council's executive board meeting, which is grappling with the problem of corruption, hinted that match-fixing may not be confined to Pakistan.

"Match fixing and betting is an issue we are currently investigating and this can be more widespread than perceived to be," he said.

Former Pakistan captains Wasim Akram and Salim Malik, Ejaz Ahmed, Mushtaq Ahmed and Waqar Younis are all under

investigation by a judicial commission. The International Cricket Council chairman, Sir Clyde Walcott, said a draft proposal on match-fixing was being prepared.

The ICC has yet to decide how to tackle the match-fixing scandal. Its chief executive, David Richards, said the sport's governing body wanted first to set up an independent inquiry into the allegations.

A spokeswoman for New Zealand Cricket, which is hosting the key meeting in Christchurch, said the matter was discussed at the start of the ICC's two-day executive board meeting but was postponed until today after delegates moved to less complicated issues.

The Australian umpire Darrell Hair was interviewed by the ICC yesterday after Sri Lanka complained about comments he made about the action of spinner Muttiah Muralitharan.

Hair called Muralitharan for throwing seven times during a 1995 Test and later wrote that his action was "diabolical". The Sri Lankans called on the ICC to charge him with bringing the game into disrepute. A decision on Hair is expected today.

The Australian wicketkeeper, Ian Healy, has refused to comment on a suggestion he may have deliberately missed a stumping in a one-wicket loss to Pakistan in 1994. Azmat Saeed, a lawyer representing the former Pakistan captain Salim Malik, put the suggestion to former Test spinner Tim May as the inquiry into match-fixing continued in Melbourne.

Healy allowed four leg byes from the bowling of Shane Warne, giving Pakistan a one-wicket win in the first Test of the 1994 series, which decided the series. Healy said he did not wish to dignify the suggestion by commenting on it.

When Saeed put the match-fixing suggestion to May he replied: "Absolutely not."

Pearn's potent spells

MARK PEARN, with two inspirational spells, clinched a place for the defending champions, Reading, in their final game in the National Indoor Club Preliminary round as they beat Old Loughatonians 6-3 at Cocks Moors Woods, Birmingham.

Pearn scored twice in an opening 18-minute spell to put Reading ahead and made a third for Manpreet Kohar. After the interval when, Old Loughatonians had drawn level at 3-3 following two goals inside a minute from Ian Jennings, Pearn burst into action again with two more goals to see Reading through.

Loughborough Students, during their opening game against Reading, heard the good news that their outdoor Cup game at Bowdon had again fallen foul of

the weather and they would be able to remain at the indoor with a full squad. They then beat Norton 7-3 to take their points tally to nine but then had to hang around waiting for the results of the last two games.

Had Reading lost to Old Loughatonians the students would have qualified; a win for Firebrands and Southgate would mean failure.

As it was Southgate, with the Germans Eiko Rott scoring three times and Torben Gottschau four, coasted home 11-2 and the students missed out on goal difference.

In the second pool at Kidderminster, East Grinstead

carried all before them with Barford Tigers and Hull joining them for finals night.

In the rearranged fourth-round Cup games Cannock, with Bobby Crutchley scoring twice, beat Harrogate 6-0 while in the women's competition there were 5-1 wins for Leicester at home to Sheffield and Clifton Scottish Life away to Dulwich.

Sue Holwell scored three times for Leicester with Denise Marston-Smith and Isabel Palmer collecting two each for Clifton.

The Hightown-Sherwood game was abandoned after 32 minutes because of a frozen pitch and Slough's game at Blackburn Northern was called off for the second time because of a frozen pitch.

Results, Digest, page 20

Duval has eighth victory in his sights

GOLF

DAVID DUVAL ended the day as he started it, with a five-stroke lead after the third round of the season-opening Mercedes Championship. He closed in on the eighth victory in his past 27 starts on the PGA Tour by carding a five-under-par 68 on the Kapalua Resort's Plantation course, which played longer than usual following heavy overnight rain.

He stood at 21-under, 198 with one round left, while Fred Funk was next at 203 after a 68. Billy Mayfair, who carded a 69, was another stroke behind after Saturday's play.

Tiger Woods excited his gallery with six birdies for a flawless 67, but it was only enough to move him into a tie for fourth with Jim Furyk and Vijay Singh, seven strokes off the lead.

Duval's round included six birdies and one bogey, his only blemish coming at the par-four 18th where he drove into a fairway bunker, ending a run of 44 holes without a bogey.

"Anytime you make five or six birdies in a round you can't complain," said Duval, who had 10 birdies in his course-record tying second round.

Rolph has that golden look

SUE ROLPH claimed her third gold medal after the second day of competition in the Fina World Cup Short-Course championships in Hong Kong.

The Briton won the 100 metres freestyle in 55.52sec, before winning the 100m individual medley in 1:02.58. On Saturday, she had shared the gold medal in the 50m freestyle after a rare dead-heat with Sophia Skou of Denmark.

Skou and the 16-year-old Canadian Kelly Stefanyshyn were also seeking a hat-trick, with

SWIMMING

Skou taking the gold yesterday in the 200m butterfly in 2:10.17, and then winning the 50m freestyle in 27.58. The Germans topped the medal standings with eight golds.



Sylvia Gerasch won the women's 50m breaststroke in 31.74 for her second title. On Saturday, she took the gold in the 100m breaststroke.

Also in action yesterday, German Ina Huetting won the women's 300m breaststroke in

2:30.27, while her compatriot Thomas Lohfink took the men's 1,500m freestyle in 15:33.18.

The Olympic and world champion, Tom Dolan, had mixed fortunes yesterday. The American captured the 200m individual medley in two minutes 02.79sec, but finished fourth in the 200m backstroke. He clocked 1:58.75, well off the pace of the recently-crowned European short-course champion, Stev Theloke of Germany, who won the event in 1:55.52.

Results, Digest, page 20

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Sharpe goes close on debut

Bolton Wanderers	3
Crystal Palace	0

Todd's squad now contains three Danish, one Finnish and no fewer than five Icelandic players. All three Danes were on display yesterday, and Messrs Frandsen, Jensen and

Substitute Kevin Street scored twice, including the last-gasp winner, and Mark Rivers got the other as Crewe hit back from first-half goals by Chris Jewell and Lee Marshall.

A high-contrast, black and white photograph of a soccer player in mid-air, performing a header. The player is wearing a dark jersey with 'TDK' and a star logo on the front, and light-colored shorts. The background is dark and textured.

Lee Bradbury of Crystal Palace jumps for the ball with the Bolton defender Mark Fish at the Reebok Stadium yesterday. Bolton's 3-0 victory moves them up to fifth place in the Nationwide First Division

The Weasiders are now top of the First Division by nine points, an advantage that increased over the weekend courtesy of this draw as Ipswich, who started off on Saturday in second place, then lost to Grimsby. And in a test-match to the squad Reid has assembled, Sunderland have achieved this despite being without two of their most influential players for most of the season. Lee Clark, who broke his leg back in August, has not only just returned to the mid-field, while Kevin Phillips remained in some style on Saturday after a four-month absence through injury.

Yet QPR showed they have turned over a new leaf since Gerry Francis took over as manager in October. Back then they were bottom of the table with nine points and seemingly destined for relegation but despite having no spending money, he has turned a lame duck of a team into something less ready for the kill, as six wins in their last 12 games have proved.

knock-back. But memories of Wembley and of Peterborough started to flood back, leading to Quinn's inevitable equaliser.

Goals: Phillips (3-3) 0-1; Maddix (A4) 1-1; Gallen (5/2) 2-1; Quinn (9-0) 2-2.

Owner's Park Rangers: (3-4-3) Midoski; Read, Maddix, Morrow; Heinoia, Rose, Peacock, Baracough; Gallen, Dowie, Kinnear. Substitutes not used: Rowland, Murray, Slade.

Sunderland: (4-4-2) Sorenson; Williams (Smith, 7), Melville, Butler, Makin; Ball, Carr, McCann (Bridges, 7); Rose, Quinn, Wilson. Substitutes not used: Crook, Reference, S. Mathieson (Stockport).

Scorings: Opp: Read; Quinn; Sunderland: Williams, Sanding, Opp; Sunderland: Ball, Williams, Quinn.

Referee: 12.444.

Portsmouth's much-publicised fracas with the Inland Revenue, to whom they reportedly owe more than £400,000, has to be resolved by 3 February, but their dangerous flirtation with the Second Division will be aided by this valuable point.

"A lot of my responsibility is to the players and the fans - I've got to be the front man," the manager, Alan Ball, said afterwards. "The uncertainty in my

To the ironic amusement of the home crowd, it did not come down again. Statisticians and astronomers may have equal claim on the freakish effort, the former as an attempt on goal, the latter as the first comet sighted over Watford in 1999.

Graham Taylor's shrewd triple substitution after an hour

Daley's first run showed his value to the club if he can stay fit. He controlled the ball neatly on the right wing and curled a low cross into the six-yard box.

Allan Knight, Portsmouth's veteran goalkeeper, pushed the ball out to Johnson whose shot was blocked on the line by a combination of Portsmouth defenders and his unfortunate team-mate, Giffon Noel Williams.

Walsford (4-4-2) Chamberlain; Iroph, Bonnet. 6-82. Page, Palmer, Bazelye, Kennedy, Smith. 7-90. Substitutes none used.

Kennedy Smart (McInney, 62), Noel Williams.

Walsley (4-4-2) Peterson; Robinson, Thomson, Whitbread, Vlachos. Joe McLaughlin (Miller, 32); Simpson, Nighdin (Hart, 30). Substitutes none used.

Andersson, Thorgersen, Thompson.

Walsley: R Other (Stewart, 60), Hield, Allan of the Black. Sammy Jones.

THE BARCELONA striker Oscar Garcia claimed yesterday that Chelsea, currently top of the Premiership, are interested in signing him. However Garcia, who scored twice after coming on as a substitute in Barcelona's 7-1 win over Alaves last weekend, said he would prefer to stay and fight for his place with the Spanish champions.

Meanwhile Joe Kinnear has rubbished reports that he is attempting to sign the West Ham United forward John Harrison. The Wimbledon manager, whose team continue to climb the Premiership table, will be without four of his forward players next weekend and is rumored to be in the market for a top-class striker.

But Kinnear laughed off suggestions of a 25m bid for Harrison. "I would love to have Harrison because he's a good player, but I hate talking about people who are contracted to their clubs," Kinnear said. "If he was available and I could generate the money of course I would love to have him."

"But I won't be going for anybody. I've got some young team players on the verge and they'll be getting an opportunity. I won't buy anybody just for the sake of it."

TODAY

FOOTBALL: See panel, page 23.

RUGBY POOL: Welsh Challenge Trophy Pool A: Neath v Nantlle Wales; Cardiff v Newport Wales; Swansea v Ballynahinch v Malone (7.30).

RACING: (National Hunt unless stated) Doncaster (1.00); Newcastle (1.00); Southwell (All Weather Flat) (1.20); Pontefract (1.00).

HOLIDAYS: World Indo Championship (Hopton-on-Sea, Norfolk; to 21 January).

MORNING: Qualifying for Regat Scotland, British Open & World Championship at Northport Castle Hotel, Blackpool; to 21 January.

TOMORROW

FOOTBALL: (7.45 unless stated): FA Cup third-round replays: Barns-

ley v Swindon; Notts County v Sheffield Utd; Yeovil v Cardiff; Aston Villa v Arsenal; Bristol Rovers v Luton Town. Second round: Hartlepool v Preston (7.30); Walsley v League Park; Dagenham v Crystal Palace; Gillingham v Clyde; Exeter City v Swales; Forfar v Clyde (7.30); Livingston v East Fife (8.00).

RUGBY UNION: Swalec Cup Fourth round Group B: Cross Keys v Dorwent; Group L: Llanovery v Cardiff (7.30).

RACING: Newcastle (1.10); Leicester (1.00); Lingfield (All Weather Flat) (1.0).

WEDNESDAY

FOOTBALL: FA Cup third-round replays: Fulham v Southampton; Leeds v Rushden & Diamonds; Swinsea v Nantlle Wales.

RUGBY UNION: Welsh Challenge Trophy Pool A: Caerphilly v Edinburgh

Reivers (7.15). Pool B: Bridgend v Glasgow Celticans (7.15).

THURSDAY

FOOTBALL: Welsh Challenge Trophy Pool C: Merthyr (1.05); Wolverhampton (All Weather Flat) (1.30); Kempson (1.15).

RACING: Wetherby (1.20); Lingfield (All Weather Flat) (1.30); Wincanton (1.40).

FRIDAY

FOOTBALL: Nationwide Football League Soccer: West Colchester v Vale v Swindon; Chester v Wrexham. Third Division: Chester v Brighton.

RUGBY UNION: Welsh Challenge Trophy Pool A: Aberystwyth v Canada (7.45); Newport v Romane (7.45).

RACING: Musselburgh (1.00); Southwell (All Weather Flat) (1.20); Folkestone (1.40).

SATURDAY

FOOTBALL: (3.00 unless stated): FA Cup third-round replays: Millwall v Derby v Blackburn; Leeds v Middlesbrough; Leicester v Manchester United; Southampton v Sunderland; Gillingham v Arsenal; Tottenham v Wimbledon; West Ham v Sheffield Wed. Football League First Division: Birmingham v Birmingham; Bradford v Crewe; Barnsley v Bolton; Ipswich v Queens Park Rangers; Crystal Palace v Stockport; Grimsby v Oxford Utd; Norwich City v Peterborough; Shrewsbury v Scunthorpe; Portsmouth v Huddersfield; Sheffield Utd v Bolton; Wolverhampton v Charlton Athletic. Football League Second Division: Burnham v Bournemouth v Notts County; Burnley v Chesterfield; Gillingham v York; Nantlle Wales v Stoke; Nantlle Wales v Pucham; Northampton v Walsall; Oldham v Blackpool; Preston v Luton; Reading

SATURDAY'S LOTTERY UPDATE.


Draw date: 9/1/99. The winning numbers: **1, 15, 23, 34, 37, 40**. Bonus number: **45**.
Total Sales: £55,856,740. Prize Fund: £25,135,533 (45% of ticket sales).

CATEGORY	NO. OF WINNERS	AMOUNT FOR EACH WINNER	TOTAL EACH TIER
Match 6 (Jackpot)	2	£4,460,917	£8,901,834
Match 5 plus bonus ball	16	£171,189	£2,739,024
Match 5	810	£2,113	£1,714,590
Match 4	42,188	£69	£2,934,732
Match 3	801,662	£10	£8,016,620
TOTALS	844,678		£25,135,740

Total Sales including Instanta and Wednesday Draw: £55,906,469.
 Total week's contribution to Good Causes: £25,800,000.

Breakage (prices rounded down to nearest 1p): £11,793.
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In the event of any discrepancy in the above, the data contained in Camelot central computer system shall prevail.

Bristol Rovers; Wigan v Lincoln City;
 Wycombe v Millwall. Third Division:
 Barnet v Luton; Bury v Notts County;
 Darlington v Hull; Hartlepool v
 Torquay; Peterborough v Cardiff; Plymouth v Exeter. Fourth Division:
 Accrington v Notts County; Bury v
 Orient; Scarborough v Exeter;
 Shrewsbury v Southend; Swansea v
 Torquay. Football Conference: Barrow v
 Grimsby; Doncaster v Morecambe;
 Gillingham v Notts County; League
 Park v Notts County; York v
 Grimsby. Football League: Barnet v
 Millwall; Bury v Notts County;
 Darlington v Hull; Hartlepool v
 Torquay; Peterborough v Cardiff;
 Plymouth v Exeter. Football League
 Premier: Arsenal v Manchester
 United; Blackburn v Liverpool;
 Bolton v Manchester United;
 Bristol City v Arsenal; Bristol Rovers
 v Manchester United; Burnley v
 Arsenal; Charlton v Arsenal; Chelsea
 v Arsenal; Coventry v Arsenal;
 Derby v Arsenal; Everton v Arsenal;
 Fulham v Arsenal; Ipswich v Arsenal;
 Leeds v Arsenal; Liverpool v Arsenal;
 Luton v Arsenal; Manchester United
 v Arsenal; Newcastle v Arsenal;
 Nottingham Forest v Arsenal;
 Norwich v Arsenal; Queens Park
 Rangers v Arsenal; Southampton
 v Arsenal; Tottenham v Arsenal;
 Watford v Arsenal; West Ham
 v Arsenal; Wimbledon v Arsenal;
 Wolves v Arsenal. Football League
 Premier: Arsenal v Manchester
 United; Blackburn v Liverpool;
 Bolton v Manchester United;

[illegible]

Garcia plays down Chelsea rumours

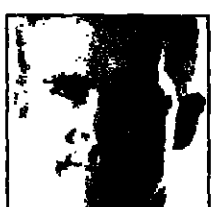
"I'm not interested in signing me as a source of pride," the 25-year-old said. "But it would make me more proud to know that Barcelona value me. I feel like a Barcelona player - to play here is as good as it gets. But if Barcelona don't want me then I'll have to rethink."

Gamma, who scored five goals in 18 league games last season, could link up with his former team-mate, Albert Ferrer, who moved from the Nou Camp to Stamford Bridge in the summer.

"I'm not going for any big wages of a £5m bid for Harrison. 'I would love to have Harrison because he's a good player, but I hate talking about money. I don't want to tell people who are contracted to their clubs,'" Kincaid said. "If he was available and I could generate the money of course I would love to have him."

"But I won't be going for anybody. I've got some youth team players on the verge and they'll be getting an opportunity. I won't buy anybody just for the sake of it."

Best of both worlds eludes Villa



GLENN MOORE

IN FOOTBALL, as in life, patience is a virtue and Premiership spectators have rarely needed it more than on Saturday when four matches were goalless and another two decided by a single strike.

Patience being as rare in football as in life, this would normally lead to much gnashing of teeth, or "goal rage" to borrow the current vernacular. On Teesside, however, there was relative contentment, at least by the hyperventilating standards of the Premiership. Aston Villa, having come for a point, were satisfied to have gained it. Middlesbrough, having lost three successive matches, were pleased to have ended that debilitating run and to have done so with a performance of some gusto.

Villa's joy at a solid defensive performance will doubtless have receded slightly when they discovered Chelsea had won up the A19 at Newcastle to knock them off top spot but they concentrated on taking a long-term view.

Though John Gregory ducked the post-match formalities, Steve Harrison, the assistant coach, offered a convincing impersonation of his master's voice when he said: "It doesn't matter who's top now, it's about being in the frame, then doing it in the final furlong."

The horse racing reference was unfortunate given that the most lively exchanges of the afternoon had been the verbal spat between supporters debating Paul Merson's acrimonious departure from the Boro, but we knew what he meant. In the word of the day - it was much aired at St James' Park and Highbury as well - Villa were "resilient". They thus remain championship contenders though, until they can combine defensive organisation with attacking brio, rather than achieving one at the expense of the other, it is hard to see them emerging winners. Perhaps the pursuit of Juninho, which was given fresh impetus by the Brazilian's agent at the weekend, might solve the quandary.

Juninho, of course, was once of the Teesside parish and is still remembered with affection. The disappointment of his departure is just one of many reasons why they, too, are now taking the long-term view. Having narrowly survived extinction in the 1980s then recruited Bryan Robson as manager Middlesbrough had returned to the Premier League in 1995 bursting with impatient ambition. Relegation, and the travails with Emerson and Ravanelli, induced patience and this time the foundations are more solid.

Off the pitch the Riverside has been further developed - Saturday's attendance was a record - while a new state-of-the-art training complex has been opened near Darlington. The club have also been rewarded for persevering with Bryan Robson whose maturing



Aston Villa's Julian Joachim hurdles Steve Vickers' sliding tackle at the Riverside Stadium on Saturday in one of the visitors' rare breakaways

management led him to buy more judiciously this time with Gary Pallister, Colin Cooper and Dean Gordon confirming an attention to defence which was neglected last time. Not that Robson can entirely resist the allure of the exotic as last spring's acquisition of Paul Gascoigne underlined.

Gascoigne, now 31, was quietly impressive on Saturday but remains some way off a return to national colours. His passing and awareness remain as good as ever and his strength is returning. This was his 20th game of the season and the 10th he has finished. However, it was only his fourth full

game in three months and he is far from match sharp, will never regain his pace, and still has reckless moments. On Saturday he was booked for catching Lee Hendrie in the face - rash rather than malicious but still foolish - and lucky not to make contact with a wild lunge at Steve Watson. Though he was contrite afterwards the damage could have been done. "He is enjoying his football and is back to his best," said Robson adding, "his work-rate was good." Gascoigne himself said "I felt good, I felt fit. Sometimes it doesn't matter if you're not up with the pace of the Premiership if you've got the ability to trap the ball and pass it in the right direction and work hard for the team."

"The England situation is in Glenn Hoddle's hands, if I get picked I get picked, if I don't, I don't. I'm just enjoying playing for my manager (Robson). He's given me a lot of support since the World Cup. I've played some good games for Middlesbrough and some bad ones. As long as I keep enjoying my football for Boro that's fine... but it would be nice to have a farewell game for England, for the fans."

And for himself, if Gascoigne can continue to avoid problems off the pitch and improve

his physical and mental fitness an England recall is not beyond reach, though it is unlikely to happen until late spring. He certainly remains the great patriot, rounding off his day with an attack on the more dilettante foreign players - of which Boro have had a bellyful - on *Match of the Day*. Having said, "there is so much English talent coming through. I get so proud to see it," Gascoigne added: "I don't like the foreigners coming in and moaning the League's too long, or they need more days off, or going away from their clubs and not returning. They come into the English game

and should respect it and not complain. Our captain Andy Townsend is 35 and I never hear him saying there is too much football. Sometimes you can't get enough football because it is a great game and the supporters pay good money."

Middlesbrough (3-5-2): Schwarzer; Festa, Vickers, Pallister, Fleming, Townsend, Gascoigne, Maddison, Gordon, Rocard (Bock, 85). Deane, Substitutes not used: Summerbell, Stamp, Stockdale, Beresford (94).

Aston Villa (3-5-2): Oakes; Ehligu, Southgate, Barry, Hudson, Schmechel (Grayson, 69). Taylor, Hendrie, Wright, Joachim, Dublin. Substitutes not used: Vassel, Draper, Collymore, Rachel (94). Referee: U Rennie (Sheffield). Bookings: Middlesbrough Gascoigne, Rocard, Villa Barry. Man of the match: Southgate. Attendance: 34,663.

Carbone makes absence fonder

BY GUY HODGSON

Sheffield Wednesday
Tottenham Hotspur

PAOLO DI CANIO has not had many words of praise since he proved the power of shove but perhaps he deserves some. If nothing else his absence has transformed Benito Carbone from a butterfly who fluttered on the edges to a player through whom a game can flow.

In a match that was so poor you could half close your eyes and imagine you were at Goodison, Carbone was the one source of delight, easily eclipsing everyone else on the pitch.

A theory had evolved which stated Carbone and Di Canio made a team too lightweight if they played together and, as the latter is the prolific scorer, the former often found himself on the bench.

So much so it was open knowledge Wednesday would have accepted offers in the summer for the 22-year-old Italian they paid £3m to Internazionale in 1996. Except no one appeared particularly interested, even at cut-price.

You can rest assured there would be interest if he was available now as he is playing as well as anyone in the Premiership. With Di Canio AWOL he has his platform now and he is commanding it.

Clever, quick and visually aware it seemed faintly ridiculous we were watching the player of the month in this game and it was not him. David Ginola? Carbone comfortably put him in the shade.

"You saw his full repertoire," Danny Wilson, his manager, said. "He's got great twists and turns and marvellous vision. There were two players in form today, Ben and Ginola, and he outshone him. That's the ability he's got. He's playing very well at the moment."

He is, and thank goodness because without him Saturday's game would have been a wasteland. Di Canio claims to be depressed and you can see why if the prospect of returning to Sheffield from Italy is to witness days like this.

Wednesday tried but the chances kept falling to the wrong people. Or perhaps that should be person, because Dejan Stefanovic had two free headers and an ample opportunity on the left of the area that a striker would probably have buried. As he is a centre-back playing in midfield the outcome was predictable.

Tottenham had Steven Kierstead's header saved on the line by Emerson. Thome after 52 minutes but that apart they were as pallid as their first-choice shirts. Les Ferdinand (knee) and Darren Anderton (calf) were off within half an hour, which did not help, but with Ginola starved of possession you could understand why Spurs have yet to win away in the Premiership under George Graham.

Ginola had a penalty claim denied and so did Carbone but neither was wholly persuasive and the net result was tedious. Even the high priest of solidity was not satisfied. "I don't want clean sheets playing like that," Graham said. "I want to attack more, we're an attacking team. In some games you know after 20 minutes it's not happening and that's what happens today. In those circumstances you have to make sure you don't lose. Spurs can dig in now."

The impression was that the sides were shovelling to prepare for better things to come. The FA Cup for Wednesday, two cups for Tottenham. Sheffield Wednesday (4-4-2): Smyke; Aderton, Thome, Wallace, Hendrie; Alexander, Jont, Stachurski, Rocard, Ehligu, Carbone. Substitutes not used: Hendrie, Carbone, Sommer, Pressman (94). Tottenham Hotspur (4-4-2): Walker, Carr, Young, Campbell, Sinton; Anderton (Clement, 20), Ferdinand, Nielsen, Ginola (Edinburgh, 67). Referee: G Willard (Nottingham). Bookings: Sheffield Wednesday Carbone, Tottenham Hotspur Ferdinand, Nielsen, Smyke. Man of the match: Carbone. Attendance: 28,204.

TODAY'S NUMBER
39
The age of the Italian defender Pietro Vierchowud, who has just been offered a new one-year contract by Serie A side Piacenza.

Colleter collects the plaudits

BY STEVE TONGUE

Southampton
Charlton Athletic

of the Premiership table, Saturday's battle against the lighter than Light Brigade - routed embarrassingly when they rode into the Valley in August - had looked like the obvious one to rally the troops for the struggles ahead. Instead, Charlton were put to the sword.

Dave Jones's forces, it soon became clear, have regrouped well from their losses early in the campaign. Even with Matt Le Tissier hors de combat, they were the stronger, as well as the less predictable, and deserved their success.

Jones had just the warrior for the occasion in Mark Hughes,

who drew yellow cards from two defenders early on before, inevitably, collecting one himself. He has been booked more often than not this season (12 games out of 20) but, released from

midfield duties to the front-line, gave one of his most effective performances since leaving Chelsea last summer. It was the first foul on him, by Danny Mills, that led to Southampton's opening goal in the eighth minute, the Moroccan international Hassan Kachoul reacting faster than a clutch of Charlton defenders

after Patrick Colleter's free-kick dropped into the box and Hughes's shot was beaten out. Colleter, like Kachoul, was obtained on a free transfer as Jones scoured the continent for reinforcements following the

Valley débacle. Both have proved excellent acquisitions. After Andy Hunt had glanced in Mark Kinsella's cross, and Charlton began to look comfortable, Colleter disrupted them again by driving the second goal under Sasa Lic from almost 30 yards, before James Beattie's last-minute tap-in sent them home to think again.

Southampton were therefore able to enjoy a rare dose of Saturday night fever, but they have won only a battle, not the war, as the list of forthcoming engagements illustrates: next up are Liverpool, Leeds, Chelsea, Tottenham, Newcastle and Manchester United. Charlton, meanwhile, will redress the imbalance of their programme with four successive home games. Their

reserve goalkeeper, Simon "Rolls" Royce, deserves a chance to display his pedigree after Ilic's recent series of errors and Pringle will certainly get one, with Clive Mendonca and now Steve Jones out injured. The search for new players continues - Jonathan Johansson of Rangers was the most recent target. But only lucky ones need apply.

Goals: Kachoul (8) 1-0; Hunt (13) 1-1; Colleter (53) 2-1; Beattie (69) 3-1. Southampton (4-2-3): P Jones; Dodd, Monique, Lundqvist, Colleter, Oakley, Palmer, Kachoul; Beattie, Hughes, Overstad. Substitutes not used: Wiley, Howells, Bridge, Basham, Stensgaard (94). Charlton Athletic (4-4-2): Ilic; Mills, Ruffin, Woods, Powell; Newton, Kinsella, Redfern, Robinson; James (Pringle, 71). Hunt. Substitutes not used: Brown, Parier, Konechsky, Royce (94). Referee: G Pott (Tring). Bookings: Southampton Beattie, Hughes, Charlton Mills, Woods, Hunt. Man of the match: Colleter. Attendance: 15,222.

Smith's drought bugs Goodison

BY DAVE HADFIELD

Everton
Leicester City

THE FEAR at Everton is that the club's electronic scoreboard will become an early victim of a new strain of the Millennium Bug. At some stage in 1999, the customary zero after their name will be replaced by a one - higher numbers than that represent just a fevered dream - and few would have much confidence in the computer being able to cope.

Everton's impotence is past the point of being a laughing matter, even for Goodison habitués brought up on this sort of gallows humour. When most sides fire blanks, the fault is traceable to their finishing. Walter Smith's team do not even create the chances to miss.

Leicester, without truly being at their resourceful best, became the seventh Premiership side this season to come away from Goodison without conceding a goal. They should have done rather better than that and would have, but for the Everton goalkeeper, Thomas Myhre.

The Norwegian has recently had his head shaved as a form of penance for what he regarded as sub-standard performances. On this display, he can hold back on the sackcloth and ashes. Myhre made three outstanding saves, one to foil Emile Heskey, another to deny the veteran ex-Everton striker, Tony Cottee, and one right at the end from Matt Elliott's fierce drive.

Despite his heroics, Leicester should still have won. Heskey putting his shot wide of an empty goal after Myhre had temporarily been obliged to desert his post. Against that, Kasey Keller had to make just one demanding stop - albeit an

excellent one from Ibrahim Bakayoko's volley. Otherwise, Everton were every bit as unthreatening as their recent record suggests. If the crowd is frustrated, said Walter Smith, then so is the manager. "We've tried different formations and different players, all with the same result," he lamented. His main innovation on Saturday was the inclusion of John Oster. In his brittle way, Oster shows some skill, but the effect of a formation that also featured wing-backs was to push him into a midfield hurry-burry for which he seems too fragile. Olivier Dacourt and Don Hutchison had their fleeting moments in that midfield, but Bakayoko and Danny Cadamarteri were largely reduced to chasing around in a futile search for a sight of goal.

The presence of Cottee was a reminder that it was not always so difficult to score goals at Goodison. Supporters there are not just getting nostalgic about him - let alone a Lineker, Latchford or a Sharp; they are even starting to reminisce fondly about Daniel Amokachi. Everton (3-5-2): Myhre; Durne, Watson, Unsworth, Cleary, Oster, Hutchison, Dacourt, Ball, Cadamarteri (Barnmy, 75). Bakayoko. Substitutes not used: Grant, Branch, Ward, Simonsen (91). Leicester City (4-4-2): Keller; Sinclair, Elliott, Walsh, Ullah; Myhre; Imprey, Lennon, Izzet, Guppy, Corbett, Heskey, Substitutes not used: Aggart, Campbell, Zagorakis. Referee: P Durkin (Dorset). Bookings: Everton Dacourt; Leicester Sinclair. Man of the match: Myhre. Attendance: 32,792.

Roberts maintains Dons' Euro vision

BY ADAM SZRETER

Wimbledon
Derby County

ON A poor pitch with Robbie Earle missing for Wimbledon and Derby County struggling to achieve any kind of consistency this season, this was never likely to be a classic and so it proved. But at least it had goals - three more than these teams have managed in their last four Premiership meetings, and three more than several of the other games in the top division on Saturday.

Without Earle's steady influence in midfield, Wimbledon seemed content to allow Derby the lion's share of possession, relying on their resolute defence and the diligent tracking-back of the midfield trio to see off the twin threat of Paolo Wanchope and

and Leaburn, and Andy Roberts. Roberts finished off in emphatic fashion to take the Dons, temporarily at least, back up to sixth place in the table. They now face three matches in quick succession against their manager's old club, Tottenham, in the League and the two cup competitions. They are threatening Europe, as they did two years ago, on all three fronts.

Although Earle may have recovered from his torn hamstring, with Efan Ekoku and Marcus Gayle away on international duty and Euell and Carl Cort suspended, Joe Kinneir is left with only one recognised striker in Carl Leaburn for Saturday's Premiership game at White Hart Lane.

"I'm never going to be happy losing four strikers for a match against Tottenham, but thank fully it's a League match and at least they're all back for the two cup matches," the manager said. "I think the Worthington Cup semi-final is our best opportunity."

"We're only two games away from Wembley. Two seasons ago we played Leicester at the same stage and went out on away goals and got beaten by Chelsea in the FA Cup semi-final, so maybe we'll have a little bit of luck this year."

As for Derby, with home games against Blackburn, Everton and Charlton coming up and trips to Sheffield Wednesday and Leicester in

between, they have a reasonable chance to rediscover the kind of form that took them close to European qualification last season. There may not be much that a few goals would not put right, and being forced to make do without the less than prolific Wanchope for a while might just prove a blessing in disguise. Goals: Euell (8) 1-0; Wanchope (76) 1-1; Roberts (83) 2-1. Wimbledon (4-4-2): Sullivan; Thatcher, Dorrice, Carter, Ernie (Bohinen, 85). Derby County (4-4-2): Euell, Roberts, C Hughes (Baker, 80), M Hughes (Kennedy, 87), Gayle, Cort (Leaburn, 73). Substitutes not used: Apps, Bakke (94). Derby County (5-3-2): Fook; Lauren, Prior, Carbonari, Elliot (Hargre, 85). Dorrice, Carter, Ernie (Bohinen, 85). Powell (Burton, 83); Wanchope, Strickland. Substitutes not used: Hunt, Hunt (94). Referee: A White (Chesham-le-Street). Bookings: Wimbledon C Hughes, Perry, Derby Dorrice. Man of the match: Euell. Attendance: 12,732.

INDEPENDENT
Monday 11 January 1999
Carbone makes absence fonder
BY GUY RODGSON
The United Wednesday
Nottingham Forest

Coach takes Liverpool back to school

THE GAME was over 30, maybe 45 minutes, and Gérard Houllier was unrepentant. "Two months ago we wouldn't have been able to play as we did today," the Liverpool manager said.

Wouldn't have been able to frustrate Arsenal with a game plan that went against what many imagine to be Houllier's philosophy, wouldn't have survived the siege that called for heroic defending.

Schooling his players in the departmental efficiency that stood out in Liverpool's past, domination of English football has been a priority for Houllier since the departure of Roy



KEN JONES

Evans left him in sole charge of the team. Until that has been achieved to the Frenchman's satisfaction Liverpool are unlikely to travel with thoughts of artistic impression.

Hence the strategy that saw their wing-backs, Vegard Heggem and Steve Harkness, held back and the urgent reminders of defensive responsibility that went out from the touchline to Michael Owen.

If the outcome, a 0-0 draw that raised a chant of "boring Liverpool", left Arsenal's manager, Arsène Wenger, with an attack of post-match blues, he refused to be drawn into criticism of his compatriot's obvious intentions. "It isn't possible to order how the opposition plays," he said, "but we found great difficulty in breaking them down."

Uppermost in Wenger's mind was the discouraging

fact that Arsenal's territorial superiority did not lead to one clear opening: Whiplash shots from Emmanuel Petit, Marc Overmars and Ray Parlour but nothing that greatly troubled Liverpool's goalkeeper, David James.

Troubles are again piling up for Wenger, injuries and suspensions putting further strain on a squad that is in urgent need of replenishment. Tony Adams tests his fitness in the reserves today but Steve Bould, who went off after 32 minutes, will probably need a cartilage operation and Patrick Vieira is coming up to a three-match ban.

Add the continuing absence of Dennis Bergkamp and it is no wonder that Wenger wore a hang-dog expression. "I think Dennis would have made a difference," Wenger said dolefully. "Liverpool had so many players back that it needed something special to open them up."

At an age when his form is sure to fluctuate, Nicolas Anelka managed little and once Liverpool put the squeeze on Overmars the best Arsenal could hope for was a lapse in Liverpool's concentration.

The concession of a goal would have forced Liverpool to be more ambitious but the risk

in Arsenal's forward momentum was that Owen would be left with space to attack.

Sent clear by Patrick Bergner's immaculate through ball, Owen had an opportunity to put Liverpool ahead but not the left foot to take advantage of it, a prod with the outside of his right boot ending up in the side netting.

Houllier insists that the pairing of Owen and Robbie Fowler can be effective enough to offset the disadvantage of being left without an aerial option. "I don't see why it shouldn't work," the Liverpool manager said. "Robbie is good in the air for a smallish man

and Michael will get better."

Even so, Liverpool's centres were sent deep, one setting Steve Harkness up for a volley that tested Alex Manninger's reflexes.

Liverpool never again came as close to penetrating Arsenal's defences but not even the loss of Steve Staunton with a groin strain could undermine their resolution.

The signs are that Houllier is getting somewhere with a club that has seen its share of scandal and a breakdown of trust with its supporters. "I think our players have taken on board what we expect of them," Houllier added. "No, it

wasn't that difficult, but I repeat, we wouldn't have put up such a fight two months ago."

It had not been difficult to imagine the scene in their dressing-room. Words of praise from Houllier and his assistant Phil Thompson. Backslaps all round. No mention of entertainment.

Arsenal (4-4-2): Manninger; Dixon, Keown, Bould (Upson, 32), Grondoni; Parlour, Vieira, Petit, Overmars (Gardie, 84); Bos Morie, Andrieu (Owen, 87). Substitutes not used: Menden, Lukic (84).

Liverpool (3-5-2): James; Carragher, Staunton (Maitre, 52), Babu, Heggem, Ince, Redknapp, Berger, Harkness; Fowler, Owen (Riedle, 88). Substitutes not used: McAteer, Thompson, Friedel (84). Referee: G Barber (Tring, Herts).

Bookings: Arsenal Keown; Liverpool Bould, Redknapp, Ince.

Man of the match: Petit.

Attendance: 38,107.



Chelsea's Dennis Wise slides in to challenge Norberto Solano of Newcastle United during Saturday's Premiership encounter at St James' Park

Huckerby unhinges sad Forest

YOU MIGHT not agree with his method of protest, but Pierre van Hooijdonk was right all along. Nottingham Forest have the ambition of a cowpat and a playing style to match.

If ever there was a match where they should have found inner strength for the fight against relegation, it was on Saturday.

Instead - Van Hooijdonk and Steve Stone aside - they appeared witless and disheartened. They allowed Coventry City, and especially Darren Huckerby - whose superbly taken hat-trick was his second treble in two weeks - to walk all over them.

"The situation needs resolving one way or the other, and I hope it is resolved next week," Micky Adams, the Forest caretaker, said after the match on the subject of a replacement for the sacked manager, Dave Bassett.

"The unsettled situation is not helping," he added, with a touch of understatement. "I would think that result would have a shattering effect on morale, and the air of uncertainty round the place needs to be resolved one way or the other."

If a copy of the Highfield Road massacre reaches Ron Atkinson in the Bahamas before he agrees, as anticipated, to take over from Bassett, he may well think again.

Then again, maybe not, as his contract would only be short-term - much like the foresight of the Forest board has seemed in recent years - and he will be in a no-lose situation.

Should Forest go down, he can hold his hands up and say he was brought in too late. If by some miracle - probably the sale of Stone and Van Hooijdonk and the recruitment of three or four players who might turn things around - they manage to stay up, he will relish the role of saviour.

What Forest probably need instead is not to bring in an Atkinson figure, but someone

who will oversee the probable relegation and start to build a team capable of coming straight back up. The chances of that happening must be close to nil if past experience is anything to go by.

When promoted last season, the board oversaw a weakening of their First Division-winning side rather than a strengthening of it (which is hardly a logical way to approach the Premiership), and hence provoked Van Hooijdonk's refusal to play.

The future does not look bright at the City Ground. Coventry's fortunes, by contrast, look better. Following last week's 7-0 thrashing of Macclesfield, they took up where they left off.

No real chances fell to Forest - apart from a couple of neat touches and two free-kicks from Van Hooijdonk - before Huckerby scored a composed goal from a tight angle on the stroke of half-time to give his side the lead.

Two wonderful solo runs in the second half, both ending in precision shots, crowned Huckerby's afternoon, while a Paul Telfer volley from 25-yards was sandwiched in between.

"He's a bit scary at times," Gordon Strachan, the Coventry manager, commented about Huckerby. "I honestly don't know how good he can get."

He tactfully declined to comment on how bad Nottingham Forest have become.

Goalie: Huckerby (45) 1-0; Huckerby (45) 2-0; Telfer (54) 3-0; Huckerby (75) 4-0.

Coventry City (4-4-2): Hedman; Nilsson, Shaw, Williams, Barnes (Shilton, 72); Telfer, McAllister (Quinn, 87), Whelan, Soliwed; Huckerby, Alois (Jackson, 66). Substitutes not used: Breen, Ogrizovic (96).

Nottingham Forest (4-4-1-1): Bassett; Lytle, Heide, Armstrong (Freeman, 55), Christie, Dale, Gerrard (Glasby, 85), Earl-Williams (Wain, 70), Johnson; Stone; Van Hooijdonk. Substitutes not used: Williams, Croxall (94).

Bookings: Coventry Whelan, Telfer, McAllister; Forest Christie, Wain.

Referee: P Jones (Loughborough).

Man of the match: Huckerby.

Attendance: 17,172.

Gullit sings praises of the Blues

IT WAS difficult to tell from Gullit's demeanour after this match whether he was the manager of the side which had just lost its third consecutive Premiership match, or the one which had established a new club record of 20 games without defeat to go top of the League.

His praise of Chelsea, the club which sacked him 11 months ago, was so fulsome and proprietorial that it would have been no surprise to see him climb aboard the visitors' coach to the airport for the evening flight to London.

"Chelsea have to win the championship now because there is so much quality in their side," Gullit said, after this first encounter with his for-

mer club since his departure from Stamford Bridge. And there was little doubt about who he felt had planted the seed whose blue flowers had just come into bloom on top of the Premiership stem.

Well, at least he can take credit for having signed Gianluca Vialli, the man who has been nurturing Chelsea's fortunes for 50 games now as player-manager and who was rather more realistic about his side's performance.

"We didn't start well, Newcastle had a lot of chances and

our goalkeeper produced some great saves," he said.

Indeed, had Ed de Goey not been in outstanding form, Chelsea's progress to the top might have been nipped in the bud. He kept his side in it with a double block from Dietmar Hamann's free-kick and Norberto Solano's strike from the rebound, turned away an effort from debutante Didier Domi and touched Gary Speed's dipping 30-yard shot on to the crossbar.

With a rejuvenated Alan Shearer holding the ball up well at the head of the attack, Duncan Ferguson's replacement, Stephen Glass, providing effective support and the 20-year-old midfielder Domi

demonstrating his ability as both defender and attacker, Newcastle looked irresistible, particularly down the left flank.

But Chelsea clung on to mount the sort of smash-and-grab raid in a daunting away fixture that is one of the requirements of putative English champions.

In a rare break, Dennis Wise got to the byline on the left, Vialli failed to make contact with his cross, but nobody had picked up Dan Petrescu on the far post and the Romanian beat Shay Given with a first-time volley.

Though it was a lead they had to defend for the best part of an hour, Chelsea did so in depth with Wise and Gianfranco Zola as likely to be found in their own

penalty area as in their accustomed forward positions.

And as Newcastle's increasing anxiety - which also led to a first appearance as substitute for Louis Saha - began to leave gaps at the back, Chelsea could have extended their marginal victory but for some equally impressive goalkeeping by Given.

"In the second half we defended very well and we created three or four great chances on the counter-attack. We should have killed off the game," Vialli said.

His predecessor was left to reflect on the work still to be done before the green shoots of a Newcastle revival are seen at St James' Park.

"There was a huge difference in quality between the sides and we need more quality on the right-hand side," Gullit said. Newcastle have now used 28 players this season but it looks as though a few more will pass through the revolving doors before Gullit is as satisfied with his current side as he is with his previous one.

Goal: Petrescu (89) 0-1.

Newcastle United (3-4-3): Given; Charvet, Howey, Hughes; Domi, Speed, Hamann, Solano (Lee, 73), Glass, Shearer, Anderson (Saha, 58). Substitutes not used: Barron, Dobbins, Harper (84).

Chelsea (4-4-2): De Goey, Ferrer, Duberry, Labeoufe, Le Saou; Petrescu, Desailly, Di Matteo, Wiler; Zola (Nicholls, 85), Vialli. Substitutes not used: Goldbeck, Terry, Morris, Hitchcock (84).

Referee: D Gallagher (Barbury).

Bookings: Newcastle Hughes; Chelsea Le Saou, Desailly, Ferrer.

Man of the match: De Goey.

Attendance: 36,711.

Kidd instils confidence in Rovers' united front

BRIAN KIDD'S sixth match in charge, the seventh since he was appointed manager and Blackburn, apparently in disarray when Roy Hodgson was asked to leave, still have not lost. So what is his secret?

Part of the answer is that he is a shrewd cookie. As Martin Edwards lamented, when Kidd delivered his bombshell to Manchester United last month, Alex Ferguson's No 2 simply wanted to be a No 1. But not just anybody's No 1.

Remember Manchester City and how hard they tried to lure Kidd away from Old Trafford? Not a flicker of a chance. But Blackburn, champions only five years ago? Now that was an opportunity worth considering.

Unlike United's hapless neighbours, Blackburn were genuinely in a false position at the wrong end of the Premiership. Football clubs invariably change managers because they are beset with hard times but, as Kidd was fully aware, Hodgson's only real failing was that he was unlucky, not that he had turned Blackburn into a poor side.

These are early days, of course, and Blackburn are not the first team to respond positively to the fillip of a new manager. But Kidd is no ordinary new manager. As Ferguson's trusted lieutenant he acquired not only considerable experience but enormous respect. Quite apart from showing flair as a tactician and motivator, he had earned the trust of players through his discretion and loyalty, such that to many at Old Trafford he was a confidant and a friend.

It is clear that Blackburn's players already feel he is a man to whom they can look up, whose judgement they can trust and whose commitment they need not doubt. Indeed, on Saturday, when every last one of them gave his all to defend a lead threatened by a questionable red card, they played as if they had pledged their lives to him.

"They are good profession-

als," Kidd said. "I often tell them how lucky they are to be playing this game and how they should never take it for granted but I don't need to, really."

"There is no one who gets above his station. This is not a game about individuals but a team effort, where everyone pulls for everyone else."

"To defend as we did with 10 men, against a very good Leeds side, required concentration and discipline and teamwork and that's what we got. Look at Ashley Ward, a striker, having to play half the game as a defender. He was tremendous."

Blackburn, with only Ward available from Kidd's pool of authentic strikers, settled for a counter-attacking game from the start but hit Leeds early when a raid triggered by a mistake by Gunnar Halle ended with Keith Gillespie turning David Wetherall inside out before toe-poking the ball past Nigel Martyn.

Less than three minutes later, however, came the incident that reshaped the match, a harsh dismissal from a referee apparently convinced

that every hint of physical contact demands a yellow card.

The confrontation between Lee Bowyer and Tim Sherwood, the terriers of the opposing midfields, was always likely to be spicy and referee Rob Harris had clearly decided he would not take any nonsense. Thus their first, minor skirmish, only nine minutes into the match, brought both a yellow card.

This left Mr Harris with little scope for subsequent lenience and when Sherwood, habitually robust, then clipped Bowyer with his leading arm the yellow came out again, followed automatically by red.

Much as the Rovers captain protested, not against Bowyer's reaction but over the absence of malicious intent, he was off.

"There was no real option but to throw everything into defending our lead," Kidd said. Leeds sent on another striker, Alan Smith, and played 3-4-3, but Blackburn's ranks of four and five kept their shape and discipline almost without error.

Bowyer missed one inviting chance by snatching at his shot



Jeff Kenna (right), of Blackburn, manages to block Harry Kewell's shot at Ewood Park on Saturday

and John Flan made an important save near the finish to keep out a Jimmy Hasselbaink header but the home defence, in which Stéphane Henchoz was excellent, were so alert and effective that Leeds never seemed to have a goal in them.

It was a disappointment for David O'Leary, the Leeds manager, who desperately needs another top-notch striker to ease Hasselbaink's burden.

"With so much possession we

really should have come away with something," O'Leary said.

Goal: Gillespie (25) 1-0.

Blackburn Rovers (4-4-2): Flan; Kenna, Henchoz, Brookes, Davidson; Gillespie, Sherwood, McKinlay, Wilcock, Ward, Duff (Dunn, 26). Substitutes not used: Peacock, Blake, Croft, Ferris (84).

Leeds United (4-4-2): Martyn; Halls, Woodgate (Smith, 45), Wetherall, Granville, Hasland, Hopkin, Bowyer, Ribeiro (McPhail, 74); Kewell, Hasselbaink. Substitutes not used: Wijnand, Jackson, Robinson (84).

Referee: R Harris (Oxford).

Bookings: Blackburn Sherwood, Wilcock, Flan; Leeds Hasland, Wetherall, Bowyer, Sendling-off: Sherwood.

Attendance: 27,620.

Man of the match: Henchoz.

Ignore EasyPlay

Game Results 9/1/99.

This Saturday there were 6 score draws:

HUDDERSFIELD	V	BURY	LEYTON O.	V	CHESTER
O.P.R.	V	SUNDERLAND	ROCHDALE	V	PLYMOUTH
SWINDON	V	SHEFF. UTD.	STAMRAER	V	HAMILTON

*Matchmaker Adjudicated Results for postponed matches

Home wins (4): CLYDEBANK v AYR, FORFAR v CLYDE, PARTICK v ALLOA, STIRLING v QUEEN OF SOUTH

Away wins (1): AIRDRIE v GREENOCK MORTON.

No score draws (1): LIVINGSTON v EAST FIFE.

Score draws (0): NONE.

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SPORT

BOXING'S BRIGHTEST HOPE P16 • THE RUGBY PRIDE OF ULSTER P17

United run on Cole power

BY GUY HODGSON

Manchester United 4
West Ham United 1

THE LIGHTS went out at Old Trafford yesterday but there was nothing wrong with the connections to Manchester United's power source. They comprehensively outplayed a desperate West Ham to move ominously within two points of the top of the Premiership.

Peter Schmeichel was on holiday in the Caribbean and his replacement Raimond van der Gouw might have gone with him because the electricians combating the power cut that put the game back 45 minutes had to work harder than the home players.

Yes, West Ham were that bad. The visitors scored through Frank Lampard only in the closing seconds whereas Alex Ferguson's team could have doubled their tally. Appropriately, on a day the electricity failed it was Andy Cole who was the most potent source of power with two goals and there was one apiece for Dwight Yorke and Ole Gunnar Solskjaer.

The afternoon began in low farce when the electricity supply failed 25 minutes before the scheduled kick-off. The Theatre of Dreams was plunged into the twilight zone and there was a serious risk that the match would have to be called off. For a crowd of 55,180, many of whom had travelled a long way, it was not amusing. The urgent requests for a Norweb engineer did not encourage optimism but eventually power returned and the game kicked off at 4.45pm.

For what is regarded as the best-equipped ground in English football it was not an auspicious start or a happy advertisement for the game in this country. The lights were back on but someone appeared to have pulled the plug on West Ham, who were so poor they barely struggled into the opposition half.

Harry Redknapp's line-up was peculiar, with Ian Pearce left high and dry as a wing-back dealing with the tide of Jesper Blomqvist. To blame Pearce alone would be unfair, however, because the whole West Ham defence was a mess, their midfield was riddled with holes, and their attack non-existent.

Within 50 seconds it was clear West Ham had problems because there was a mix-up between Pearce and Steve Potts and Cole fired in a low shot that Shaka Hislop had to save low by the post. Five minutes later Ryan Giggs' curling shot was only just wide and it seemed not a question of if the home team would score but when.



Nicky Butt, the Manchester United midfielder (right), and West Ham's Steve Lomas attempt to control a bouncing ball at Old Trafford yesterday

when. The answer was nine minutes. Roy Keane drove a pass into the heart of the West Ham defence where Cole spun swiftly and found Yorke on the right edge of the area. The angle was not promising but the power and the accuracy of the shot was such that it crashed past Hislop into the far corner.

Three minutes later it should have been 2-0 as Blomqvist continued to torment Pearce. This time the cross was poor but the defending was worse and when Neil Ruddock missed the

ball completely Cole should have reacted more quickly at the far post. Instead he dallied and allowed Hislop to block.

The home team poured forward, West Ham adopted an 8-2 formation and the only surprise was that the second goal was so long in coming. When it did, after 39 minutes, it was the result of a miscue by Nicky Butt whose shot was nevertheless powerful enough to strike a post. The rebound fell to Cole who lashed the ball in.

You would not have wanted

to be a West Ham player at half-time but the only sign of Redknapp's discontent was the introduction of the 17-year-old Joe Cole for Trevor Sinclair. Anything had to be an improvement and shortly after the interval West Ham had their first attempt at goal, a header from Eyal Berkovic that flew wide. Normal service resumed immediately, however, and Dennis Irwin alone could have scored twice, first halting the rebound to beat Hislop's charge with a chip then heading over a vacant

net after Butt's shot had rebounded to him from Hislop's save.

You cannot allow Ferguson's team so many chances and expect to survive and Andy Cole got his second after 67 minutes, driving across Hislop and into the far corner from Yorke's pass. Solskjaer got the fourth, heading in powerfully after Giggs' flick had ballooned into the air off Hislop's body.

Lampard gave West Ham some respectability two minutes from the end. They scarcely de-

served it. If West Ham had won they would have been alongside yesterday's opponents this morning. Instead they were eight years apart.

Goals: Yorke (10) 1-0; A Cole (40) 2-0; A Cole (67) 3-0; Solskjaer (80) 4-0; Lampard (89) 4-1.
Manchester United (4-4-2): Van der Gouw; Brown (Johnson, 77); Berg, Scanlon, Irwin; Giggs, Butt (Golekian, 77); Keane (Cryer, 65); Blomqvist, Cole, Yorke. **Substitutes not used:** Beckham, Cullen (94).
West Ham United (3-5-1-1): Hislop; Potts, Ferdinand, Ruddock, Pearce, Sinclair (J Cole, 1-4); Lomas, Lampard, Lazard, Berlowic, Harrison. **Substitutes not used:** Abou, Brooker, Hespan, Forrest (94).
Referee: M. Reed (Birmingham).
Bookings: West Ham Sinclair.
Man of the match: Butt.
Attendance: 55,180.

Juninho has Villa 'in his sights'

BY MARK PIERSON

THE BRAZILIAN international Juninho yesterday dropped a sizable hint that he is interested in returning to England and joining Aston Villa.

John Gregory, the Villa manager, is thought to be stepping up his efforts to sign the former Middlesbrough midfielder while Juninho's agent, Gianni Paladini, has indicated the player would be willing to reduce his wage demands, something that has scuppered any deal with Villa in the past.

Juninho, who is also a target for Barcelona, is unhappy at Atletico Madrid because of the tactics of the coach, Arrigo Sacchi. Paladini said: "Juninho would like to play for Aston Villa because he likes John Gregory's ways and the fact that he has a successful team. If he came back to England, Villa would be in his sights. Juninho met John Gregory a few months ago and was impressed."

Dave Bassett, the sacked Nottingham Forest manager, has admitted he refused to allow Pierre van Hooijdonk into the room when he bade farewell to the players. Bassett said he would have been a "hypocrite" if he had attempted to make up with the Dutch striker, who refused to play for Forest for the first three months of the season.

"There was no point in me sitting down and pretending that I liked him and he liked me," Bassett said.

"I basically said I didn't want Pierre in the room - I wanted to speak to the players who I felt worked hard for me and gave their best. I lost respect for him for what he did - he's a decent player but when a player does that in my book they don't deserve respect."

"There was no point in being a hypocrite. When Pierre came back he never apologised to anybody and I thought a little bit of humility would have been right."

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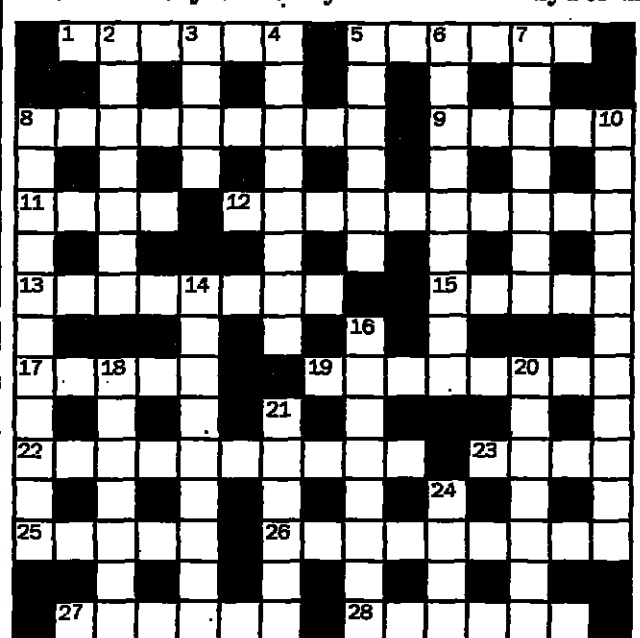
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THE MONDAY CROSSWORD

No. 3816 Monday 11 January

by Portia



- ACROSS**
- Structure I found in great religion (6)
 - Moving fast to conceal one's never-ending plagiarism (6)
 - Message of Christmas? (9)
 - Check out a form of energy (5)
 - Return visit to home of mythological figure (4)
 - No longer having any orders to get off (3,2,5)
 - Vessel that sailed on the flood tide? (5,3)
 - Sounds like a crooked old house (5)
 - Since then follows the Northern Italian poet (5)
 - Notice on passing (8)
 - Discomfit member going back on bone-shaker (10)
 - Work with almost the whole quantity of stone (4)
 - Architectural style of

- DOWN**
- As a rule information is given before key meeting (9)
 - Flashed main? (3,3)
 - Lifetime without belief leads to despair (6)
 - A large number attached to heath land (7)
 - Count the cost (4)
 - Masters a children's game, say (8)
 - Role that may be loaded against one? (6)
 - Tough for one guy stuck in bed (9)
 - Comfort one having nothing for so long (7)
 - Kind of drag on, due to breakdown (4,7)
 - Religious whodunnit? (7,4)
 - In another way European has close ties (9)
 - Come by with chap who was in force (8)
 - Put Rex in charge of rescue (3,4)
 - Roman pottery articles possess mass attraction (7)
 - Troy's involved in Greek character's disgrace (6)
 - District's lacking money for music and drama (4)

Australia fall to Mullally's spell

ALAN MULLALLY once again proved England's lucky charm at the Gabba as they got their one-day campaign off to a winning start yesterday.

The Leicestershire pacer, who had to customise a pair of basketball boots in order to take the field, proved the difference with a match-winning spell of 4 for 12 in 27 balls as England won a thrilling match by virtue of a faster run rate in a rain-affected match - the first of the Carlton and United triangular series.

His performance followed his Test figures of 5 for 105 in the opening Ashes Test on the same ground in November, and he took three wickets in 18 balls in last Friday's win over Queensland. No doubt Mullally would like to set up camp at the Gabba instead of jetting around Australia for the remaining matches.

In addition to his wickets, the Leicestershire man claimed a tricky boundary catch off Damien Fleming, managing to hold on despite slipping.

"Conditions suited me out there and I just did my job," added Mullally, who was not included in England's original 37-strong World Cup party. "The ball I got Adam Gilchrist with was meant to go

CRICKET
BY DAVID FELD
in Brisbane

away and it came in. I didn't know what was going on, and I'm sure they didn't. It just worked out well for me in this match. I didn't think the ball would do that much."

England posted what looked to be a fairly modest total of 178 for 8, after which Australia's target was reduced to 153 in 36 overs by the rain delay. "I thought it was a good score on that pitch. Our attitude was that if we bowled well and fielded well we would win," said Mullally.

Australia's stand-in captain Shane Warne gave England another confidence boost with the World Cup coming up in the summer when he said: "I think England have got a pretty good one-day side. They run in and keep trying, and I think we are in for a good tournament. I thought we bowled and fielded sensationally. Everything we tried came off. But when we batted, we kept losing wickets."

England were meeting the world champions Sri Lanka today, hoping to build on their flying start to the competition. Mullally walks tall, page 20

MONDAY REVIEW

COMMENT • FEATURES • ARTS • LISTINGS • TELEVISION

DEPENDENT
11 January 1999



uninho
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MARK PIERSON

BRITISH International
... yesterday dropped a
... that he is interested
... to England and
... Villa
... the Villa man
... to be stepping
... to sign the former
... midfielder
... agent, Gianni
... indicated the
... would be willing to re-
... age demands, some
... that has scuppered any
... in the past
... who is also a target
... is unhappy at
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... each, Arrigo Sac-
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Tom Pickett

New kid on the Street

At 70 Saeed Jaffrey is still brilliantly childlike. Doesn't understand money. Can't set a video. Can't drive. But – as viewers of Coronation Street will soon see – he can act

Off then, to meet Saeed Jaffrey – OBE, film star, TV star and, now, owner of the corner shop in Coronation Street – at what turns out to be his local. "Hello, darling!" he cries when he finds me waiting for him. He gives me a big embrace. He holds my shoulders steady with his small, plump hands. I am squashed up against his dapper, chocolate-brown Cerutti suit and glasses. He has a gold, bronze, red and green swirl. "It is rather magnificent, isn't it?" He's a bit of a one for ties. "Whenever I walk down Oxford Street I see thousands of ties and there is always one that winks at me and says 'get me out of here', so I buy it." He kisses me moistly and gingerly on both cheeks. He has a little, bristly moustache. I think this is what it must feel like to be seduced by a damp nail brush. It's not entirely unpleasant in its ticklish way.

Certainly, he seems a frisky sort of fellow. I even say, later: "You're quite a frisky sort of fellow, aren't you, Saeed?" He takes this as a great compliment and merrily acknowledges he most certainly is. "Oh yes. Many scores of ladies have come into my life and gone away happy." How many is that exactly, Saeed? "I wouldn't do to count. How egomaniacal! I never view my ladies as conquests. Still, there was a rather divine period after I split up from Madhur (Jaffrey, the actress-turned-cook who was his first wife) when I decided I would please as many women as possible. Then, I think it was 21 ladies in 21 nights." Truly? I gasp. Heavens, that even beats my own remarkable record of three in 37 years, all of whom were gone by morning and had somehow managed to leave the wrong phone numbers, the silly bibles. "Oh yes, I have spread a lot of love," Saeed replies. Then: "You're not 37, are you? You only look 26, darling!" Normally, I am not in the least susceptible to such crude flattery, except on those occasions when I am, which is often. Strangely, I find I like him

quite excessively from this moment on.

His local is The Bridge Hotel in Greenford, an unfashionable and rather ugly west London suburb which hugs the A40. Saeed lives in a semi round the corner. He says that whenever nouveau riche Indians give him lifts home they are perplexed. "They say, 'Saeed, you living here? A big star like you?' But I like it here. I took a small part in *Death on the Nile* to pay the deposit on the house. Why do I need something showy?" We move into the bar. He knows all the staff. "Martin!" he cries out to the barman. "This is my very good friend from *The Independent*. She is writing a very BIG piece on me. A glass of



THE DEBORAH ROSS INTERVIEW

Chardonnay!" His usual drink is Scotch, actually, but he's off it at the moment. "My wife says it produces a verbal violence in me. She may well be right."

He spots Rachel, the assistant manageress. "Rachel, I'm going to be in *The Independent*. It's going to be a BIG piece. The whole FRONT of the second bit!" Actually, I interrupt, it's only going to be a titchy piece. Just the one paragraph under the crossword. Two if you're lucky. "Oh," he says, looking wholly crestfallen. Only pulling your leg, I quickly add, fearing he's going to burst into tears. "Oh good," he exclaims, much relieved. "Martin! Another glass of Chardonnay!"

I suspect Saeed Jaffrey may rather like attention. Indeed, he has just written his autobiography (*An Actor's Journey*, Constable, £20) and

is terribly upset it hasn't been more extensively reviewed. "You will do what you can, won't you? I don't understand it. It's such a very good book. Tell everyone to GET MY BOOK." I don't think the pressures of public life are going to ever put him in the Charter Clinic, frankly.

He has received a good deal of attention here, and rightly so. He has turned in many excellent performances both on television (*Jewel in the Crown*, *Far Pavilions*, *Tandoori Nights*, *Gangsters*) and in the cinema (*A Passage to India*, *The Man Who Would Be King*, *My Beautiful Laundrette*). But he is even more famous in Bollywood, where he has made over 100 films ("I'm usually the naughty uncle... sometimes you only get the script half an hour before going on") and is much-acclaimed by teenage girls who, he insists rapturously, "sworn, blow kisses and say: 'You are the most adorable cutie pie in the industry.'" When I tell him that starring in *Coronation Street*, the most popular programme in Britain, will mean he won't be able to go down to Tesco without being harassed for autographs, he is ecstatic. "How perfectly lovely," he sighs.

He makes his debut in the soap, playing Ravi Desai, next week. He says that, on the whole, he prefers *Coronation Street* to *EastEnders*, "which I find a bit violent". He says the call from the producer came out of the blue. "I then had lunch with him and was on top form. Top form! I did my impressions of Marlon Brando and Marilyn Monroe and Michael Caine. Tah be or nah tah be... who wrote this shit? Hah! Hah! The next Monday they phoned my wife, Jennifer, who is also my agent, and said we would love to have Saeed if he will come. And I thought, why not?"

He doesn't, as of yet, know quite what his character is going to get up to. "But I have met the scriptwriters, and I said: 'Please, no stereotypes. No Mr Patel with his newspapers.' They said: 'Don't worry, Saeed. We have lots planned for you.' Who do you think they will get me involved with?" Romantically, you mean? "Of course!" Well, I suggest, Rita is possibly ripe for the picking. She may even be over-ripe. "Yes, Rita! That

would be good." While you're about it, I continue, you might even have a poke about in her hair. do. It's become so spectacularly enormous lately I'm pretty convinced Mavis is hiding in there. "I will! I will!" he exclaims. Then, excitedly: "I think I could bring great comfort to Rita. Great comfort! Yes! Another Chardonnay, Martin!" Wine doesn't produce verbal violence in you, then? "No, darling. It just relaxes me."

Saeed Jaffrey is 70, but still brilliantly childlike. He lives blissfully in the present. He can do little for himself. He doesn't understand money. He can't set a video. He can't drive. Jennifer looks after him almost entirely. "Jennifer says I wouldn't know how to pay an electricity bill, and she's right." He says he sometimes calls her mummy. He adds that they've never had children together because "she says I am her child. That's the sort of affection we have for each other." This sounds a bit creepy, I know, and it would be if there were any kind of malice to him, but I don't think there is. Although, that said, he does occasionally like to put the boot in. He never much cared for David Lean, for instance, who directed him as Godbole in the film version of E.M. Forster's *A Passage to India*. "My part was halved, and the more interesting lines were given to Art Malik, a north Londoner who had to put on a phoney accent." However, this is more, I think, petulance than any true nastiness. He just hasn't learned to share his toys quite yet.

Mostly, he loves everybody. In particular, he loves Michael Caine. "He once saved my honour, but I'm not going to tell you about it. OK, maybe I will. No, I won't. Yes, I will! On the first day of filming *The Man Who Would Be King* (John Huston's take on the Kipling short story) this racist assistant director said: 'Mr Connery, this is your chair with your name on it. Mr Caine, this is yours.' So Michael said: 'Where is Saeed's chair?' The assistant said: 'I've got him a stool. Indians are used to sitting anywhere.' So Michael shouted: 'Come here, you racist, fucking gofer. Where is Saeed's bloody chair!' With-

Continued on page 8

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NETWORK
INCLUDING APPOINTMENTS

Lower drink limit

Sir: It is hard to see why the lower number of positive drink-drive tests recorded last Christmas should lead you to the conclusion that lowering the present legal drink drive limit would have "little effect" ("A realistic approach to drink-driving", 8 January).

If anything, a lower limit would act as an even greater deterrent to those drivers who believe that they can risk a certain number of drinks and still be in a fit state to drive. If they know that the legal amount of alcohol is closer to zero, even some of the "hard core" you mention are surely less likely to take such a risk.

Virtually everyone concerned about deaths on our roads has registered their approval of lowering the limit from 80mgs of alcohol per 100mgs of blood to 50mgs - including the police.

Indeed both the Government and the police agree that such a reduction would save in the region of 50 of the 500 lives lost every year due to drinking drivers.
ERIC APPLEBY
Director
Alcohol Concern
London SE1

Sir: In concluding that the present legal drink-driving limit is right, you have overlooked the research linking blood alcohol levels and likelihood of involvement in a crash.

The Grand Rapids Study in 1962-63 and reviewed in 1991 and 1994 indicated that the relative risk of involvement in a collision is 1.5 times higher with a blood alcohol level between 50mg and 80mg.

Those risks are substantially higher for young and inexperienced drivers. That is why the lowering of the legal level is an important step forward in further reductions in drink-drive fatalities.

ROBERT GIFFORD
Executive Director
Parliamentary Advisory
Council for Transport Safety
London SE1

Sir: You rightly praise the success that the drink-driving campaigns have achieved over the years. The same approach now needs to be applied to other road-safety issues, and particularly to speeding.

Excessive speed is the cause of over one third of fatal crashes each year and plays a major role in over half of them. Speeding drivers kill and injure many more people than do drunk drivers.

High-profile advertising campaigns, sound laws (properly enforced) and deterrent sentences - the measures which have cut drink-driving - could be as effective in dealing with speeding motorists as they have been with drunk drivers.

JOHN STEWART
Chairman, RoadPeace
London NW10

Farmers' futures

Sir: There is a way to satisfy both sides of the debate on whether agriculture is a business or a trust for the future (letters, 7 January).

Farmers should bypass the supermarket system and set up their own trading arm to sell goods direct to the public, rather like Tradecraft does for Third World products. The National Farmers' Union could organise it.

Those people who think farmers are altruistic hard-working custodians of our countryside would be able to pay direct and see their money going straight to the producer, supporting the environment and the rural economy.

They're going to cut it.

Double Vision is an hour-long Radio 4 conversation, co-presented by myself and Edward Enfield on Saturdays at 10 am, produced by Tony Staveacre. We get through a whole hour quite amiably with the help of guests and a few extracts from the BBC sound archives. It's often quite invigorating, especially when the guests take over from

Edward and me. This week we had decided to tackle the subject of sex. "I've had a Radio 4 commissioning editor on the phone," Tony said. "They object to three bits in the show. One when the children recite a nursery rhyme about Kermit's green willy. One when you men talk about vaginas. And the bit about the Asian weasel."

Yes, we had used an extract from an old *Woman's Hour* about juvenile sexual awareness in which several children had recited some mildly smutty rhymes, all of them familiar to me from my own small child and from kid's verse anthologies. Yes, Michelle Hanson, our *Guardian* guest, had quoted the advice of her ante-natal clinic to "make friends with her vagina", and we had briefly discussed possible names to use in this strange con-

Those who think that farmers are a bunch of whingeing pesticide-happy subsidy-junkies would be free to buy cheaper and better quality food from more efficient overseas producers. Everybody wins.
The Rev DAVID E FLAVELL
Liverpool

Sir: Sean Rickard's article has given me a clue: the 25 per cent of farmers he says are responsible for 75 per cent of our agricultural products are also those who killed off 75 per cent of the population of many birds, pointed the skylark and the thrush towards extinction within a decade, and gave the world BSE. This is efficient? Dr DAVID WALTER
London N14

Teenage sex

Sir: The best measures to reduce teenage pregnancies are those that work, and, as Vicky Milnes points out (letter, 5 January), good sex education has proved most effective in other countries, notably the Netherlands.

But the fact is that, until very recently in history, almost all human societies have regarded pregnancy outside of marriage as highly morally reprehensible. There can be little doubt that this moral norm evolved to protect the community from having children with no means of support born into it.

Traditional agrarian societies controlled their birth rate by two taboos. Young people were not allowed to marry until they had land to farm, or a trade by which to support a family. Sexual intercourse outside of marriage was restricted by moral sanction. By these means the birth rate was tied to economic production and a rough balance kept.

As a moral code with a practical purpose, it must have worked, or it wouldn't have lasted so long or been so universal. Yes, it involved being judgmental, and stigmatising those who broke the code as immoral, but that was the whole idea. It was far kinder in the long run than the poverty and starvation that followed from more children being born than could be comfortably supported.

This ancient code only broke down within the last 40 years, under the influence of easy and effective contraception and a welfare state.

I am not suggesting for a moment that our society faces the same dangers from teenage pregnancy as would, say, a medieval subsistence village community, but the same underlying moral principles still apply. It is wrong to produce children that you cannot support yourself. As a society we do a disservice to young people if we do not express proper disapproval of behaviour that harms society.

For a young teenage girl to get pregnant is a wrong thing to do, and to hide that fact from her would be to lie to her.
KHAGGETT
Lincoln

Losing the spark

Sir: Although I agree with the sentiment of A J Williams's letter (7 January), I can shed some light on why old computers are generally not redistributed to schools.

In most companies new computers are given to the

most demanding users, and their old computers are passed down to users with lesser needs. This continues until the machine is no longer fit for purpose, generally at least three years. By this time the machine will be very

dated, and its hard disk will contain potentially sensitive data. This will need to be to be securely wiped before the machine leaves the company's possession; destruction can be cheaper. If the disk is wiped the

computer is left with no operating system or other software.

Since many businesses use corporate or site licences for software, it is generally not possible to legally pass on any software with the machine.

Thus the beneficiary receives an out-of-date machine, for which software must be purchased.

School equipment doesn't have to be at the leading edge of technology, but it must be in sight of it to be of real

benefit. A "budget" new model may well work out cheaper.
DUNCAN G REED
Tunbridge Wells,
Kent

Millennium bug

Sir: Oh no, you've opened the dreadful "real" millennium door again and I know it will let in an odyssey of 2001 letters (letter, 9 January).

Rather than this, can we all agree that: 1. We will disagree; 2. Dionysius Exiguus failed to place a "year 0" between 1BC and 1AD because nobody had informed him of its existence; 3. Had he been aware of the zero concept, he would have incorporated it and saved all the ink and paper wasted on the debate; 4. 31 December 1999 at midnight will be 1,000 years since the last millennium part; 5. Those who don't care will have a good time 31/12/99 - 1/1/00. 6. Those who do, can have another 12 months later; 7. There should be no more correspondence on this subject?
RICHARD J CROWE
Thame,
Oxfordshire

Prison trust head

Sir: Ken Jones, the director of the Kairos/APAC Trust, has been employed by the trust for nearly two years ("The evangelical fraudster tasked with showing prisoners the light", 6 January).

During this period he has worked with great energy, vision and commitment for the benefit of men and women in prison.

He has gained the respect of many professional people in the prison service and during his time with the trust there has been no question about his integrity.

The trust has proper financial procedures in place with checks and balances. Ken Jones is not a signatory for the accounts, at his own request, nor does he undertake any financial administration. He knows more than anyone the need for the financial accounting to be transparent and above reproach.

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Chairman of Trustees
The Kairos/APAC Trust
Witley
Oxfordshire

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Sir: One would have hoped that the teacher of Peter Lockwood's friend (letter, 7 January) would have explained to him that it doesn't matter what order the letters of the alphabet are in, as long as the order is standardised, and that he knows it.

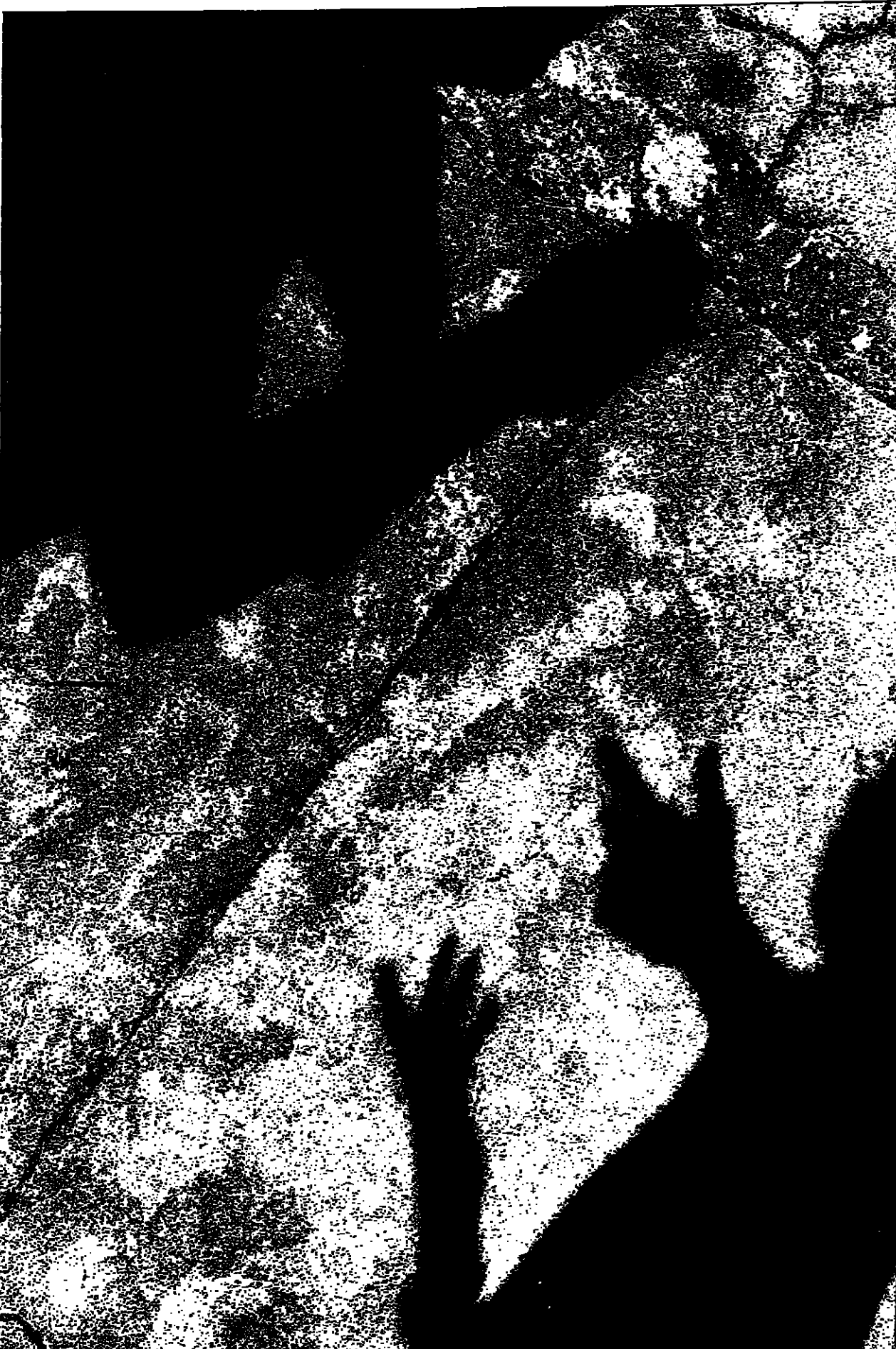
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Years ago I met a 10-year-old with exactly this problem. He had been taught to read by the "look and say" method, but had never been taught the alphabet.
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London N12

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Sir: I have read many deep letters and articles in *The Independent* about the political and financial implications of the Euro, but for us ordinary punters the sort of thing that really matters is what do we get for change for a loaf of bread costing, say, 0.55 of a euro? Will the shopkeeper say "Here is 0.45 of a euro" or "Here are 45 eurocents/euroettes or eurofollies"?
J DAVID WRIGHT
Hazby, North Yorkshire

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Post letters to Letters to the Editor, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, London E14 5DL and include a daytime telephone number, fax to 0171 293 2056 or e-mail to letters@independent.co.uk. E-mail correspondents are asked to give a postal address. Letters may be edited for length and clarity



Signs of God 1: Shadows reproduce a signed conversation at Marian House, a semi-detached house in Cardiff that acts as the centre of a Christian community for the deaf in south Wales
Tim Hetherington

most demanding users, and their old computers are passed down to users with lesser needs. This continues until the machine is no longer fit for purpose, generally at least three years. By this time the machine will be very

dated, and its hard disk will contain potentially sensitive data. This will need to be to be securely wiped before the machine leaves the company's possession; destruction can be cheaper. If the disk is wiped the

computer is left with no operating system or other software.

Since many businesses use corporate or site licences for software, it is generally not possible to legally pass on any software with the machine.

Thus the beneficiary receives an out-of-date machine, for which software must be purchased.

School equipment doesn't have to be at the leading edge of technology, but it must be in sight of it to be of real

benefit. A "budget" new model may well work out cheaper.
DUNCAN G REED
Tunbridge Wells,
Kent

Millennium bug

Sir: Oh no, you've opened the dreadful "real" millennium door again and I know it will let in an odyssey of 2001 letters (letter, 9 January).

Rather than this, can we all agree that: 1. We will disagree; 2. Dionysius Exiguus failed to place a "year 0" between 1BC and 1AD because nobody had informed him of its existence; 3. Had he been aware of the zero concept, he would have incorporated it and saved all the ink and paper wasted on the debate; 4. 31 December 1999 at midnight will be 1,000 years since the last millennium part; 5. Those who don't care will have a good time 31/12/99 - 1/1/00. 6. Those who do, can have another 12 months later; 7. There should be no more correspondence on this subject?
RICHARD J CROWE
Thame,
Oxfordshire

Prison trust head

Sir: Ken Jones, the director of the Kairos/APAC Trust, has been employed by the trust for nearly two years ("The evangelical fraudster tasked with showing prisoners the light", 6 January).

During this period he has worked with great energy, vision and commitment for the benefit of men and women in prison.

He has gained the respect of many professional people in the prison service and during his time with the trust there has been no question about his integrity.

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IN BRIEF

January) two of the questions concerned myself. Number 10 related me quite correctly to my brother Rowan - he specialises in comedy and I in tragedy (British and European politics).

However question number nine relating to the book *Treason* at Maastricht, which I wrote with Norris McWhirter, erroneously and regrettably named as my

co-author Norris's twin brother, Ross McWhirter - who was murdered by the IRA some 20 years ago.

RODNEY EB ATKINSON
Newcastle upon Tyne

Sir: Tony Blair's platitudinous article in the Review section ("My party is more ideologically united than I've ever known it"), contains the following two quotes: "I define the Third Way as

(as) ... rejecting ... the old right's throwing people at the mercy of change", and three paragraphs later, "In Britain, this Third Way is now being spelt out in a massive programme of change."

Might I share my definition of the Third Way? I believe it to be rhetorical rubbish spewed out in the hope that everybody is so bored by it that they omit to spot its endemic contradictions.

DUNCAN ROBERTSON
London N11

They've had it for two days." De-

pressing. But it got worse.

"Me again," said Tony later that evening. "The BBC has been on the line again. They've decided to make more cuts. It sounds as if Jimmy Boyle has been brought in on the scene and has asked for a full further quarter of an hour to be taken out. So they're dropping the Alan Bennett-John Fortune extract which we put in..."

This was a quite famous dialogue from one of the Secret Policeman's Ball concerts, so mild that Bob Monkhouse - in an anthology of humour - had broadcast it on BBC radio in the middle of the day, late last year.

"What are they up to?" I asked.

"Your guess is as good as mine," said Tony. "They don't give reasons."

Well, my guess is that somebody

panicked and they started cutting, and when you start cutting you can't stop. What is so strange about this is that a lot of what they dropped when they did their editing (and a very bad job they made of it, incidentally, leaving loose ends and unidentified speakers) had previously been put out on BBC radio quite safely. It's also very strange that mild stuff like ours was objected to on Radio 4, where the stand-up comedian is now encouraged to get away with anything, where programmes such as the *News Quiz* have become quite filthy, and where dear old Humphrey Lyttelton is allowed to make the most vile double entendres on *I'm Sorry I Haven't a Clue*.

What horrifies me most, though, is the sheer abandoning of broadcasting standards by Jimmy Boy-

le's men and women. To get a show which YOU have commissioned on a Wednesday morning, and then not to listen to it till Friday, the day before transmission, is sheer incompetence. To decide to censor things your station has previously broadcast is cowardice.

But to inflict YOUR own cuts and changes on someone else's programme, without telling the producer, OR the audience, what is going on, breaks all known rules of broadcasting. If you ask a producer to do a show, and then don't like it, you ask him to re-do it. You NEVER, even if you are Controller of Radio 4, presume to do it yourself.

Or at least you didn't until the BBC reached its present state.

Next time you hear the BBC denying that it's sliding downhill, remember this story.

Cut! The Beeb gags on green willies and Asian weasels

LAST FRIDAY, I was reading the new *Spectator*, which by an odd chance contained no less than two articles describing how the writer had been tyrannically fired by BBC radio (the admirable Chris Dunkley and the admirable Mark Steyn), when by an even odder chance the phone rang and it was Tony Staveacre on the line. "I've got some bad news," she said. "The BBC doesn't like our programme."

"They're going to cut it."

Double Vision is an hour-long Radio 4 conversation, co-presented by myself and Edward Enfield on Saturdays at 10 am, produced by Tony Staveacre. We get through a whole hour quite amiably with the help of guests and a few extracts from the BBC sound archives. It's often quite invigorating, especially when the guests take over from

Edward and me. This week we had decided to tackle the subject of sex.

"I've had a Radio 4 commissioning editor on the phone," Tony said. "They object to three bits in the show. One when the children recite a nursery rhyme about Kermit's green willy. One when you men talk about vaginas. And the bit about the Asian weasel."

Yes, we had used an extract from an old *Woman's Hour* about juvenile sexual awareness in which several children had recited some mildly smutty rhymes, all of them familiar to me from my own small child and from kid's verse anthologies. Yes, Michelle Hanson, our *Guardian* guest, had quoted the advice of her ante-natal clinic to "make friends with her vagina", and we had briefly discussed possible names to use in this strange con-

versation. But the Asian weasel?

Oh, right. This was when another guest, Dr Phil Hammond, had said that you could easily get shocked if you looked for crossword solutions on the Internet.

His parents had recently been stamped by a cue saying "Asian weasel, five letters", and had roamed the Internet for an answer, thus encountering some rather unsavoury and unabashed websites of Oriental prostitutes.

"That's it?" I said. "They're going to cut out a reference to Asian weasels? And kid's rhymes? And all talk of vaginas?"

"Not all," he said. "It's all right when Michelle Hanson talks about female bodies. But they don't like it when the talk is man-dominated."

"Hold on," I said. "The programme goes out tomorrow morning.



MILES KINGSTON
To decide to censor things your station has previously broadcast is cowardice

She's telling you NOW?" She answered: "Well, they've only just listened to the tape. Don't know why.

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How cynicism about politics threatens to weaken democracy

"WE CAN'T be like the last lot," the Prime Minister and Peter Mandelson agreed, as they reluctantly went their separate ways on the eve of Christmas Eve. Easier said than done, Mr Blair.

Of course, the fact that the Foreign Secretary has provoked his wife into making unkind personal observations about him has no bearing on his ability to serve the public. As a public servant, Robin Cook deserves to be criticised for many things, including selling arms to repressive regimes and talking tough while acting weak in defence of the people of Kosovo. But, whatever one thinks of the unfortunate conduct of his private life, nothing in Mrs Cook's book should count against him in public office.

However, there is much else on the charge sheet against ministers to encourage public perceptions of them as precisely "like the last lot". Just as with Mr Blair, no one questioned John Major's personal integrity, but he was always two steps behind public opinion in laying down the ethical rules for the conduct of ministers and MPs.

The sex scandals involving David Mellor, Tim Yeo and Piers Merchant may have reinforced a general impression that politicians were "out for what they could get", but most voters understood the distinction between sex and money, which are too often wrapped up by journalists into the single word "sleaze". What really hurt the Conservatives was taking cash for asking parliamentary questions, being secretive about the sources of their party funding and trying to block Lord Nolan's rules for open disclosure.

Now the well polished ministerial shoe is on the other foot. Mr Blair has to explain why Jack Cunningham as Agriculture Minister found it necessary to fly all over Europe by private jet when cheaper scheduled flights were available. It is up to New Labour to explain why so much of its informal core was in hock to Geoffrey Robinson. Above all, it is up to the Prime Minister to explain why, having promised that politics would be different, so much has turned out to be the same.

"Strong leadership", the theme of the Prime Minister's article in *The Independent* and his speech in Cape Town last week, is the wrong message, and the photo-opportunity in the cockpit of a Tornado the wrong image. There is an awful familiarity about the policy announcements, the "put it behind us" and the "business as usual". What was striking and hopeful about Mr Blair's election victory was his declaration that "the people are the masters now", and that Labour ministers and MPs asked "only to serve" - the epitaph of his predecessor, John Smith.

The Labour MP Austin Mitchell recounts how he was asked how much he paid for his house when he ventured out in his Grimsby constituency. Labour's private polling

shows it is increasingly seen as "arrogant and out of touch", according to an internal memo revealed by *The Independent* last week.

"Politicians, they are all the same," is one of the most corrosive assumptions of the popular mind. For democracy to function, it is essential that political leaders offer the realistic prospect of change. Fortunately for Mr Blair, the Conservatives offer no viable or even visible alternative, which could be an opportunity for Paddy Ashdown. But it is negative and foolish to rely on the weakness of the opposition.

Bill Clinton - another politician who promised a new beginning - said he was getting on with the "people's business" so often that the American electorate is probably beyond cynicism. But getting on with the people's business, serving the people and striving to be - and to be seen to be - purer than pure in their ethical standards is the only hope Mr Blair and his ministers have of genuinely delivering the new politics they promised.

An hour of danger for Mr Blunkett's scheme

SOMETHING FUNNY happened on the road to the manifesto. When Tony Blair was a candidate for the Labour leadership, one of the distinctions between him and his main challenger, John Prescott, was that Mr Prescott wanted to set a target for unemployment and Mr Blair did not. But Mr Blair's Government now has targets for all sorts of things, some of them more sensible than others. It has targets for waiting lists and class sizes, which are distorting priorities in health and education, but it also has targets for raising the standards of literacy and numeracy achieved in primary schools, which are valuable engines of improvement in the education system.

Chris Woodhead, the chief inspector of schools, thinks that the target for English is silly and that schools will

simply cheat to achieve it. But the target for maths is harder to bend: either you know what eight times seven is or, like Stephen Byers, twice promoted since he was minister for school standards, you do not.

It was, therefore, foolhardy of David Blunkett to tie his job as Education Secretary to hitting these targets. Foolhardy because achieving them depends on many factors outside Government control, but admirable nevertheless.

Mr Blunkett's plans for maths announced today, with a "numeracy hour" to match the daily "literacy hour", merit a cautious welcome. They represent a sound balance between the traditional and the trendy - mental arithmetic rather than calculators, and whole-class teaching, with its assumption that all children can keep up. However, both "hours" are too prescriptive, with what should be taught, and when, set out in voluminous detail. It is as if Mr Blunkett is personally trying to achieve his targets by remote control, hardly the best way to motivate teachers. An educational pendulum is again in danger of swinging too far.



"Funniest book this year..." G. Brown
"Had me spinning in my seat..." P. Mandels
"The dog's b*****ks..." C. Whelan

Why life under Prime Minister Gordon Brown would be no different

MANY AN entertaining political column has been filled by speculating on what might have happened had John Smith lived. Unfortunately Smith died so we will never know for sure. Of much more relevance now is another speculative question: How different would politics have been if Gordon Brown had succeeded Smith in 1994, and gone on to be Prime Minister?

Most of the Government's crises seemed to have hinged on the tensions between the Prime Minister and his Chancellor. In yesterday's BBC interview with David Frost, Blair was forced to trot out his line again about how well the two of them work together. There were questions, too, about Charlie Whelan, and of course Peter Mandelson, both of whom were caught up in the fault line between the Treasury and Downing Street. Journalists, also, have become participants in the battle. Apparently, Brownites from *The Mirror* are licking their wounds, while Blairite journalists elsewhere are reassessing their position in the light of Mandelson's departure.

Anyone viewing events from Mars would assume there is an almighty battle going on between a right wing Prime Minister and a radical socialist living next door. So let us address the question. What would be different had Brown won in 1994?

The policy agenda would be broadly similar, not least because Brown has shaped it as much as Blair. Indeed the most distinctly new Labour policies emanated from Brown's office. Welfare to work, the windfall tax to pay for it, the public spending freeze for two

years and then a big increase in spending in the following years, the independence of the Bank of England, some of the subtly redistributive measures in recent budgets. All would have occurred in exactly the same way under a Brown premiership.

Welfare reform would have evolved in a similar fashion also, messily at first and then reformist in a cautious, incremental fashion. Harriet Harman would have been Social Security Secretary under a Brown administration as it was Brown himself who proposed to Blair that she be given the brief in Opposition.

It is more questionable whether Frank Field would have received his poisoned chalice. Some of Brown's allies suggest it was Peter Mandelson who argued Field's case for a ministerial post especially hard. But before the election Brown and Field were a mutual appreciation society. Field predicted that Brown would be the greatest chancellor since Lloyd George. Like Blair, he would have been tempted to give Field a job. Now Alistair Darling is in the department pursuing a reformist agenda learnt from his first year in The Treasury under Brown.

What about the euro? When Brown ruled out entry for the first term in November 1997, I assumed that he was succumbing to pressure from Blair. I have been told so many times and so insistently from Treasury insiders that the proposal came from Brown, himself, I have to believe it. If that is the case he would have followed, presumably, the same policy as the PM. Both men are pro-Europeans who



STEVE RICHARDS
The author of the soundtrack, 'prudence with a purpose', would also have given presentation a high priority

recognise that there is no point holding a referendum on the euro if it could be lost. What is more, Blair's close relationship with Clinton, which at times conflicts with his desire to be fully engaged in Europe, would also have been a factor under Brown. It was Brown as shadow chancellor who was as at least as struck as Blair by the success of Clinton.

Looking at the footage of the two of them travelling around Washington in 1993 learning from the Clinton experience, is like watching films of the early Beatles, the equivalent of John and Paul in more innocent days.

Of course there would have been differences under a Brown premiership. No two politicians think precisely alike. Prime Minister Brown would have introduced a top rate of income tax. By now it is quite likely that child

benefit would have been taxed, although this will happen anyway. I doubt if Brown would have given the go ahead to the Millennium Dome. But this is minor stuff.

The personalities in a Brown government would have been similar as well. If Gordon Brown had won, Mandelson would have remained an ally and prominent minister. Whelan would have been his press secretary. Ed Miliband, currently working for the Treasury team, might have swapped places with his brother, David, who is head of Blair's policy unit. Some personalities would have risen more quickly. However, a photograph of a Brown cabinet would not look strikingly different.

There is one area where so called Blairites and Brownites do have a significant difference. Brown would not have engineered closer relations with the Liberal Democrats.

For sure, Brown is an opponent of electoral reform and did not jump with joy when he heard that Blair had formed a Cabinet committee with members of Paddy Ashdown's party. But the Cabinet committee apart - which is anyway of more symbolic importance than of any practical worth - I suspect we would be in exactly the same situation under a Brown government.

Blair inherited, somewhat reluctantly, a commitment to a referendum on PR from John Smith. He did not drop the commitment partly because it would have split his party, but also because, for strategic reasons, he wanted to ensure the Lib Dems focused their fire entirely on the Tories at the last election.

The promise of a referendum helped bring about the massive anti-Tory alliance. If Smith, a strong opponent of PR felt obliged to offer his divided party a referendum, Brown would not have wanted to re-open old wounds by scrapping it so near an election. Brown would have had Liberal Democrats thrust upon him in gratitude, even if he did not want them.

There would have been significant stylistic differences under a Brown government. The Third Way would not have had an outing. Clause Four - again meaningless in practical terms - may still have laid dormant in Labour's constitution.

More widely, there would have been a less explicit rejection of the party's past, although the adjective "new" would have been applied. Brown would have been more like Hague in his articulation of the nation's grief after the death of Diana. But that does not mean there would have been less emphasis overall on presentation. The author of "prudence with a purpose" and most of New Labour's most enduring soundbites would have ensured that presentation had a high priority.

Sometimes I am told by the Chancellor's friends that his more radical measures are implemented in spite of the PM's conservatism. Maybe that is the case, but the measures have been implemented anyway.

We must go on the evidence of the record so far and can reach only one conclusion: an administration run by Blair's only credible rival would have been almost exactly the same as the one we have at the moment.

QUOTE OF THE DAY

"I am really not motivated by revenge of any description."
Margaret Cook, on her book about the break-up of her marriage to Robin Cook

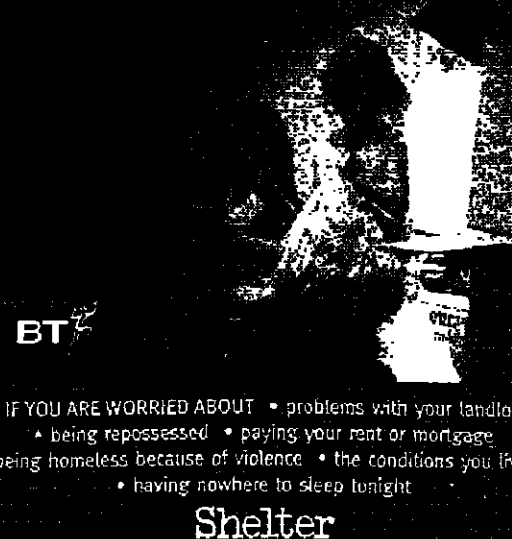
THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

"Private passions grow tired and wear themselves out; political passions, never."
Alphonse de Lamartine, French poet

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MONITOR

ALL THE NEWS OF THE WORLD
The Sunday newspapers reflect on the state of the National Health Service

THIS HAS been a disastrous week for the health service. The news has been full of horror stories of old people left in corridors, overflowing mortuaries and a chronic shortage of intensive care beds. Even the Health Secretary, Frank Dobson, has had to admit there is a crisis. Sorting out the health service is a gigantic task. But at its root is one simple issue - nurses' pay.

Nurses are a special case, and must be treated as one. If not, still more will leave, and the health service will struggle from crisis to extinction.

NO GOVERNMENT will ever solve the problems of health care provision once and for all: when one problem is solved, another will take its place. As the Haitian folk saying puts it: "Behind the mountains, are more

mountains." It is customary in times of obvious privation in the NHS to call for greater expenditure. This is a myth. What is presented to the public as an unprecedented crisis in the

health service is in fact little more than one of the inevitable small oscillations in the provision of health care to a population of 60 millions. That people are so easily panicked

into believing that collapse is at hand, is the consequence of a lack of true perspective. The NHS is neither immaculate nor beyond redemption.

THE SUGGESTION that our NHS is starting to resemble that of a Third World country is ludicrous. Britain provides some of the best free health care anywhere. From the local GP to the top surgeons, who specialise in

heart transplants and cancer care, we lead the world.

LIKE THE welfare state itself, the NHS is implicated in a corruption of human values. It has created an entitlement culture, illustrated by people with flu ringing 999. Yet it also makes patients powerlessly beholden to professionals and bureaucrats. (Melanie Phillips) *The Sunday Times*

PANDORA

A QUIZZICAL photo of Peter Mandelson appeared at the end of yesterday's first instalment of Margaret Cook's vitriolic memoirs in *The Sunday Times*. It stood beside a blurb promising next week's revelations about "Peter Mandelson's role in her bitter fight for her home". In fact, unless Mrs Cook has a new bombshell to drop, this is rather old stuff. It has been widely reported that Mandelson served as an "honest broker" between Robin and Margaret after their split, attempting to resolve the twin issues of her financial settlement and the Foreign Secretary's concern about future publicity. In this regard, after making at least two trips up to Scotland to meet with Margaret, Mandy's efforts were said to have satisfied both husband and wife. In retrospect, however, Robin must be having his doubts.

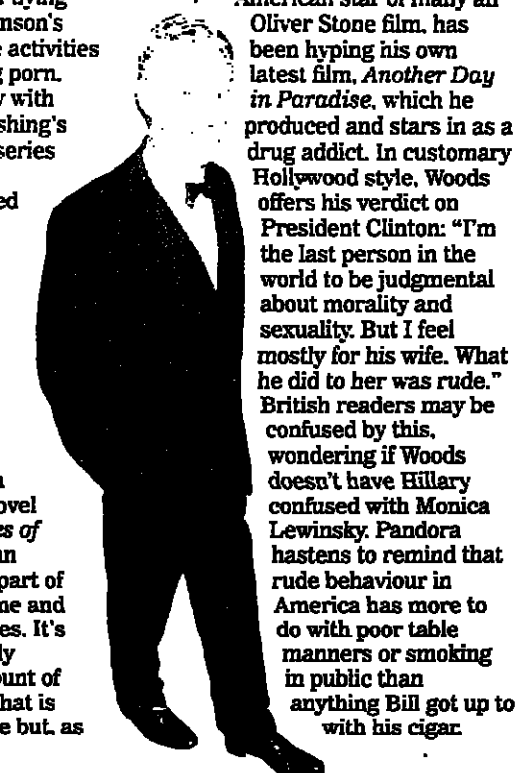
PANDORA HEARS that leaders of London's fashion industry are justifiably outraged at the aggressive behaviour of their New York City counterparts. With the next round of international prêt-à-porter fashion collections due to begin in mid-February, the organisers of New York's fashion week have decided to usurp London as the first city to show in the twicennial, month-long frenzy of catwalk displays and late-night parties. Not only has New York decided to go first (instead of its usual final week), before London, Milan and Paris, but the closing day of New York's fashion week takes place on the Friday before London Fashion Week's Saturday morning launch. Indeed, two of New York's most important designers, Calvin Klein and Donna Karan, will hold their shows on that Friday afternoon, thus ensuring that many fashion journalists miss London's opening shows.

ONE OF high-flying Richard Branson's lower-profile activities is publishing porn, most notably with Virgin Publishing's Black Lace series of "erotic novels" aimed at women. Now the Labour MP Stephen Pound has written to Branson on behalf of a constituent who was shocked by a scene in a novel called *Games of Deceit* by Pan Pantziarka, part of Virgin's Crime and Passion series. It's not the highly explicit account of fornication that is objectionable but, as

Pound tells Branson, the bit where "the female protagonist whispers to her lover that he doesn't need to use a condom. The partner is relieved as he hadn't brought anything with him". The MP compliments Branson, who used to own Mates, the condom company, on "your restraint in the area of product placement" but beseeches him to send a note to forward to his constituent. Pandora is pleased to have the opportunity to share this example of New Labour's ongoing campaign against sleaze.

IS THE Dorchester Hotel for sale? Owned by the Sultan of Brunei, who poured millions into its glittering refurbishment, the Dorchester is just one of the Sultan's platinum-edged international portfolio of hotel properties, which also includes the Beverly Hills Hotel and the New York Palace. The severe economic crisis in Asia has definitely affected oil-producing Brunei, although the Sultan and two ranking female members of his household were in a jolly enough mood when they joined the Queen for tea at Buckingham Palace on 9 December. Recently, the Brunei Investment Agency (BIA) sold off its stake in a major Australian investment bank for \$76m. Now the *New York Post* is claiming that the Sultan "has a 'for sale' tag on most of the assets he collected during a three-decade spending spree". At least there's some good news in the tiny Pacific kingdom this week: the Sultan's estranged brother, Prince Jefri, who used to head the BIA, just had the "white slavery" suit brought against him by a former Miss USA thrown out of federal court in California.

ACTOR JAMES Woods (pictured), the hip, fast-talking, cock-marked American star of many an Oliver Stone film, has been hyping his own latest film, *Another Day in Paradise*, which he produced and stars in as a drug addict. In customary Hollywood style, Woods offers his verdict on President Clinton: "I'm the last person in the world to be judgmental about morality and sexuality. But I feel mostly for his wife. What he did to her was rude." British readers may be confused by this, wondering if Woods doesn't have Hillary confused with Monica Lewinsky. Pandora hastens to remind that rude behaviour in America has more to do with poor table manners or smoking in public than anything Bill got up to with his cigar.



Antique rules or common sense?



MARY DEJEVSKY

A matter for resignation has been turned into a politicised lawsuit with twisted definitions

AS THE United States enters yet another potentially decisive and yes – historic week, some already burgeoning myths need to be scotched, and fast.

What happened in Washington last week was not the succession of ceremonial and constitutional triumphs it was cracked up to be; it was little short of a shambles. And one culprit was that revered document, the US constitution.

Americans seem confident, even now, that all is for the best in their, the best of all possible worlds. Their President may have been impeached, but the trial he faces will be "civil and fair".

The spirit of "bipartisanship", which regrettably fled the House of Representatives before last month's impeachment vote, has re-allocated to joyous acclaim in the Senate. Above all, the constitution, long a model for aspiring democracies, was vindicated. How wise were the framers that their words endured to this momentous hour!

The truth is rather different. The rituals that ushered in President Clinton's impeachment trial were not a dignified and awesome

spectacle, but an inelegant mélange of past and present, 18th-century formal and millennial casual. They were deficient in form and still emptier of content.

The symbolic walk from the House to the Senate by the 13 representatives-turned-prosecutors was an untidy progression of lounge-suited men who could have been going out on the golf course.

There was none of the formal dignity that imbues the state opening of the British Parliament – the ceremony with which television commentators repeatedly compared it.

When the begowned Chief Justice arrived in the Senate chamber (for the first time in 130 years), he was greeted with the words "Pleased to welcome you," as though he was coming to cocktails, before swearing his antique oath. And when the Senators lined up to sign the "oath book" they looked, according to one US reporter from the provinces, as though they were queuing up to buy lottery tickets.

There was even a misprint on the commemorative pens, whose inscription read "the United [sic] States Senate". It did not take the title that the Chief Justice had styled his gown after a costume in *Ishtar* to show up the proceedings as a sham.

Yet the progress of President Clinton's impeachment, far from vindicating the constitution, casts serious doubt on whether a 200-year-old document, however sage and far-sighted its authors, is a useful basis for challenging a president on the

eve of the year 2000. The knots that the legislature has tied itself into so far only hint at the contortions ahead. Among the delights will be renewed debate on the meaning of "high crimes and misdemeanours"; a partisan battle over televising of the trial, and disagreement about the line between private and public morality.

So far a constitution drawn up in 1787 has been more of a hindrance than a help. Once the formalities of last week's trial opening were over, the Senate was completely stumped as to what to do next. Its paralysis would have engulfed the country in a vast constitutional crisis – if only the country had cared. The 100 stickers for "bipartisanship" broke the deadlock only by dint of improvisation (an informal meeting in camera); even then, they merely deferred the nub of contention: the calling or not of witnesses.

The rigidity of the written constitution which prescribes only legalistic remedies for legalistic complaints has obscured the ethics involved and prolonged Mr Clinton's fight. A matter for resignation (over dual standards in public life and mis-

leading the public), has been turned into a politicised lawsuit in which 18th-century definitions will be twisted by both sides for their own ends. It has cost months of legislative time, millions of dollars, and has harmed America abroad.

A decade ago, I – like many others – felt sympathetic to moves in Britain for a written constitution, a fixed set of rules that would make subjects into citizens, and guarantee our rights. Now I wonder.

In that time, I have watched written constitutions successively flouted (Tiananmen Square in 1989), crushed by the force of undreamt-of political change (the dissolution of the Soviet Union in 1991), and twisted in the interests of a political elite (France in the 1990s). Now, the venerable US constitution is buckling under the weight of American democracy as it has evolved this century.

The contest to come in the Senate promises to be an endless source of fascination and debate. But for the impediment of a written constitution, however, America's can-do common sense would have prevailed months ago.

Be afraid. The bears haven't gone away, they're just hiding



ANDREAS WHITTAM SMITH

The dollar is weak. If the Japanese begin to repatriate their funds, Wall Street will collapse

AS STOCKMARKET prices dashed up to record levels again last week – and the bulls were proved right – I began to feel nervous about what I had written here in early October. Financial markets around the world had been gripped with a panic more intense than I had ever experienced before. The cause was the Russian default coming soon after the collapse of the east Asian economies.

Had I fallen again into the common journalistic error of supposing that the most recent events are the new reality and that of ignoring long-term trends?

I know that it didn't occur to me that there could be a swift recovery in share values.

Looking back I find that I argued that – after what I described as an unprecedented bone breaking, dislocating shock – the result would be that the amount of credit available to us all – whether by way of mortgages or overdrafts or hire purchase arrangements, or whether in the form of the loans which most companies need to supplement their capital – was going to be significantly reduced. Economic activity would be scaled back, some individuals would get into difficulties and some companies would go bust. There would, undoubtedly, be a recession.

I over-estimated the shock. Since October, I haven't seen much evidence that companies and individuals have in fact found it harder to obtain financial facilities.

The main reason is that central banks acted more swiftly than I supposed they would do, to cut interest rates. They were led by the US Federal Reserve. The Bank of England followed suit: the quarter point reduction to 6% it announced last week was the fourth since October, when the Bank's operational interest rate stood at 7.5%.

The two central banks had differ-

ent concerns. The Fed was troubled by the spectacular crash of one of the largest and most respectable hedge funds on Wall Street: it feared the domino effect. The Bank of England, on the other hand, could see that the British economy, unlike America's, was beginning to lose momentum. However, I was correct about the imminence of recession in the United Kingdom: the technical definition of two consecutive quarters of declining economic activity.

It now looks as if the final three months of 1998 will show a downturn when the figures are published shortly. And judging by recent evidence, the first quarter of 1999 will also register a drop. We know that manufacturing is in decline, but a recent survey showed that one in four service sector companies also reported a fall in their December workload and the sector is beginning to shed jobs.

All in all, I admit to a feeling of relief when I re-read my October piece. I had at least learnt something

from 35 years of following financial markets – caution. I wrote that the tempest in financial markets was like a storm well out to sea. It was heading our way. But nobody could say whether it would largely blow itself out before it touched our lives, or whether it would still be raging fiercely. The main precaution one could take was to prepare one's mind for what was to come.

In the event, it did blow itself out. Calm returned. The sun is again shining on investors. Nonetheless I still feel uneasy as I pace the shore line. Immediately before the Great Crash of 1929, life appeared normal, untroubled: few had an inkling of what was to come.

In relation to the stockmarket, my mind is in the same state as those seismologists who study the risk of earthquakes in great urban centres such as California or around Tokyo. All the precedents, the instrument readings and the minor tremors suggest that something big and disagreeable is about to happen, but for years, thank goodness, nothing does. I have three concerns. The first is the American economy. It has now been expanding continually for 93 months. It's the longest peace time run ever recorded. Only one factor appears to keep it going – the stockmarket itself.

The effect works like this. A much higher proportion of Americans are invested in the stockmarket, directly or indirectly, than is the case anywhere else. As a result, when the stockmarket goes up, consumers feel richer and they borrow more and they spend more. Activity increases, and this in turn has a good impact upon investor sentiment.

Wall Street rises again, and so the cycle repeats itself.

This was perfectly illustrated on Friday. Wall Street prices hit a new, all-time peak on the same day that



Dealers at the New York stock exchange

AP

remarkably good economic figures were released. These showed that the unemployment rate fell to its lowest level for 25 years as a proportion of the workforce. In December alone, the US economy created 378,000 new jobs. The result of Wall Street's further rise is that American stocks, in terms of earnings and dividends per share, have become extremely expensive by the standards of the past.

So my question is this: if Wall Street breaks again, for whatever reason, will the Federal Reserve once more be able to cut interest rates sufficiently to restore confidence so that investors hold their nerves, or is this a manoeuvre which is less effective second time round? We can be fairly sure that if Wall Street turns down sharply and stays down, then American consumers will quickly reduce their spending and a significant US recession will follow, with negative consequences for all.

Americans are, collectively, borrowers rather than savers and this is the cause of my second concern. For many years Japanese savers

have made good American deficits by buying huge amounts of US Treasury Securities. By doing so, they have obtained a good return, and they have also benefited from the strength of the dollar.

But recently this equation has changed its terms. Yields on US Treasury securities have fallen and the dollar is weak. If the Japanese begin to repatriate their funds, Wall Street would collapse.

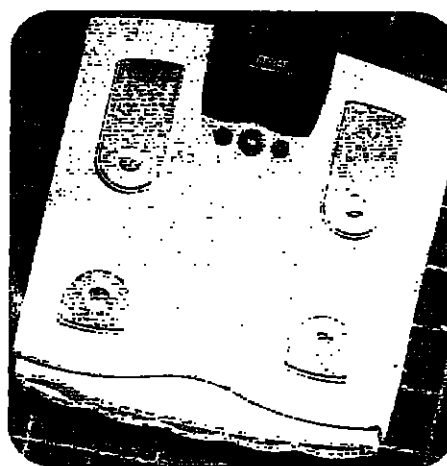
And my third concern is what readers might recognise as my pet nightmare – that deflation returns for the first time since the 1930s. This is not yet mainstream thinking. But, in a sense, it is already happening. It was announced last week that prices charged by British manufacturers for finished goods fell over the 12 months to November by 0.5 per cent, the sharpest slide since records began in 1958.

Yes, I will have to admit it. I remain pessimistic about stockmarkets and the economic outlook. The Great Bear growled and paced around last October, and then went away. I think the animal will return.

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YES NO

Autism – a different way of thinking

AUTISM IS a devastating disorder of social and communicative development, affecting at least one in a thousand children and adults.

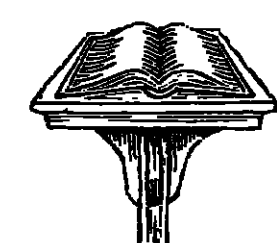
In recent years, there have been considerable advances in understanding the nature of these social difficulties, which appear to spring from a failure to represent thoughts and feelings – sometimes called "mind-blindness". What "mind-blindness", and indeed all deficit accounts of autism, fails to explain is why people with autism are often so unusually good at certain things. Take, for example, the young man with autism who draws like a master although unable to fasten his coat or add five and five. Or the girl with autism who has perfect pitch and can play any tune by ear after only one hearing. Or the boy with autism who can tell you, within seconds, what day of the week any past or future date will fall upon. Or, less spectacularly but more commonly, the child who can construct jigsaw puzzles at lightning speed, even picture-side down, or the adult who, despite generally low ability,

recalls the exact date and time of your last visit, perhaps 20 years ago. How can we explain these abilities?

There are at least two possible interpretations of such superior performance. The first is that these individuals are actually of high intelligence, and that these "islets of ability" actually reflect the true intelligence level – which must be underestimated, in that case, by standard assessments. It is possible that children with autism score so poorly on standard IQ assessments because social insight is crucial both developmentally and online in IQ tests. In other words, we acquire knowledge and skills primarily through interaction with other people – and even IQ assessments involve some degree of "mind-reading".

Alternatively, the surprising skills in individuals with autism may reflect the workings of a very different sort of mind – a different information-processing style. Take, for example, the finding that perfect pitch is very common in even musically naive children with autism.

It has been suggested that perfect pitch is relatively easy



PODIUM

FRANCESCA HAPPE
From the Spearman
Medal Lecture given to
the British Psychological
Society by the
psychiatric researcher

for normal children to acquire before the age of six years or so, when a shift occurs from processing features (notes) to processing relations among features (melody). Might people with autism retain a feature-based, rather than global, processing style throughout their lives?

There is now good evidence for a detail-focused processing style in autism. This has been referred to as "weak central co-

herence". Central coherence is the term for the normal tendency to process information in context for meaning, to integrate information to get the "big picture", usually at the expense of the parts. For example, after hearing this you will hopefully remember the gist but will probably forget the actual words. People with autism often do the opposite – recall the exact words but fail to get the meaning!

Children and adults with autism show weak central coherence, or detail-focused processing, at a number of different levels. At the perceptual level, for example, people with autism (even of low IQ) are very accurate in judging visual illusions – where surrounding context induces misperception in ordinary people. At the visual-spatial level, people with autism excel at finding small shapes hidden in bigger designs with consummate ease. On verbal tasks, too, people with autism process parts rather than wholes – so they may finish a sentence like "The sea tastes of salt and..." with "pepper" or "You can you hunting with a knife and... fork". This type of detail-focused

processing, or weak coherence, appears to be a cognitive style not a deficit, associated with advantages as well as disadvantages.

This is reinforced by findings from an ongoing study of the relatives of children with autism. Autism has a strong genetic component, but it is not as yet clear which genes are involved, nor what traits they might affect in non-autistic individuals who carry them. Our study focuses on skills and assets that might characterise the relatives of those with autism. In particular, it seems that many fathers of boys with autism also show weak central coherence, mirroring their sons' performance assets and deficits despite high IQ and achievement. Many of these fathers excel in professions where the ability to focus on details helps, such as science, engineering or computing.

The challenge for the future is to uncover the cognitive and brain mechanisms of coherence to better understand autism. In the many things that people with autism are good at will be a very positive step.

Zorro, Sophie and Des



JOHN WALSH
It now looks like
Desmond Lynam won't
get to be the new Poet
Laureate, after all

HOW CAN they be so disbelieving? Twice in quick succession, heroic British public figures have been let down by the unhelpful revelations, of ungrateful foreigners.

Last week, the lovely Mrs Margaret Cook revealed in a tantalising morsel from her autobiography, *A Slight and Delicate Creature*, that she'd had it off with a 38-year-old tour guide called Carlos Renalde in an exciting-sounding territory called the Rio Legato Cocha on the border of Ecuador and Peru. Very liberating, she described it, as well as "transforming of outlook - and inlook - and of expectations for the rest of my life".

Mrs Cook's natural capacity to talk like a fourth-rate agony aunt did not, apparently, dampen the enthusiasm of her swarthy beau on the Rio Legato, and they were, she said, "an item" for a fortnight. No we weren't, said the horrible Carlos when *The Mail on Sunday* caught up with him: "I was her doctor, psychologist and psychiatrist rolled into one. Any romance was all in her head". The swine.

And now up pops a Danish dentist called Hans to put a spoke in the Prime Minister's wheel. Hans Joergensen was the chap whom Mr Blair rescued from drowning last week. The way that we heard about it first, Hans had been in trouble half a mile out from shore in a tropical force niner when he was spotted by Mr Blair.

Careless of risk to life, limb and the British economy, the PM had dashed into the waves, carrying one of those little red bags all the life-guards are issued on *Baywatch*, driven through the crashing breakers like a torpedo, grabbed the stricken orthodontist and ferried him back to shore while simultaneously fighting off a Portuguese man-of-war jellyfish and outpacing a contingent of armed-to-the-teeth Filipino pirates, applied mouth-to-mouth resuscitation on the beach surrounded by swooning and appreciative Seychellian lovelies in ruched bathing costumes, performed a dazzling Hickman manoeuvre upon the supine Scan-

navian, fed him a reviving broth of his own devising and, while the waterlogged dentist gradually revived, entertained the crowd with card tricks and demonstrations of swordplay, in the style of *The Mask*.

of Zorro. Now that, we all agreed, is a Prime Minister worth voting for.

Later we heard that it wasn't exactly like that. Blair and the captain of his boat had set off in a dinghy to get better reception for his mobile phone (a likely story), had seen Joergensen signalling to them, 500 yards offshore and, assuming that he was trouble, had hauled him in. A lesser tale, but still, it was a nice thing to do.

Now the Viking ingrate claims he was merely waving, not drowning, and that it was "absurd and ridiculous" to suggest Blair had saved his life. He had, he said, just been hitching a ride. He was never in trouble at all.

Mr Joergensen's response reminds me of the reply given by a Polish count I once knew, when, after a morning's fox-hunting, we all met in a Galway pub to lick our wounds, and, surveying the aristocrat's noble jodhpured frame, which was covered, indeed drenched and saturated, with mud from head to toe, we asked at what point he'd fallen off his horse.

"I didn't fall off," he said with dignity. "I got off." But doesn't it seem rather aptly New Labour that the PM should be floating around in an unseaworthy craft, mobile phone



A remarkable display of dormant sexuality: Prince Edward and Sophie Rhys-Jones announce their engagement

Tom Melville/PA

clamped to his ear, spot a chap enjoying himself, do his damndest to get him "on board", offer gratuitous interventions upon his privacy and then take credit, later on, for saving his life?

SOPHIE RHY-JONES has apparently "begged" the Queen not to make her a princess, for fear of having to endure slighting comparisons with the late Princess of Wales.

It's a little on the late side for that, of course - her hairstyle, her strawberry-blondeness, her fashion sense and her, how shall I put this, child-bearing hindquarters, have all suffered already from the light cast by the Spencer madonna - but you have to admire such an impulse.

It makes you wonder if she begged Prince Edward not to propose to her for five years.

Looking at the photographs of the happily affianced pair last week, especially the gleam of Ms Rhys-Jones's bared teeth as the Prince bestows on her possibly the most grudging and insincere kiss since the one in the Garden of Gethsemane, you can almost hear them begging each other not to make too much of it. Go easy on the passion, old girl. Whoa there, tiger. Steady

the buffs, old thing. It was a remarkable display of dormant sexuality, all that "We're the best of friends" routine, a kind of ground-level commitment to maleyness and teamwork but not to any un-British surging of blood and rendings of underwear.

You can understand if, course, Poor Prince Edward has suffered over the years from hints that he may not be As Other Men, has for too long been unfeelingly christened "Dockyard Doris" by spiteful theatricals, despite his record of passionate nocturnal creepings along Buck House corridors at three in the morning.

Poor Sophie has suffered from investigations into her "fun-loving" past, in which the kind of behaviour redolent of a normal, healthy, middle-class hoyden in her twenties is held up as rather shocking. The only thing shocking about the "I Shagged Sophie in a Potting Shed" story published in the *Sunday People* yesterday was that she could have forgotten herself with such a boor.

When I met her, five years ago and only on the phone, she was sweet and pleasant and in full PR-gi mode. She was promoting a charity, I was editing a magazine and she wanted some coverage.

Only, I said, if we can do an interview with the Famous Person who's headlining the event.

No, she said, can't you just run a piece about the good cause? "Fraid not," I said, "for it has no top-spin upon it." Really, she said with a little asperity. "Why do you journalists have to be so cynical?"

Two things occurred to me. One, that she sounded exactly like Prince Edward did when he upbraided the assembled hacks for their "cynical" lack of enthusiasm at the end of *It's a Royal Knockout*. And two, that it was rare indeed for a woman who had spent more than a week in PR to assume that journalists would be anything else. It sounded like the words of a girl who had just turned into a royal. Perhaps it was just the start of a five-year apprenticeship.

NOW THAT Derek Walcott is odds-on favourite to become Poet Laureate, it looks like Des Lynam won't get it after all. Mr Lynam's name was included on the list of Laureate possibilities monitored by William Hill over the last few weeks because of the moving way he read out Kipling's "If" at the end of the BBC's Paris-based coverage of the

World Cup last summer. We assumed his 100-1 outsider status was a kind of joke; but how wrong can you be?

A new CD is about to appear in the shops, in which Mr Lynam recites a couple of dozen favourite poems from Beethoven, Auden and Roger McGough - and puts in one of his own. Introducing the selection, he modestly suggests that its inclusion might cast doubt on the sanity of his BBC producer, but I don't think so.

The single extant published work by Desmond Lynam, poet, is called "The Silly Isles". It is a withering indictment of the Falklands war: I can't quote it all here, but it begins, "Politicians without their guile, / Army hawks without a smile / Did send out men eight thousand miles / To claim some rocks ...", includes a brief history of Britain's claim to the islands and concludes: "But when the Exocets are fired / When men are dead and others tired / Those sad grey rocks won't half have cost / A lot." There now.

This is a fine example of just the kind of public verse to which the Poet Laureate is supposed to aspire. Is it too late for the Prime Minister and the Royal Society of Literature to reconsider?

RIGHT OF REPLY

VALERIE
PASSMORE

A woman who has never used it responds to Deborah Orr's recent praise for the Pill

DEBORAH ORR makes the astounding claim ("The myth of sexual freedom", 8 January) that the contraceptive pill is the single most important invention of the 20th century. What? More important than, say, flight, antibiotics, tampons, computers, sliced bread, plastics, nuclear fission?

It has become an unquestioned cliché that the Pill arrived in the 1960s and changed the world. As one of the four fifths of the fertile female population of this country who don't use this form of contraception I find the claim risible.

Is it Deborah Orr's impression that before the 1960s women were either celibate or producing dozens of children? The decline in fertility and women's sexual liberation has infinitely more complex economic and social causes than the mechanics of one form of contraception.

To state baldly, with no supporting argument or fact, that this marginal birth control device triggered "sexual liberation, then feminism and now the remaking of our ideas about family structure in the West" is a breathtaking claim. Isn't she aware of Marie Stopes' long (pre-Pill) pioneering work in birth control?

Ms Orr actually states that birth control in its entirety is an invention of this century. But, of course, people have been trying to limit their fertility for millennia: the ancient Egyptians are known to have used contraception, and Casanova recommended half a lemon used as a diaphragm. The condom has been used almost universally.

Yet another sweeping statement of the author is that with the Pill "all responsibility for contraception was dumped into the arms of women".

Who does she suppose was previously responsible for using the diaphragm or Dutch cap and the douche; and attempts at procuring early miscarriages with hot baths, gin, slippery elm and other folk remedies passed down through the ages for ending unwanted pregnancies?

Frankly, the invention of the automatic pet-feeder has had a more liberating effect on my life than the Pill ever did.

Theory of turntable toiling



MONDAY BOOK

DJ CULTURE
BY ULF POSCHARDT, TRANSLATED BY SHAUN WHITESIDE.
QUARTET, £13

IT STARTS with Thomas Alva Edison and ends with Hegel. It contains the immortal line: "Since the parasite who was in love with metaphysics became a historian, ideas have been made subordinate to the phenomenon." But if you only intend to read a single major work of German post-structuralist dance-music theory in 1999, Ulf Poschardt's pioneering exploration should be the one.

First published in his young, Munich-based author's homeland in 1995, this sweeping history of the DJ already has a monumental look. "Like artists in the middle ages," it proclaims, "DJs were defined first as craftsmen." The news that they were put on earth "to interrogate and partially destroy" archaic notions of artistic authorship would no

doubt come as news to Pete Tong or Jimmy Savile, but there is no reason why the labours of those who toll behind turntables should not be subject to the orotical illumination.

Initially, the omens are not good. "DJ Culture," the Pet Shop Boys song which gives the book its title, seemed an uncharacteristically after-the-fact notion for that sharp-eyed duo even when it first came out in 1991. And Poschardt begins by describing the gramophone as "the

instrument with which the DJ would one day bring about a revolution in pop music", which would seem to be putting the cart somewhat before the horse.

Yet from these rather unpromising beginnings, *DJ Culture* expands in all directions. A big, crazy book - in the best sense of the latter adjective - it progresses magisterially from the beginnings of pop radio (in a show with the marvellous title "The world's largest make-believe ballroom") through the DJ as literary device (Mucho Maas, the enigmatic turntable overlord in Thomas Pynchon's *The Crying of Lot 49*, looms especially large) to the early days of hip-hop and *Acid House*'s end-of-the-millennium charleston.

The disjunction between Poschardt's academic language and the fragments of jive talk and rap lyric which crop up throughout the text is consistently intriguing - partly because distance lends enchantment, and it is fascinating to see this history viewed through a non-Anglophone filter; and partly because the change of perspective frees the author from the tyranny of received opinions.

In fact, it does not so much free him from those opinions as allow him to broadcast them simultaneously. Just as you are starting to be struck by the way his book reconciles contradictory sources - say, quotations from Engels and an *i-D* magazine history of the Eighties - by giving them equal weight, Poschardt explains why he is doing it. Just as the DJ uses two bits of reproductive technology in order to make a new sound, so he wants to blend contrasting strands of thought into an appealing multi-coloured thread.

"Interlinked and mixed together..."

fragmented and mixed to the point of unintelligibility", his brutally recontextualised raw materials will, he hopes, have the power to "generate new intelligibility".

Poschardt's new intelligibility sometimes takes a bit of digesting, but the weighty dough of his prose is leavened with a potent yeast of arresting one-liners ("Pop culture is a bastard"; "DJs tend towards laconic autism"; "Writing history is always also a terrorist act"). He also knows the value of a fact. Alongside the revelation that hip-hop pioneer Grandmaster Flash was a trained electrician, the disturbing reality that "almost one in every three young people in Germany has had their hearing damaged between 2 and 6 kilohertz" will live long in the memory.

In the end, this book achieves a rare balance of political and cultural engagement - a brave and heartening response to a peculiarly German shame. The pernicious snobberies of the Frankfurt school - those grumpy killjoys like "Grand Wizard" Theodor Adorno - are laid to rest for good here. The rickety mansion of the cultural-studies industry has rested for too long on foundations riddled with the dry rot of intellectual contempt. Poschardt insists evangelically that "Adorno and Tate" (Greg Tate, the great black American cultural theorist) "must fertilise one another by communicating and ceasing to ebb alone".

Only rarely does Poschardt's confidence in "how infinitely strong, powerful and clever" his DJ culture is seem misplaced. His vision of Sir Mixalot's early Nineties exploitation smash, "Baby Got Back", as "rescuing the figures of black women from the diet-based terror of white women's magazines" will be more persuasive to those who have not seen the video. Or to those who respect Benny Hill's heroic struggle to free women's lingerie from the tyranny of the Freemans catalogue.

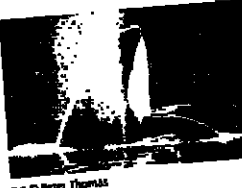
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John Walsh

Sebastian Haffner

SEBASTIAN HAFFNER was well known in German journalistic circles for over 60 years. He became known to British readers through his first book, *Germany: Jekyll and Hyde*, published by Secker and Warburg in 1940, the overt purpose of which was to explain Germany to the British.

Born Raimund Pretzel in Berlin in 1907, he studied law while working for the German press in the late 1920s and early 1930s. Because of his democratic beliefs and Jewish girlfriend (and later wife), he had his share of difficulties with the Nazis. He left Germany for Britain, where he persevered in gaining the necessary language skills to continue his career.

Fear of Nazi retribution against his relatives in Germany caused him to change his name to Sebastian Haffner. And it was under this name that he became familiar to British newspaper readers. During the war, he worked for the Foreign Office on anti-Nazi propaganda. For many years he was associated with *The Observer* and he returned to Berlin in 1954 as that paper's correspondent. He later wrote for a variety of German publications like *Stern*, *Die Welt* and *Süddeutsche Zeitung*.

Many members of the literary and journalistic emigration chose not to go back to West Germany. Some, like

Bertolt Brecht, Ludwig Renn, Anna Seghers and the still active Stefan Heym, opted for the "anti-Fascist" German Democratic Republic. Others, like Stefan Lorant, founder of *Picture Post*, and most of the Hollywood émigrés, decided to stay in the United States or Britain. Returning was a brave step for Haffner to take.

There was the massive psychological problem of going back to a country in ruins both physically and spiritually. There was still much hostility to returning émigrés. In private one could hear the view that, although Hitler had gone too far, the Jews had brought it on themselves by being too "pussy". Returning émigrés were feared as rivals for jobs. Some regarded them simply as agents for the occupying powers who were inflicting, once again, unfair burdens on the Germans to prevent them succeeding too well economically. Literary émigrés were regarded as part of a process of thought control to make the Germans feel guilty and therefore amenable to the measures imposed upon them by the victors.

Haffner did not fit into any stereotype. He was difficult to pigeonhole. He was a genuine seeker after truth. Obviously he did worry about where divided Germany was going. Despite



He battled to understand what had gone wrong, between 1933 and 1945, in the country he loved. It became his life's mission

the economic "miracle" of the 1950s there was much to worry about.

The so-called *Spiegel* affair of 1962 shocked opinion in Germany and abroad. Rudolf Augstein, the owner-editor of the prestigious and popular weekly *Der Spiegel*, was arrested, as was the magazine's defence correspondent Conrad Ahlers. Using the public interest argument *Spiegel* had published classified Nato material claiming West Germany was not properly equipped to defend itself and revealing the massive casualties Germany (and Britain) would suffer in case of a conflict. Controversy surrounded the question of who had or-

dered the arrests, as the relevant Minister of Justice, Wolfgang Stammberger, had not. Stammberger subsequently resigned in protest.

Although he denied it, Franz Josef Strauss, the Defence Minister, had personally ordered the arrest of Ahlers, who was taken while on holiday in Spain. There were widespread protests in Germany and abroad. This was the time of the Cuban missile crisis, when fear of nuclear war was very real. Haffner wrote, "The question is whether the Federal Republic of Germany is still a free and constitutional democracy or whether it has become pos-

sible to transform it overnight by some sort of *coup d'état* based on fear and arbitrary power." He feared the federal system of West Germany was being undermined. Happily he was wrong. His views were echoed in other papers and Strauss and Ahlers continued their successful careers.

Another scandal broke in 1968. This involved a number of suicides by individuals in the military or civil service. On 8 October 1968 Maj-Gen Horst Wendland, deputy head of the Federal Intelligence Service (BND), shot himself. On the same day Admiral Hermann Lüdtke, deputy head of logistics at Nato, killed himself. Four other similar deaths occurred in the same month. At the same time a group of seven scientists and engineers disappeared, only to re-emerge in Communist East Germany. The authorities passed off the incidents as unrelated.

Most people were clear that the West Germans had a massive security problem. Writing in the *New Statesman* Haffner agreed that they had. He was quick to point out, however, that others had too. "But what about Blake and Philby? What about Womersley and Penkowski [Swedish and Soviet defectors respectively]? It is safe to assume

nowadays that there are undetected highly placed spies in every defence organisation in the world." Haffner appeared to think it was a good thing that "everybody knows about everybody else". This would make war less likely.

Haffner was also respected as a writer on historical themes. He presented Winston Churchill to the Germans in 1967. His 1969 book on the German revolution, *Die verrätene Revolution* ("The Betrayed Revolution") was an attack on the Social Democratic leaders of 1918. *Anmerkungen zu Hitler* ("Comments on Hitler") was a German best-seller in 1978. *Preussen ohne Legende* ("Prussia without Myths") was widely read and discussed in Germany and Austria. Weidenfeld & Nicolson published it in English in 1980 under the slightly more academic title of *The Rise and Fall of Prussia*.

Haffner knew his market; he knew what would sell. His Prussian study appeared when there was renewed interest in Prussia in both parts of Germany. Indeed, the fight was on for the soul of the vanished and formally abolished Prussian state. Haffner was of course deeply interested in his subjects. Like so many Germans and German Jews of his generation, he battled to under-

stand what had gone wrong, between 1933 and 1945, in the country he loved. In his case it was his life's mission.

Haffner long regarded himself as a "Prussian with a British passport". He identified with Prussia and its achievements: general compulsory schooling (1717), the abolition of torture (1740), the establishment of religious toleration (1740), Bismarck's welfare state (1883), the medical giants Virchow, Koch, von Behring, the intellectual giants Kant, von Humboldt and von Schlegel, and much more. At the end of his book he recounted the (often ignored) expulsion of millions of Prussians from their homeland in 1945. "It was an atrocity, the final atrocity of a war which had more than its share in atrocities, admittedly begun by Germany under Hitler." His message is very relevant today, when he praises those expelled for rejecting revenge and having the courage to say, "This is enough."

Haffner's last book, *From Bismarck to Hitler*, appeared in 1987.

DAVID CHILDS

Raimund Pretzel (Sebastian Haffner), writer and journalist: born Berlin 27 December 1907; married (one son, one daughter); died Berlin 2 January 1998.

James Hammerstein

JAMES HAMMERSTEIN was a successful and complete man of the theatre. The son of the lyricist Oscar Hammerstein II, he was born to the purple and could have remained in it, becalmed but important. He chose instead to begin at the bottom.

He took his first job at the age of 19, in 1950, as a replacement extra in the first New York production of *Mister Roberts*. He went on to work as a stage manager for half a dozen shows, among them *The Fourposter*, when he was still only 21, and *Damn Yankees* when he was 24. Almost anyone can pass for a director, but only intelligent and highly responsible people can cut it as stage managers, who have to know everything about a production, from the producer's IQ to the (on- and off-stage) whereabouts of a box of matches. When Hammerstein went on to produce and direct, he was already qualified at an altogether higher level.

He took on, in one capacity or another (and sometimes in both) productions which demanded a variety of contradictory skills. There were the small and intense straight plays - Harold Pinter's *Ten* (1968) and Israel Horowitz's *The Indian Wants the Bronx* (1968) on the one hand; his father's large-scale *Okla-homa* and *The King and I* (over a number of years) on the other - all highly successful.

I first met him when he was directing a play of mine, *Wise Child*, in 1972. It was a disaster - though his production was much admired. *The New York Times* hated the play. Subsequently he directed two more of my plays with great success - *Butley* on Broadway, and *The Rear Column* off it. But for my part I shall always be most grateful to the failed *Wise Child* for bringing me Hammerstein and his future wife, Dena Sherman, closest of friends ever since.

James Hammerstein achieved as much as anyone can reasonably hope to achieve in the theatre - more in fact, nevertheless, he had to bear an unusual burden, the burden of inheritance. He was the son of a genius and had a great name, almost a title. For all the independence he won for himself, he always assumed that what he had been given also entailed a debt. It must sometimes have been hard, even for such an honourable and dutiful son, to have to devote so much of himself to being a custodian (his father died in 1960).



Discussing various actors with whom he had once worked, he said he sometimes wished he had got deaf younger

Mostly, though, he showed his pride and pleasure in it, travelling about the world overseeing productions of his father's musicals, and receiving awards on their behalf, with a laconic and beguiling grace.

Still, he was blessed in his work, and, more importantly, blessed in his wife and children, becoming even busier and feeling even more blessed after he discovered a few years ago that he had a heart condition. Although he found his increasing deafness a great nuisance, he did say, when discussing various actors with whom he had once worked, that he sometimes wished he had got deaf younger.

He was a man of great but almost invisible elegance. You never noticed what he was wearing, he made no show of his innate good manners, and his natural kindness was offered tentatively, with a shyness. His air of sagacity, completely unassuming though not always relevant, sometimes led him into positions of unwanted authority. In impromptu games of any sort, he was invariably appointed scorer, umpire, referee, which was all right by him as long as he was allowed to play too. Tall

and unfairly handsome, he reminded one of long-gone film stars - a *beau idéal*, American style. Inevitably women found him sexy and sympathetic; men liked and admired him in spite of that.

He had only one truly irritating characteristic. When playing tennis or ping-pong, he had a habit of complimenting his opponent on a shot, even as he was returning it unplayably. I remember one game, from about a quarter of a century ago, when I was so tormented by his lethal combination of good manners and swift reflexes, that I met his conclusive "Hey, good shot. Sil!" with a volley of oaths. He was a jolly good winner and I was a rotten loser, but then I have no idea what he could have been like as a loser, which isn't fair of course. There was only my own social disgrace in losing to him - he was the most complete sportsman I've ever come across.

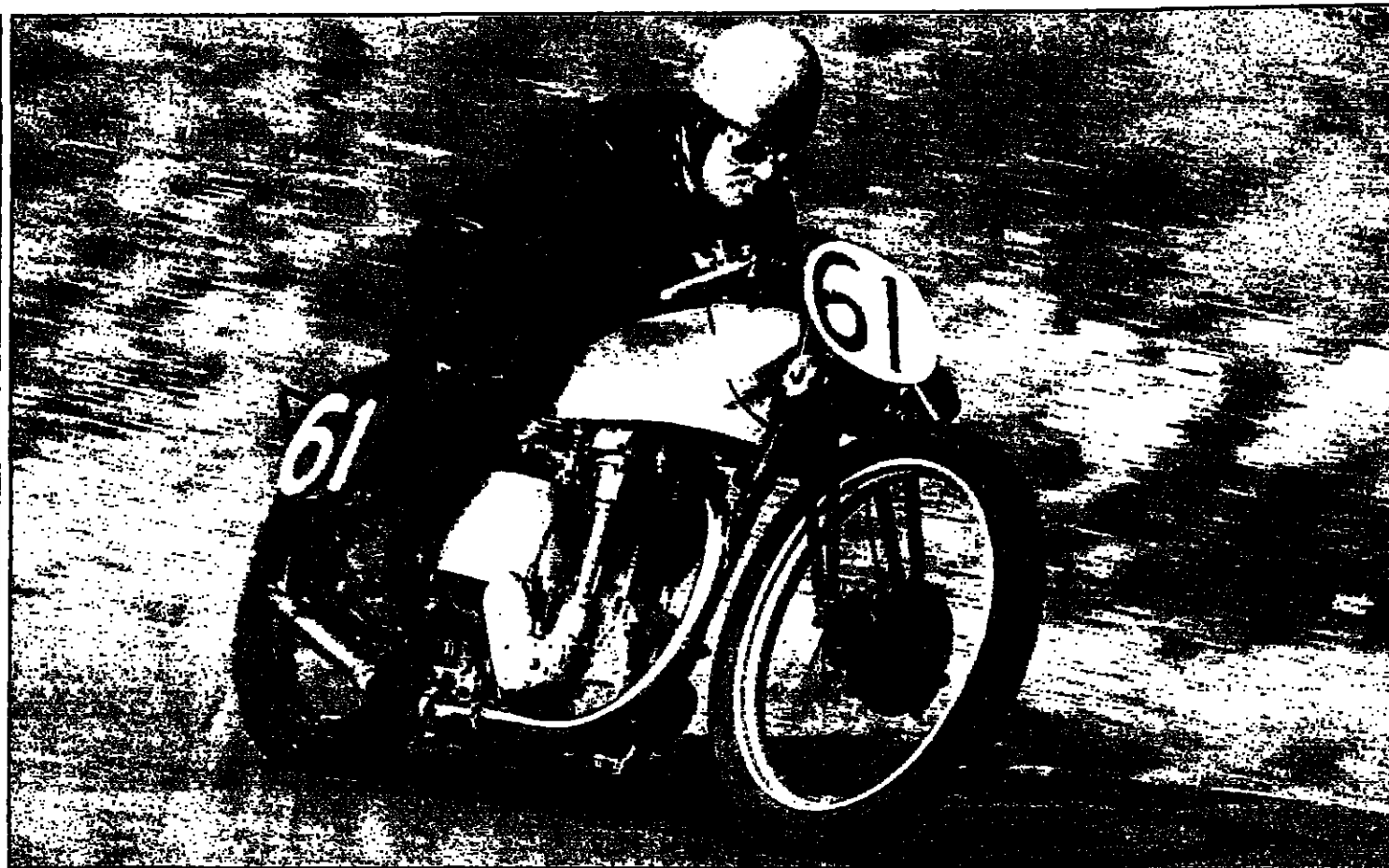
As a young man he played tennis to a professional level (when living in London he played at Queen's, and had represented the club in tournaments), and as an older one he was good enough to mix it with veteran champions. He was a marvellous swimmer and diver, and in these last years took up golf as well. As well!

Hammerstein, like many of us, I think, was most himself at play, and I know that my most vivid memories are of him in movement - in the water, on the tennis court, dealing cards, simultaneously concentrating and relaxed, full of enjoyment.

He died in the arms of his beloved Dena, with their beloved son Simon close by, after celebrating the 100th performance of one of his current off-Broadway successes, *Over the River and Through the Woods*. A decent enough way to go, at least so everyone says, but too soon, indecently soon, for those many who loved him. James Hammerstein, such a son to his father, and such a father to his children, has made quite a few feel pretty orphaned all over again. "Wow!" he'd probably say, with his sudden boy's grin. "Hey, guys, I didn't mean it to be like that, I really didn't!"

SIMON GRAY

James Hammerstein, theatre director and producer: born New York 23 March 1931; married three times (three sons, one daughter); died New York 7 January 1999.



Heath made his racing debut in 1934 in a Morgan three-wheeler and turned professional in 1949

Phil Heath

ONE OF the final links with 1930s racing at Donington Park in Leicestershire was broken with the death of Phil Heath. Today Donington is the established host to the British Motorcycle Grand Prix; Heath knew it as a parkland racecourse in more carefree days and in recent times was an organiser in classic racing.

He was born in 1915, the son of a Leicester insurance agent; he was educated at Oakham School and teamed with a friend he met there to make his racing debut in 1934. It was in a Morgan three-wheeler, previously used by Robin Jackson to win a 100mph Gold Star at Brooklands in Surrey and the novices found it a very powerful handful. "We touched the grass verge on both sides going down the straight," Rob Buxton remembers. "We turned it over once but weren't hurt, and then we did get a third place in one race."

A member of the Officer Training Corps at Oakham, Heath was an early volunteer in the Second World

War and served with the Royal Artillery in Egypt. Inevitably a motorcycle came into his life, but the old AJS he bought in Cairo and painted khaki before riding it back to camp at Mersa Matruh had to be left behind when the battery moved on.

In the early post-war years he was a noted rider, with second place in the 1948 1,000cc Clubmans TT, riding a Vincent HRD. That same year he was runner-up in the 350cc Manx Grand Prix and, with that level of success behind him, turned professional in 1949.

For two years he and his old partner Rob Buxton spent the summer months driving across Europe in an ex-RAF Ford van, carrying Heath's two solo racing machines and Buxton's 1932 Norton sidecar outfit from one race meeting to another. Living quarters were a tent, Heath's equipment his old army issue. He was also sending freelance reports back to England, and his description of the 1949 season in Geoff

Davison's *The Racing Year* (1950) remains one of the most evocative accounts of racing in that period.

This nomadic life was a good learning ground, both in riding skills and in negotiating start-money with race promoters. At their first race the body of the ageing sidecar collapsed and Heath had to perch on the chassis tubes to stay aboard, but the veteran Norton earned its keep. "It was our start-money goldmine," Buxton explains. "We could get as much as £50 for starting with the sidecar - the European organisers loved them."

Heath met his wife, Annette, then a young journalist, at a Belgian race meeting. They married in 1953 and he carried on the perilous life of a professional racer. Annette riding her little FN machine to fetch and carry spares. When Heath retired from full-time racing, he worked as a sales representative for the Excelsior Company of Birmingham and later sold advertising for the emer-

gent newspaper *Motor Cycle News*. He never retired officially, dividing his time between freelance writing, selling the spares that filled the extensive glasshouses in the grounds of the family home in Leicestershire, and running the library service for the Vintage Motor Cycle Club, of which he was a founder member. When Donington Park circuit was reopened in 1977, he was part of the celebratory parade, as one of the oldest original competitors from the original circuit.

He was due to spend time on research work in the Vintage Club's headquarters in Burton-on-Trent on Christmas Eve, and spent the night with a friend at what he called his "halfway house" stop in Ilstock, but on 24 December he did not wake up.

JIM REYNOLDS

Frank Philip Heath, motorcycle racer: born 18 January 1915; married (one daughter); died Ilstock, Leicestershire 23 December 1998.

Dr Louis Jolyon West

LOUIS JOLYON WEST devoted his professional enquiries into the outer reaches of human experience. Over the course of his career as a leading US psychiatrist and cult expert, he examined "brain-washed" prisoners of war, victims of kidnapping and abused children; his research included post-traumatic stress syndrome, alcohol and drug abuse, pain, sleep problems, dreams and hypnosis. He was able to overturn many pre-existing conceits of the psychiatric community and those of the community at large.

West examined Jack Ruby, the killer of John F. Kennedy's assassin Lee Harvey Oswald, and helped convince the court that Ruby should not be sentenced to death. Ruby, he said, suffered from "major mental illness apparently precipitated by the stress of his trial and its aftermath". In 1976, West was called as a court-

appointed witness in the defence of Patricia Hearst after her kidnapping. West, along with four other empaneled psychiatrists, found she was sane and able to stand trial but "psychologically damaged as a result of torture". They recommended she be treated before the trial, a recommendation ignored by the court. In a speech after the heiress's conviction, West concluded, "The government finished the destruction of her life started by an anti-government group."

In the 1950s and early 1960s, he aided civil rights workers who led lunch-counter sit-ins, and became the first white psychiatrist to go to South Africa to testify on behalf of black prisoners as part of an attempt to end apartheid. After witnessing a gruesome execution in Wisconsin, he for years led a movement of doctors against the death penalty. West bought a touch of flamboy-

ance to the business of psychiatry and loved his role as one of America's first celebrity shrinkers. Dr Milton H. Miller, a long-time colleague, described "Jolly" West as "above all, a colourful figure, an alive person who loved being on the stage".

His study into sleep deprivation in the 1950s became a national event when West convinced a disc jockey, Peter Tripp, to broadcast live for 200 hours without stopping. The DJ suffered temporary physical and mental illness in the process.

In another prominent study, also in the 1950s, West was appointed to a panel to discover why 36 of 59 air-men captured in Korea confessed or co-operated in charges of war crimes against the United States. Some called the air-men cowards, others raised the fear that the Communists had found drugs or mysterious methods to induce "brainwashing". West, through interviews with the

servicemen, offered a simpler explanation: "What we found enabled us to rule out drugs, hypnosis or other mysterious trickery," he said. "It was just one device used to confuse, bewilder and torment our men until they were ready to confess to anything. That device was prolonged, chronic loss of sleep."

The study concluded that sleep deprivation, combined with the fear of harm and total dependence on their captors, had led the air-men into startling and long-lasting personality changes. West's work saved the air-men from court-martial and expanded the findings to uncover the vulnerability of people in general, and particularly children. He argued that children may become violent when exposed to coercion and violence within their families, and was one of the first to demonstrate that inflicting painful punishment was not a part of good child-rearing.



Studies of sleep deprivation

His belief in that principle led him to study the Tarahumara of the Sierra Madre in south-western Chihuahua, Mexico. In a paper, he described how they held non-violence as one of the highest principles of

their society and never physically punished their children. The result, he said, was that the Tarahumara children grew up without learning expressions of anger or rage, and violent crimes were almost unknown among the tribe.

West's belief in non-violence would lead him into confrontation in the early 1970s when he proposed the establishment of a centre to be the "world's first and only centre for the study of interpersonal violence". However, his proposal included descriptions of human experiments, including psychosurgery to alter behaviour. The plan drew vehement protest, despite support from the then Governor of California, Ronald Reagan, failed.

Louis Jolyon West was born in Brooklyn, New York, to a Ukrainian immigrant and a Brooklyn piano teacher. He received his medical degree from the University of Min-

nesota and did his psychiatric residency at New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center. At the age of 29 he became chairman of the psychiatry department at the University of Oklahoma School of Medicine, where he remained until 1969, when he became chairman of psychiatry and head of the Neuropsychiatric Institute at the University of California at Los Angeles.

West retired in 1989 but remained a prominent and popular figure in psychiatry. In 1997, he was sought out to give his insight on cults when the Heaven's Gate cult staged a mass suicide in San Diego to join, as they saw it, their saviours following in the tail of a passing asteroid.

EDWARD HELMORE

Louis Jolyon West, psychiatrist: born New York 6 October 1924; married (one son, two daughters); died Los Angeles 2 January 1999.

BIRTH
MARRIAGE
& DEATH

MEMORIAL
SERVICES

HEYMAN: A memorial service will be held at Temple Beth Shalom, 1000 E. 1st St., on Monday 11 January 1999, to commemorate the life of W. Heyman QC.

IN MEMORIAM

FORT: Doris Clara, 90, remembered and missed.

Announcements for Gazette BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS, Adoptions, Marriage Deaths, Memorial Services, Wedding anniversaries (memorials) are charged £5.50 a line (VAT extra). OTHER Gazette announcements (notices, funerals, forthcoming marriages) are charged £10 a line, VAT extra.

CHANGING OF THE GUARD

The Household Cavalry Mounted Regiment will be the Queen's Life Guard at 11.30am, band provided by the Scots Guards.

Theo Mathew

OVER THE last two centuries, the Anglo-Irish family of Mathew has produced more than its fair share of eminent lawyers, leading churchmen and noted eccentrics. A worthy addition to the last category was Theo Mathew.

His grandfather and namesake, Theobald Mathew, was a much-loved barrister, regarded as one of the great wits of his generation, and himself the son of Lord Justice Mathew, who founded the Commercial Court and was renowned for his observation, "Justice is open to all - like the Savoy Grill." The judge's uncle Father Theobald Mathew was so successful in persuading the Irish (and others) to take the pledge that he was universally known as the Apostle of Temperance. Teetotalism was not, however, a general characteristic of this remarkable family.

One of its more recent luminaries was Archbishop David Mathew, whose oracular manner and untidy appearance are engagingly recorded (as are the lives of so many Mathews) in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. The Archbishop made Theo Mathew his heir and assigned to him the ruins of Thomastown Castle in Tipperary, the ancestral property that he had saved from demolition in 1938.

Theobald David Mathew was born in London in 1942, the son of Robert Mathew, a solicitor whose early death took place when Theo was barely 12 years old. His mother, Joan Young, was a Somerville graduate, a strikingly attractive and intelligent woman. She, too, belonged to a distinguished family, plentiful in scholars and public servants (Sir George Young, the former Transport Secretary, is her nephew).

After schooling at Downside, Mathew read Modern History at Balliol College, Oxford, and was always grateful for the tuition he received there at the hands of Maurice Keen and Richard Cobb; Cobb's erratic behaviour was a fruitful source of anecdote, and perhaps also an inspiration.

Soon after Oxford he worked for a year at the College of Arms in the office of Sir Anthony Wagner, Garter King of Arms, but then decided to follow in his family's legal footsteps by becoming an articled clerk at the solicitors' firm of Frere Cholmeley in Lincoln's Inn Fields. However, finding himself unimpressed by the law he was tempted back to the college by Sir Anthony Wagner in early 1969.

Serving as a Green Staff Officer at the Prince of Wales's Investiture in the summer of that year, he was appointed Rouge Dragon Pursuivant in 1970. From then until the mid-1990s he donned his tabard regularly for the Garter Service at Windsor and the State Opening of Parliament, and was proud to play his part in those colourful ceremonies.

He was promoted to the office of Windsor Herald in 1978. In the same year he became Deputy Treasurer of the College of Arms, a post he held for 17 years despite an avowed terror of financial matters. Both as a Pursuivant and as a Herald, he carried on the time-honoured business of his profession. Heraldry had been an early enthusiasm, and he enjoyed designing coats of arms. He also built up a useful working knowledge of the orders of chivalry.

The somewhat leisurely ambience of the College of Arms undoubtedly suited him. He remained in the same set of ill-lit basement rooms throughout his career, providing memorable entertainments from time to time, often in celebration of some curious anniversary or other. The generous dispensing of liquor that characterised these occasions took place under the watchful eye of the Apostle of Temperance, whose bust was prominently displayed, sometimes adorned by incongruous headwear.

Mathew served as an officer of arms for nearly 27 years. Possessing little taste for office administration, he was fortunately able to recruit a succession of reliable assistants. And, although application to the task in hand was not one of his strong points, the considerable affection in which he was held carried him through.

As was said of his grandfather, "Mathew's fame amongst his contemporaries was not based upon his professional career." Among his other skills, he was a superb mimic who could capture certain people so vividly that the individuals themselves often

The generous dispensing of liquor took place under the watchful eye of the Apostle of Temperance, a bust sometimes adorned by incongruous headwear

seemed pale reflections of the "real" selves that he conjured up.

But mimicry was only one aspect of his story-telling ability. He had a great repertoire of anecdotes. Some of them concerned members of his own family, such as his doty great-aunt Catherine Mathew, who on entering a room claimed to detect a smell of "crushed elephant", despite the obvious improbability of being able to identify such an odour.

He might equally recount some amusing experience of his own. Once, ringing to say that he would be late home, and under the impression that he was talking to one of his mother's lodgers, he asked for his dinner to be put in the oven, adding that he would certainly be back in time to watch *Up Pompeii* on television. His attempts to impart further information of a domestic nature were interrupted by the words "There must be some mistake. This is Sir Arthur Bliss." The bewildered recipient of the call was the Master of the Queen's Music, whose phone number differed by one digit from that of the Mathew household. By dialling the wrong number, Theo Mathew had acquired another anecdote.



Rouge Dragon Pursuivant, 1970-78; Windsor Herald, 1978-97

He dabbled in a variety of extramural pursuits. He once stood as a Liberal candidate in the local elections, and it is a matter for regret that Westminster City Council was not given a chance to enjoy the offbeat contribution he would doubtless have made to its deliberations.

He was for a time part-owner of a boat (*Tinker Liz*) and belonged to the Royal Harwich Yacht Club. He was also a member of the MCC (cricket being a great passion) and the Athenaeum, where his infrequent visits provided something of a diversion for the staid members of that august institution.

For most of his adult life Theo lived in St John's Wood, north London, in a house of distinctive (if faded) charm; its many temporary inhabitants included at least one Booker prizewinner. Retiring from the College of Arms in 1997, he abandoned London and settled in West Mersea on the Essex coast, where he had spent happy holiday years in his youth.

Stories about Theo Mathew will assuredly abound for years to come. A lingering image from recent times is of him removing his glasses, rubbing his hands together and squinting in a concentrated fashion at whoever happened to swing

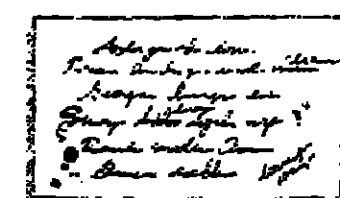
into view; he might then utter a grunted "Wood!" - or else (in imitation of a familiar ducal voice) give a mild bark of the words "Now look here!"

I recall a July evening in 1971 when Mathew, armed with a trumpet that his mother had unadvisedly given him for his 29th birthday, attempted to play the instrument while sitting outside the Sir Christopher Wren public house, close to St Paul's Cathedral. Although understandably attracted by the notion of blowing his own trumpet, he had no idea how to, and the excruciating noise that emerged not only disconcerted his companions but astonished a number of passers-by and eventually attracted the attention of the local constabulary.

One has only to think of Theo Mathew to chuckle fondly at some such memory. He could be madly exasperating; he could be gloriously funny. There was no one quite like him.

P. L. DICKINSON

Theobald David Mathew, herald: born London 7 April 1942; Rouge Dragon Pursuivant of Arms 1970-78; Windsor Herald of Arms 1978-97; died West Mersea, Essex 24 December 1998.



LITERARY NOTES

WENDY HOLDEN

Bursting bodices and romantic beheadings

WHEN I was a child, my favourite book in the world was neither *The Wind in the Willows* nor *Winnie the Pooh*, but a battered volume in my parents' bookcase called *The Tower of London*.

A fictionalised history of the eponymous palace/prison, it was by someone called Harrison Ainsworth, who appeared on the title-page as upright and bewhiskered as any Victorian gentleman could be. The fact that he had depths of the utmost gruesome Gothic purple was vouchsafed only to those who, like me, ventured into the murky passages dealing with the final hours of such romantic characters as Lady Jane Grey, who saw her husband's decapitated body while en route to the scaffold herself, or Archbishop Fisher, practising being burnt at the stake by putting his hand in the fire of his prison chamber.

If the old martyr's veins snapping and cracking in the flames were, so to speak, hot stuff, even that paled beside the final drama of the death of Anne Boleyn. The pages would fall open at the description of her shoe-black eyes and mysterious sixth finger and her enduring legacy was that, for years after, I imagined an executive to be someone dressed in a black mask and wielding an axe. From the moment I picked up the book, I was addicted to historical fiction.

I eschewed television for a pile of mint-green George

Heyers from the local library. Then I moved on to the colourful oeuvre of the stunningly plain-sounding Jean Plaidy. Her range was as astonishing as her titles were colourful: from Henry VII (*The King's Bed*) to Charles II (*A Health Unto His Majesty*), from Ferdinand and Isabella (*Spain for the Sovereigns*) to Marie Antoinette (the fabulously named *Flaunting, Extravagant Queen*), she galloped through British and European history with swash-buckling zeal. I neither realised nor cared that this meant my reading matter was tragically unfashionable.

The academic advantages of my historical-novel addiction were, after all, almost infinite. I was light years ahead of my peers in general knowledge. To one who had been reading conversations starting "prithiee mistress" and "good my lord" practically since birth, the language of Shakespeare was as familiar to me as if I'd been in the original productions. The only let-down, ironically, was history. How colourless the official version of events was, I thought. There was no sex in any of it. For, among the many virtues of historical novels, chief in my eyes was what you might call their copious-centricity. Scarcely a bodice went by without some breasts bursting out of it. Finely turned calves of both sexes abounded, as did mistresses, bastard children and pairs of dancing, naughty

eyes. This, I suspect, accounted for the old ladies' interest as well.

Although historical fiction seems to be enjoying a revival of late with Pat Barker's *Regeneration* trilogy and Sebastian Faulks's *Birdsong*, these works seem to have acquired a literary and even quasi-academic status apparently bent on removing them as far as possible from the bedjacket brigade. A pity, as is the fact that Jean Plaidy, Barbara Cartland and George Heyer have been relegated to much the same status in the eyes of the literary establishment as the author of the Wicked Willie books, or perhaps the no-longer-read Walter Scott. Even Jilly Cooper, reportedly considering writing a historical novel, has abandoned her plans for another orgasmic orchestra. A wonderful configuration of chances to rehabilitate the historical novel has been tragically eschewed.

I've done my best to keep the faith with having a tumbledown stately home complete with tumbledown aristocratic family in my forthcoming novel, but it barely scales the foothills of Jean Plaidy's Everest-like legacy. For the foreseeable future, it seems, the term "historical novel" will remain a dirty word. Just let them remain dirty books, that's all.

Wendy Holden is the author of *'Simply Divine'* (Headline, 14 January, £10)

CASE SUMMARIES

11 JANUARY 1999

THE FOLLOWING notes of judgments were prepared by the reporters of the *All England Law Reports*.

Practice

Gulf Interstate Oil Co and anor v ANT Trade and Transport Ltd of Malta ("The Giovanna"); QBD, Commercial Ct (Rix J) 17 Dec 1998.

A MAREVA injunction might not be sought *ex parte* without at least some mention of the existence of an offer of security which was still current at the time when the plaintiffs went to court. Such an offer, even though there might be strings attached to it, ran directly contrary to the implicit invocation by an applicant for a Mareva injunction of the court's assistance in confronting a real risk of dissipation.

Michael Collins QC, Nigel Eaton (one & co) for the plaintiffs; Timothy Charlton QC (Clyde & Co) for the defendant.

Yorkshire Bank v Hall and ors; Hall and ors v Yorkshire Bank; CA (Mantell, Robert Walker LJ, Kay J) 18 Dec 1998.

THE EXPRESSION "any other enactment" in the new s 42(7)(b) of the County Courts Act 1984, introduced by the Courts and Legal Services Act 1990, was not to be read as excluding the 1984 Act itself. Accordingly, the transfer of a mortgage's possession action to the High Court from the county court could not give the High Court a jurisdiction which, according to the provisions of s 21 of the 1984 Act, was exclusively that of the county court.

John Macdonald QC, Nicholas Le Poidevin (Ingham Clegg & Crouther) for the appellants; Ali

Malek QC, Jonathan Davies-Jones (Hammond Suddards) for the respondent.

Housing benefit

Mehanne v Housing Benefit Review Board of the City of Westminster; CA (Stuart-Smith, Thorpe, Mummery LJ) 21 Dec 1998.

THE WORD "shall" in reg 11(2) of the Housing Benefit (General) Regulations 1987 did not deprive the Housing Benefit Review Board of a discretion as to the amount of a reduction in the eligible rent. The amount of the reduction was not automatic or mandatory; it was by such amount as the board considered appropriate. That was the language of discretion rather than of an obligation always to make a reduction in the eligible rent by the full amount of the difference between the rent and the cost of suitable alternative accommodation.

Richard Drabble QC, Simon Cox (Moss Beachley Mullens) for the appellant; Clive Jones (City Solicitor, City of Westminster) for the council.

Tort

Knwatt Oil Tanker Co SAK and anor v Al Bader and ors (H Clarkson & Co Ltd and ors, third parties); QBD, Commercial Ct (Moore-Bick J) 17 Dec 1998.

THE DOUBLE actionability rule only required the acts constituting the tort sued upon in England to be actionable, i.e. that they should give rise to a claim in civil proceedings, as between the parties in the country in which they had been committed. There was no need for identity of cause of action, let alone any need for the form of the proceedings

in England to satisfy rules governing the form of proceedings in the foreign country. Accordingly, the double actionability rule was satisfied in a case where conspiracy to defraud was alleged, notwithstanding that conspiracy consisted in an unlawful combination with intent to cause injury and the relevant foreign law did not recognise any such unlawful combination.

Julian Maitins QC, Richard Slade, Jonathan Adkin (Shaw & Croft) for the plaintiffs; Stanley Brodie QC, Robert Howe (Olswang) for the first defendant; the second defendant in person; Selwyn Bloch (Brian Harris) for the third defendant; Nicholas Strauss QC, Craig Orr (Slaughter & May) for the third party.

Local government

R v Commissioner for Local Administration, ex p H; QBD, Crown Office List (Turner J) 21 Dec 1998.

THE INTENTION underlying the Local Government Act 1974 was to give redress to those denied redress of any other kind. It was not to provide two remedies; a substantive one by means of judicial review, and a compensatory one through the Ombudsman. Where a party had ventilated a grievance through judicial review proceedings, it was not contemplated that he should have an alternative or additional remedy; such proceedings fell within s 26(6)(c) of the Act, and, accordingly, the Ombudsman had no authority to hear a complaint.

Richard Gordon QC, Ian Wise (Coningsby) for the applicant; Brian Ash QC, John Hobson (Pulvers) for the Commissioner.

WORDS

CHRISTOPHER

HAWTREE

copacetic, *adj.*

Harlem, became a dance group's name, and, 50 years on, went across the universe, when Mission Control in Houston informed

the astronauts, "Everything is in copacetic order." John O'Hara thought this synonym for well-drilled was a corruption from the Italian, but the OED and the Random House American Slang assert that its origins are uncertain. Wentworth and Flexner posit the Louisiana Creole French *coupe-sétique*.

GAZETTE

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS

MEMORIAL SERVICES

HEYMAN: A memorial service will be held at Temple Church, London EC4, at 5pm on Thursday 14 January 1999, to commemorate the life of Allan Heyman QC.

IN MEMORIAM

FORTL Dorrit Clara, always remembered and missed.

Announcements for Gazette BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS (Births, Adoptions, Marriages, Deaths, Memorial services, Wedding anniversaries, In memoriam) are charged at £6.50 a line (VAT extra). OTHER Gazette announcements (notices, functions, Forthcoming marriages, Marriages), are charged at £10 a line, VAT extra.

CHANGING OF THE GUARD

The Household Cavalry Mounted Regiment mounts the Queen's Life Guard at Horse Guards, 11am; 1st Battalion Welsh Guards mounts the Queen's Guard, at Buckingham Palace, 11.30am, band provided by the Scots Guards.

FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

Dr S. W. Coppack and Dr J. Patel The engagement is announced between Simon, son of the late Mr Samuel Coppack, and of Mrs Coppack, of Wakefield, and Jigisha, daughter of Mr and Mrs Natvarbhai D. Patel, of Utersanda, India. The marriage will take place on 22 January 1999.

BIRTHDAYS

Sir Graham Allen MP, a Lord Commissioner, 46; The Right Rev John Baker, former Bishop of Salisbury, 71; Mr John Rashleigh Belcher, thoracic surgeon, 82; Lord Bowness, writer and former Director, Henry Moore Foundation, 71; Miss Kathleen Byron, actress, 76; Miss Anna Calder-Marshall, actress, 52; Mr David Cecil, racehorse breeder, 56; Mr Henry Cecil, racehorse trainer, 58; Mr Jean Chrétien QC, Prime Minister of Canada, 65; Mr Jason Connery, actor, 36; Mr Ben Crenshaw, golfer, 47; Mr Neville Duke, test pilot, 77; Miss Ann Firbank, actress, 66; Mr Barry Flanagan, sculptor, 58; Mr Melvyn Hayes, actor, 64; Lord Leighton of St Mellons, painter, 77; Mr Mick MacManus, wrestler, 72; Mr Brian Moore, England rugby player, 37; Sir Alastair Morton, former UK chairman, Eurotunnel, 61; Sir Anthony Nutting, former

ANNIVERSARIES

Births: Il Parmigianino (Girolamo Francesco Maria Mazzola), painter, 1503; Adam Frans van der Meulen, painter, 1632; Daniel Dancer, miser, 1716; Alexander Hamilton, statesman, 1755; William Thomas Brande, chemist, 1788; John Payne Collier, Shakespearean critic, 1789; Ezra Cornell, founder of Cornell University, New York, 1807; John Lodge Elerton, composer, 1807; Sir John Alexander Macdonald, first prime minister of Canada, 1815; Alexander Helwig Wyant, landscape painter, 1836; Otto Dienel, organist and teacher, 1839; William James, philosopher and psychologist, 1842; Christian August Sinding, pianist and composer, 1856; Fred Archer, jockey, 1857; George Nathaniel Curzon, Marquess Curzon of Kedleston, Viceroy of India, 1859; Henry Gordon Selfridge, founder of the London store, 1864; Reinhold Moritzovich Gliere, composer, 1875; Maurice Duruflé,

organist and composer, 1902; Manfred Bennington Lee (Lepovsky), author of the "Elery Queen" partnership, 1905; Pierre Mendès France, politician, 1907.

Deaths: Domenico (de Tommaso) Gigliola, painter, 1494; Sir Hans Sloane, physician and naturalist, 1753; Louis-François Roubillac (Roubiliac), sculptor, 1762; Emelyan Ivanovich Pugachev, Cossack rebel leader, 1775; Domenico Cimarosa, composer, 1801; Timothy Dwight, scholar and poet, 1817; Friedrich von Schlegel, poet, 1829; François Gérard, Baron Gérard, painter, 1837; Francis Scott Key, attorney and poet, author of "The Star-Spangled Banner", 1843; Theodor Schwann, anatomist and physiologist, 1882; Baron Georges-Eugène Haussmann, rebuilders of Paris, 1891; Thomas Gordon Hake, physician and poet, 1895; Cornelius Petrus Tiele, theologist and scholar, 1902; Thomas Hardy, poet and novelist, 1928; Galeazzo Ciano, conte di Cortellazzo, former Italian foreign minister, shot by pro-Mussolini Fascists, following a show trial when he was condemned to death, 1944; Caradoc Evans, novelist, 1945; Jean-Marie-Gabriel de Lattre de Tassigny, general, 1952; Oscar Straus, composer, 1954; Alberto Giacometti, sculptor and painter, 1966; Lal Bahadur Shastri, prime minister of India, 1966; Richard Crompton (Lamburn), author and creator of "William", 1969; Padraic Colum, founder of

the Irish National Theatre, 1972; Barbara Mary Pym, novelist, 1980; Malcolm John MacDonald, diplomat, 1981; Nikolai Podgorny, Soviet leader, 1983; Jack LaRue (Gaspere Biondillo), actor, 1984.

On this day: the Dutch surrendered Trincomalee, Ceylon, to the British, 1782; Matthew Flinders and George Bass returned to Port Jackson, having proved that Tasmania was an island, 1798; Joachim Murat deserted Napoleon and joined the Allies, 1814; Benito Juárez returned to Mexico City, 1861; Charing Cross station, London, was formally opened, 1864; the Representation of the People Bill was passed, giving votes to women, 1918; the first women jurors were sworn in at the Old Bailey, 1921; King Zog was dethroned, and Albania was declared a republic, 1946; the Open University awarded its first degrees, 1973.

Today is the Feast Day of St Theodosios the Cenobiarh and St Salvius or Sauve of Amiens.

LECTURES

Victoria and Albert Museum: Tessa Murdoch, "Huguenot Designers", 3pm. British Museum: Angela Hobart, "The Interplay of India and South East Asia Artistic Traditions", 11.30am. Wallace Collection: Jennifer Stern, "Introduction to Sevres Porcelain", 1pm.

Why Americans have a love affair with drugs

DO YOU know what I really miss now that I live in America? I miss coming in from the pub about midnight in a blurry frame of mind and watching *Open University* on TV. Honestly.

If I were to come in from midnight now all I would find on the TV is a series of nubile actresses sporting in the altogether, plus the Weather Channel, which is diverting in its way. I grant you, but it doesn't begin to compare with the hypnotic fascination of *Open University* after six pints of beer. I'm quite serious about this.

I'm not at all sure why, but I always found it strangely compelling to turn on the TV late at night and find a guy who looked as if he had bought all the clothes he would ever need during one shopping trip to C&A in 1977 (so that he would be free to spend the rest of his waking hours around oscilloscopes), saying in an oddly characterless voice, "And so we can see, adding

two fixed-end solutions gives us another fixed-end solution."

Most of the time I had no idea what he was talking about – that was a big part of what made it so compelling somehow – but very occasionally (well, once) the topic was something I could actually follow and enjoy. I'm thinking of an unexpectedly diverting documentary I chanced upon three or four years ago comparing the marketing of proprietary healthcare products in Britain and the United States.

The gist of the programme was that the same product had to be sold in entirely different ways in the two markets. An advertisement in Britain for a cold relief capsule, for instance, would promise no more than that it might make you feel a bit better. You would still have a red nose and be in your dressing gown, but you would be smiling again, if warily.

A commercial for the same product in America would

guarantee total, instantaneous relief. An American who took this miracle compound would not only throw off his dressing gown and get back to work at once, he would feel better than he had for years and finish the day having the time of his life at a bowling alley. The drift of all this was that the British don't expect over-the-counter drugs to change their lives, whereas Americans will settle for nothing less. The passing of the years has not, I assure you, dulled the nation's touching faith in the notion.

You have only to watch any television channel for 10 minutes, flip through a magazine or stroll along the groaning shelves of any drugstore to realise that Americans expect to feel more or less perfect all the time. Even our shampoo, I notice, promises to "change the way you feel".

It is an odd thing about Americans. They expend huge efforts exhorting themselves to "Say No to Drugs", then go to the



BRYSON'S AMERICA

drugstore and buy them by the armloads. Americans spend almost \$75bn a year on medicines of all types, and pharmaceutical products are marketed with a vehemence and forthrightness that takes a little getting used to.

In one commercial running on television at the moment, a pleasant-looking, middle-aged lady turns to the camera and says in a candid tone: "You know, when I get diarrhoea I like a little comfort." (To which I always

say: "Why wait for diarrhoea?")

In another, a man at a bowling alley (men are pretty generally at bowling alleys in these things) grimaces after a poor shot and mutters to his partner: "It's these haemorrhoids again." And here's the thing. The buddy has some haemorrhoid cream in his pocket. Not in his gym bag, you understand, not in the glovebox of his car, but in his shirt pocket, where he can whip it out at a moment's notice and call the gang round. Extraordinary.

But the really amazing change in the last 20 years is that now even prescription drugs are advertised. I have before me a popular magazine called *Health* that is chock-full of ads with bold headlines saying things like,

"Why take two tablets when you can take one? Prempro is the only prescription tablet that combines Premarin and a progestin in one tablet", or "Introducing Allegra, the new prescription seasonal

allergy medicine that lets you get out there".

Another more rakishly asks, "Have you ever treated a vaginal yeast infection in the middle of nowhere?" (Not knowingly!) A fourth goes to the economic heart of the matter. "The doctor told me I'd probably be taking blood pressure pills for the rest of my life. The good news is how much I might save since he switched me to Adalat CC (nifedipine) from Procardia XL (nifedipine)." The idea is that you read the advert, then badger your doctor (or "healthcare professional") to prescribe it for you. It seems a curious concept to me. The idea of magazine readers deciding what medications are best for them, but then Americans appear to know a great deal about drugs.

Nearly all the adverts assume an impressively high level of biochemical familiarity. The vaginal yeast ad confidently assures the reader that Diflucan

is "comparable to seven days of Monistat 7, Gyne-Lotrimin, or Mycelex-7", while the ad for Prempro promises that it is "as effective as taking Premarin and a progestin separately".

When you realise that these are meaningful statements for thousands and thousands of Americans, the idea of your bowling buddy carrying a tube of haemorrhoid unguent in his shirt pocket perhaps doesn't seem quite so ridiculous.

I don't know whether this national obsession with health is actually worth it. What I do know is that there is a much more agreeable way to achieve perfect inner harmony. Drink six pints of beer and watch *Open University* for 90 minutes before retiring. It has never failed for me.

Extracted from: *Notes from a Big Country*, published by Doubleday at £16.99. Available at all major bookshops or by mail order on 01624 675137

We row because we're so close

Claude had never thought of Claudia running the scooter shop. I felt that it wasn't the sort of thing for a female to do. Sometimes there can be a lot of verbal, with teenagers swearing. It's not that they mean anything bad – you wouldn't say anything on your own – but you can't accept it if your daughter is there.

So it can be difficult. Claudia came to the shop about a year ago. It's been in the family since just after the (Second World) War. I took over when my father died in 1950. We sell and service Piaggio scooters which makes the Vespa range. I didn't try to persuade Claudia to work here. She had been working at a beautician's and she also ran a lingerie shop. She's brainy, not like me – she has six O levels –

but she wanted to come.

On television I know we are always rowing, but we get on well really. It's just that sometimes she comes in late in the morning. We row about that. She is very flamboyant. That's not wrong – but it gets on my wick. She's a modern sales person. I'm the old style. She laughs with the customers. But I won't laugh when I'm trying to make a sale.

She tells the mechanics to do something without asking me. She orders parts – too many as far as I am concerned – with-

out informing me. She has been here 12 months and, to be honest, I didn't expect her to be this good so soon. She has taken over some of my responsibilities. She overwhelms me because she is doing everything too quickly. She came in to help with the selling and now she is running the place.

Claudia was a wonderful child. She never played up. We never had sleepless nights with her. She was very inquisitive – she got that off me. She isn't scared to have a go. It was her idea to let the television cam-

eras in, because she's not shy. I suppose I've got stubborn. You do as you get older. I still think this isn't a place for a woman to run on her own. There is a lot of responsibility. There are eight male mechanics and they need a bit of prompting by a man. Maybe they would ignore a young lady. It's very different from a lingerie shop.

I've said I would retire at 65, but I think I'll find that hard. I've been on scooters since I was 16. I relate to the teenagers who come in here, because I feel like I am one of them. I still go on

the odd run to Margate but I don't wear Mod suits. Mine wouldn't fit me. I've still got my handmade winklepickers. My feet are too big for them now. Claudia is very special to me. We're a Continental family from Sardinia. Very close knit. Maybe that's why we row so much.

Claudia Dad didn't want me to work in the shop. He didn't think it was a place for a woman. He is an old-fashioned, traditional gentleman. When I was a child he did everything with me. We went all over the country in a VW caravanette at weekends. He taught me how to ride a bicycle. But I didn't get a scooter. My brother got one. Maybe it was because of the way I drive a car. Or maybe it was just because I was a girl.

He is not totally sexist. He doesn't want me in the kitchen and he wanted something better for me than a greasy shop. He was accepted for St Martin's College of Art, but he left to help my granddad with the business. He knows that I am creative too, so maybe he wanted me to do something along those lines. This past year has been a time of big changes. Last January I left my flat, cut my hair short, split up from my previous



"Claudia is a modern sales person. I'm the old style," says Claude Michael Nicolaou

relationship, and started at college learning how to sing. I was reborn in a way. I've been learning about a new me that I have kept hidden from myself and the world.

I saw how busy the shop was becoming, how stressed Dad was, and I was worried about him. He had a heart attack a few years ago and I felt that if I didn't help then it might happen again. The job is interesting. I've never sold anything like this before. I was a tomboy as a child, and I like working with men. They're more straightforward than women.

Of course I fight a lot with my Dad. You can see that watching *Paddington Green*. The tempers fly and the emotions run high. He doesn't let me get involved and do things I know I

can do. Just bits of stock ordering, pricing up. He is used to doing these things himself. But he doesn't realise how busy the shop is. That is frustrating. He is good with people and his experience with bikes is phenomenal, but my forte is organisation and sales.

I'm more than capable, but if you have been running the show it is hard to give it up, particularly to a woman. I know he feels overwhelmed, but I'm like that because, if I'm not, he won't change. And he doesn't, then I feel that something will go wrong. So I may be increasing his stress a bit, but time is not on my side. All he has to do is expand the business a bit, and things would get better.

I've tried talking quietly to him, but it doesn't work. I get

so upset that I have to scream and shout, but sometimes I have to get my point across. We're both stubborn. But I'm not trying to top him. I never could. But I have youth on my side. With my Nineties' ideas and his knowledge we can have a really good shop. None of the changes I want are detrimental to what he is doing. If I have anything of value I want to give it to Mum and Dad.

Although we shout at each other, we still love each other. I don't think it will stop us working together. I know when I'm wrong and he is beginning to know when he is wrong. He is beginning to compromise. I've got my own scooter now.

INTERVIEWS BY JACK O'SULLIVAN

APPOINTMENTS: I.T.



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Interviews to be held in London Jan/Feb 1999

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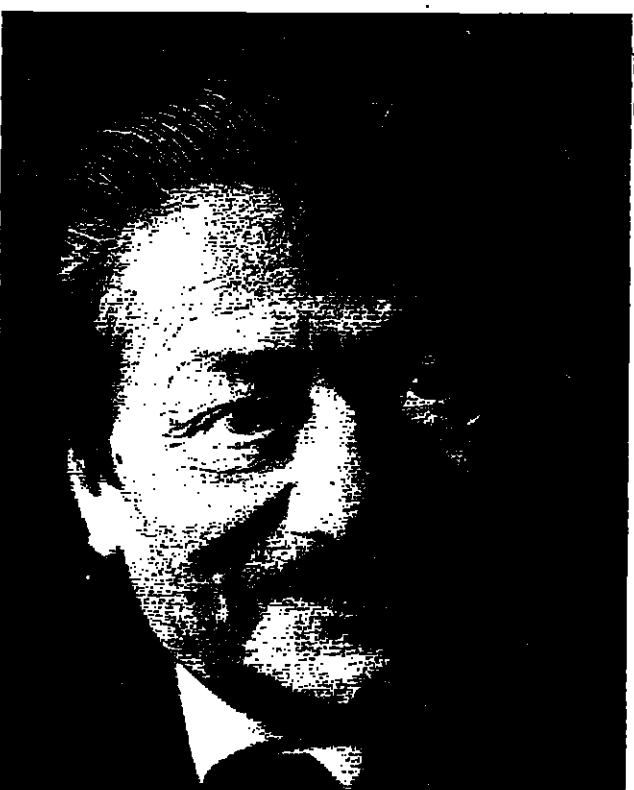
Don't forget to mention The Independent when replying to adverts

New kid on the Street

Continued from page 1
in half an hour, I had my chair – with my name on it! I wonder if he has encountered a lot of racism over the years. Absolutely, he says. He was once called a "wog" and beaten up by skinheads on Waterloo Bridge. He never especially enjoyed *It Ain't A Big, Big, Mum*. "Rather offensive and untruthful." But "I forgive. It is essential to forgive. Otherwise it stunts the growth."

He was born in the Punjab, the oldest son of a doctor. I think he was possibly highly seared from the word go. He first fell in love at five years old with Rasheeda, who was four. "Her ayah used to take her to the park where my ayah took me. She was a very beautiful girl with long hair. On the days she didn't turn up I would cry and miss her terribly, but the smile would come back to my face the moment I saw her again."

At school, he was small and quite weedy so, to avoid bullying, he entertained the other pupils with imitations of the teachers. After university (where he got a first in English Literature) he helped set up an acting group in Delhi. In 1951, they put on a performance of Jean Cocteau's *The Eagle Has Two Heads*, in which his co-star was a certain Madhur Bahadur. The two fell "madly" in love, eventually marrying, settling in New York, and having three daughters – Zia, Sakina and Meera, now all grown up. But then the whole thing fell apart after Madhur caught him out



with a dancer from an Indian dance troupe. He's always been frisky, as I said. Indeed, in his book, he even recounts how he joined The Mile High Club with an American woman in the seat next to him. All very well, but the flight was a shuttle from London to Edinburgh. Quick work. Saeed! "Yes," he accepts, much flattered. Then, quite boastfully: "And I even had time to order martinis!" He did not want Madhur to

go. "But she was deeply wounded. No amount of crying or kissing her feet could heal that wound." The children, then aged five, four and two, were dispatched back to India, to be brought up by Madhur's sister. "I was devastated. Devastated! The only way I could get to sleep at night was by drinking half a bottle of Scotch." Couldn't you have hung on to the children? "Madhur's father sent them the plane tickets. What

was I to do? I was not in a position to look after them." He seems, now, to have quite a distant relationship with them. I don't think, frankly, he was ever cut out to be a father. He just isn't the mature or responsible sort. He still comes across Madhur occasionally, and might be a bit jealous of her success. "I hear she has a very nice place in Martha's Vineyard," he announces sulkily. He gets quite annoyed whenever he reads the blurb on her cookery book jackets. "They say: 'Madhur Jaffrey lives with her American husband and three children in America.' No mention of how she got the name Jaffrey! Still, let it pass. Let it pass. Martin! Another glass!"

Anyway, he's now been married to Jennifer, an English woman, since 1980 and he is, he says, very faithful and content. He has just started filming *The Street*, and it's proving a lot of fun. "Everyone is very warm. Ken Barlow said to me: 'It's wonderful. Saeed, to have wonderful actors like you!' I hope he does get up to a bit of hanky-panky with Rita. I hope the nail brush gets to take on the hairdo, and possibly releases poor Mavis on his way. Anyway, time to part. More embraces. More moist kisses. A fight over the bill. "You must let me pay, darling!" A last cry to Martin and Rachel. "You won't forget to buy *The Independent* on Monday, will you? A very BIG piece!" And off he happily trots. He's quite a happy man, I think.

double@dutch

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SHAPE OF ARTS TO COME

No 1

We all need the kiss of the muse

He taught us to hear Bach as Bach heard himself. He thinks we don't take death seriously enough. Where will he lead our minds and ears next? In the first of our series on the future of all the arts, Rob Cowan talks to Nikolaus Harnoncourt

The Austrian-born conductor Nikolaus Harnoncourt has been voyaging through the musical centuries since the early Fifties. He started his career as an orchestral cellist, but while Herbert von Karajan and others were fattening Baroque masters with excess calories (Bach dressed as Wagner), Harnoncourt set out to teach us how Bach heard himself. He introduced us to dazzling early music that we had never encountered before, righted numerous musicological wrongs and has latterly brought a huge catalogue of insights to the symphonies of Beethoven, Schumann, Brahms and Dvorak.

Verdi is his next port of call, with *Aida* ("one of Verdi's most widely misunderstood works") as the priority. But what about the theatre music of our own century? Could Gershwin beckon from the horizon? When I last spoke with Harnoncourt, he expressed a love for *Porgy and Bess*. I broached the subject again, but his response was at once mischievous and discouraging: "Simon Rattle once said to me: 'Hands off Porgy... that's my field. You stick to Johann Strauss.'"

Youngsters love working with Harnoncourt, and most older players find his ideas refreshing. And yet, pondering the place that music has in the current Western cultural climate, Harnoncourt despairs for our failing education systems. He recalls how, years ago, music and art in general were load-bearing pillars of Western education.

"On the one hand you had language, logic and mathematics," he says, "while on the other, there was art and fantasy." Modern Western culture places more and more emphasis on the logical element, whereas the great philosophers of the 17th and 18th centuries knew how "creative flying" could access various goals that are inaccessible through logic.

"Educational leaders in Western democracy don't really understand most of the crucial problems," he protests. "When I think how the state views the creative potential of children in their care - and how lightly they take that responsibility - well, sometimes I cannot believe it. Becoming a human being now takes second or third place to computer literacy and the ability to shift efficiently from one job to another." We have become mere components in a modular society.

Harnoncourt blames professional pressures for splintering the family unit, but he also cites our faulty attitudes to life - and, in particular, to death. "Orthodox religions are on the decline, and pseudo-religions are on the increase," he



Nikolaus Harnoncourt: 'Becoming a human being now takes second or third place to computer literacy'

Thomas Müller

observes. "And by pseudo-religions, I mean astrology, drug-induced mental states, that sort of thing. But there is still widespread longing for genuine religious experience. Nobody believes in his own death anymore." He reminds us that although we witness people dying on television virtually every day, "you would not have your own grandfather die in your apartment". And yet, for centuries that was the way things happened. "My own grandfather died in the midst of his family, and we were there to hold his hand." Have we, then, become a generation of spectators?

For Harnoncourt, life, death and what

he terms "the incredible organic beauty of art" are inextricably linked. "The human monkey has his own language," he says; "he can even ask his wife to buy a bread roll at the grocers. That's monkey language. But to say with Goethe, 'Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruh' (Above all the summits it is restful), a monkey could not do that. The reason why we write music and poetry and why the cave-men painted, is the kiss of the muse. It is a source that we cannot properly describe, but it is essential for the good health of humanity. One thing is for sure, though: I do not know of any art that is not in some small way connected with religion."

Harnoncourt then turns the coin by quoting various of Bach's non-religious works - the hilarious cantata about the evils of drinking coffee, for example - but reiterates his point that to perform, say, the *St Matthew Passion* "purely for its aesthetic value, like taking honey from the bees, that would be a profanation". So, what about the bewildering vicissitudes in current public musical taste? Take, by way of an example, the symphonies of Gustav Mahler. Would Harnoncourt ever choose to perform them? He answers with a quiet but emphatic "no".

"And I can tell you exactly why," he adds. "When music is so obviously autobiographical, when the message 'me, me, me' jumps so forcefully from the score - I really cannot stand that. Schubert's music is also autobiographical, but with him you glean the results of his experiences rather than observe the process of personal suffering. All this business of showing your skin and your innards in public, these endless confessional - I can't take any of it. I would personally hate to expose everything about myself."

He adds Berlioz to his list of musical autobiographers. "I cannot touch his music," he confesses. I ask him why. Is Berlioz, like Mahler, too "neurotic"? "But don't you also hear some neuro-

sis in Schubert's music?" he asks. Not really. Fright, terror perhaps - but not neurosis. "Maybe," he shrugs, "but I can tell you that those important composers who I do not perform, I cannot perform at all. For example, I have never done Wagner, although I have made several attempts, going through the scores of *Tristan*, *Parsifal*, *Die Meistersinger* - and being thrown back after the first act of *Meistersinger*." And yet next June he will incorporate music from *Tristan* and *Tannhäuser* into a programme that deals with the subject of love and that also includes music by Mendelssohn and Schumann.

"This is the only Wagner I will do," he announces with typical resolve and his reasons make historical sense. "There is a connection with Schumann: the two composers knew each other. Wagner commented on Schumann's opera *Genoveva*; Schumann commented on Wagner's work; Wagner hated Mendelssohn and wrote all those terrible things about Jews - the connections are meaningful, they make sense."

As to the future, and the works that he might expect to hear under Harnoncourt's baton, there are some definite surprises in store. An ongoing love affair with Bruckner ("for me, he is a miracle") will lead to performances of the Seventh, Eighth and Ninth Symphonies - towering masterpieces all of them. Harnoncourt traces an unexpected creative lineage from Bruckner, through Johann Strauss to Alban Berg, whereas "my most interesting connection to Mozart - and here you may laugh, like I do - is Offenbach. I would also connect the clear pencil drawings of Offenbach with those of Stravinsky. I have already done Offenbach's operettas *La Périchole* and *La Belle Héloïse*, as well as a few pieces by Alban Berg."

All this is a far cry from his typecasting as an "early music" specialist. In a sense, the ever-radical Harnoncourt serves as the ideal creative symbol for our changing attitudes to the future of standard musical repertoire. But how does he view the coming divide between the centuries?

"I feel we are now floating in the middle of some new development," he says guardedly, "and we don't know where our ship will finally find a port. There is also widespread fear that it might all go terribly wrong, and that if the wrong kind of materialism really does take hold - it'll all be finished... I am a pessimist by nature, but somehow I am also optimistic. I don't know the reason, but it is true: I have hope."

Single white clichés

BARBS, A 39-year-old celebrity hairdresser is draped upside down over the sofa in her stylish Glaswegian loft having her toe-nails painted by Brendan, her gay best friend. Time was when there'd be no more here than meets the eye; attractive, lonely, middle-aged woman with partner problems being fussed over by a camp consolation prize. The Nineties twist is that now such a couple may well be trying to make babies together. The syringe of semen wagged invitingly, is fast becoming the staple that the sherry bottle waved at the vicar once was in our drama. Barbs is upside down because she doesn't want Brendan's precious seed to dribble out.

Perfect Days by Liz Lochhead, was a sell-out hit at this year's Edinburgh Festival and John Tiffany's transverse production has now transferred to Hampstead. A strenuous heart warming piece designed to have

THEATRE
PERFECT DAYS
HAMPSHIRE THEATRE
LONDON

you brushing away a tear while splitting your sides, the play gives the impression of having been written on a bet to see how many Zeitgeisty angles on motherhood can be crammed into 150 minutes. A series of increasingly predictable duologues in the first half make Siobhan Redmond's marvellous Barbs, who is as garrulous and profigate with the one-liners as a stand-up comedienne, all the more cruelly aware of the ticking biological clock. Her estranged husband (Vincent Friel) reveals that he's impregnated his new 22-year-old girlfriend. Her sister-in-law (Anne Kidd) has been tracked down by her dishy long-lost illegitimate son. But the tragic

comic tactlessness of these disclosures is too mechanical to be properly telling.

Barb's own interfering mother, Sadie (Ann Scott-Jones) had the opposite problem; widowed young, she was a single mother at the start of adult life and is comically sceptical about the urge to have children. Having a poke round her daughter's bathroom cabinet, she notes that the tube of spermicidal cream next to the Dutch cap is past its sell-by date and helpfully chucks it out. That joke - like the tea-pouring remark, "I'll be mother" which reliably crops up just at the moment when it would be better to keep mum - is symptomatic of a play where everything seems to have been worked out in advance, robbing it of genuine life, even in the well-handled farce of the second half. Flannery O'Connor once noted that if a writer does not discover something in the process of

writing a piece then it's unlikely that others will discover anything in it either. The characters in *Perfect Days* are moved around like counters in an ingenious board game; they never surprise you into new ways of thinking and feeling about the whole fraught issue of parenthood in an age when procreation has been uncoupled, so to speak, from coupling.

For example, the gay man (John Kazek) is pretty much a cipher. He has recently shacked up with a stripper-gram artiste whom we never meet and whose feelings on the paternity issue are steadfastly ignored until needed for a sterile plot-turn. Not nearly as provocative as *Handbag*, the Mark Ravenhill play on these themes, *Perfect Days* left me feeling both entertained and underestinated.

PAUL TAYLOR

To 30 Jan (0171-722 9301)



Anne Kidd and Siobhan Redmond Nigel Norrington

The return of The King

AS ANYONE who has managed to sit through a whole episode of *Stars In Their Eyes* knows, the desire to dress up as a rock star extends far beyond adolescence. For some, satisfying these urges may involve playing air guitar in front of the mirror, but for erstwhile postman Jim Brown it has signified a drastic change in career. Now known simply as The King, he has recently scored a three-album record deal and on Friday night performed to a packed house as Elvis Presley. But what separates Brown from your everyday Elvis impersonator is that he sings songs by other dead rock stars, but in the style of Elvis.

Rather than being met with resigned pity, The King was greeted ecstatically by a crowd that ranged from teenage to middle age, rockabilly to raver. Brown came across as a seasoned performer, having grasped the audience's sympathies with a bit of gentle ribbing. "You thought I was dead, didn't you. Well actually I'm 64 years old, so excuse me if I'm a little out of practice." Hearing Brown purring through such enduring classics as Bob Marley's "No Woman No Cry" and T-Rex's "Twentieth Century Boy" proved entertaining, while his rendering of Nirvana's "Come As You Are" would have put tears in the eyes of the most hardened cynics.

Brown had appropriated Presley's Vegas era for his act, sporting a gold lame jacket, leather strides and an unfathomably large quiff. He perfectly captured his idol through a series of Presleyesque mannerisms: the scrupulous sneer, the sturred delivery and that fam-

POP

THE KING
ASTORIA
LONDON

ilar stance - legs akimbo with one knee furiously twitching.

And Brown does sound uncannily like Elvis, right down to that nasal trill when he holds a note. He continued the pantomime in between tracks as he assumed the familiar mumbling drawl that always made Presley sound like he was half-way through a yawn.

There were difficult moments: there was a blood-curling rendition of Jimi Hendrix's "Woodoo Chile" where Brown's voice became inordinately shrill and the rock histrionics of his guitarist made some members of the audience stare at their shoes in shame. There were also instances where Brown, having seemingly run the gamut of Presley poses, found himself at a loss for something to do. So, in the spirit of karaoke, he resorted to that time-honoured tradition of getting the men and women in the crowd to vie over who could sing the loudest.

But for the most, Brown seemed at ease with his new-found career. And while we were never lulled into believing it was the real thing, it was difficult to remember that up there crooning, sneering and swaggering his way through some of rock's most formidable classics was a postman from Belfast.

FIONA STURGES

A shorter version of this review appeared in later editions of Saturday's paper

Not even a script could save us now

BILLED AS "a free adaptation", Josef Nadj's version of *Woyzeck*, which launches this year's London International Mime Festival, is so free as to render Büchner's seminal play almost unrecognisable. Nadj and his company - Le Centre Chorégraphique National d'Orléans - display an oblique fidelity towards the work's untinged, absurdist spirit while banishing every letter of the text, apart from a croaked whisper of the unfortunate protagonist's name. The result is an astonishing series of feverishly intense images that refuses to cohere into an interpretable narrative.

MIME

WOYZECK
PURCELL ROOM
SOUTH BANK CENTRE
LONDON

You could argue that the beauty of Büchner's original is that it plays fast and loose with sense. Every production of it is necessarily partial, given that the playwright left behind four incomplete versions, scrawled between 1836 and 1837, at the time of his death from typhus at the age of 23. Moreover, in the untrammelled rumination and wayward sen-

timent crammed into the brief, extant scenes, lie the ambiguities that have helped sustain Büchner's posthumously established critical reputation.

But even the slightest certainties of story and character have been eradicated here. If you were guided by the programme notes alone, you wouldn't even know the gist: that *Woyzeck* is a poor military barber who, prompted by a jealous heart and despairing existential visions (possibly induced by being on a forced diet of peas), stabs to death his common-law wife, Marie - seen consorting with a drum-major. The seven performers, in-

cluding Nadj, do not take named parts; instead, they form a kind of avant-garde collective bound together by an outlandish, clay-spattered dress code (blue face-paint preferable) and lunatic behaviour.

There is one female player, who is the focus of sexually suggestive and threatening attention; but as to whether she dies, it's hard to say - at the end of 60 minutes, she is carried off, still sitting on a chair.

At the start, the statuesque forms ranged across the rustic interior, which centres on a rickety table and chairs and is overarched by dangling contraptions, thaw into life, to the

cracked recording of a cymbalon. In one corner, a hunchback chisels a block of wood; at the back, sits a bound and hooded body, from nowhere there rises up a grotesque creature in a massively padded white outfit who bears an unfortunate resemblance to the Michelin Man but who is, more likely, an abstract embodiment of the play's sinister doctor.

The clownish interactions that ensue, although conducted with a magnificently precise physicality, smack heavily of padded material themselves. At their best, such as during the deafening automaton drumming of sticks on wood, they

communicate the original's interest in the way humans can be viewed as inanimate objects, at the mercy of their surroundings and nature. At their worst, the routines have an homogenising effect: even the stabbings come with visual gags (bits of intestine are skewered out for our squeamish pleasure). There will be those for whom such brilliantly realised *coups de théâtre* are enough, but the lack of direction left me with a serious case of road rage.

DOMINIC CAVENDISH

To Tues, RPH (0171-960 4242). Mime festival continues to 24 Jan (0171-637 5661)

The language of television comedy – it's a living, breathing thing. And in America, it's a language without words. *Friends* is a prime example of non-verbal communication at its trendiest. *Wah?* By John Walsh



The one with the hand gestures

Oh, coo-ul. The fifth series of *Friends* has just started. Across the nation, teenage girls will be pestering their parents to get Sky-TV, which recently collared the first broadcast rights to the most popular and very nearly the best sitcom on Anglo-American TV. There is a decidedly urgent feel about Series Five. For millions of devoted, would-be chums of Ross and Rachel, Joey and Chandler, Phoebe and Monica, it's time for some crucial questions to be answered. Did Ross and Emily go through with the wedding, despite Ross addressing Emily as "Rachel" in the middle of his marriage vows? Will Rachel's heart be terminally broken? Will Monica and Chandler, having unexpectedly woken up in bed together in London, become a hot item back in New York? Can Phoebe's pregnant bump possibly get any bigger? And most important, will the cast ever stop doing that thing with their hands? It's called "vogueing". I'm told, in modern dance halls. Back in the Sixties, it was called "throwing shapes". It means going "da-dah!" and holding it for a few seconds. It's something beyond gesticulation, and closer to the children's game of "Statues", where you wave your limbs about expressively, then suddenly stop dead as if in a freeze-frame. It guarantees that the words you utter are emphasised not by the tone of your voice, but by the way your hands are frozen in the air, like a frame around what you're saying. It's a kind of concrete italics. And it's having a pernicious effect on the nation's youth. British children are starting to mutate into a lot of Continental hand-wavers.

There's a whole generation of puercent British kids whose conversation now aspires to the smart-ass, ironical rhythms in which the Manhattan sextet communicates, as if that were the only way for human beings to speak.

They borrow the words, the delivery, the intonation. If you tell a modern English kid something really amazing, where once they'd have said "Gosh", they now say "Whoa", like Joey. "That is so not you," these London babes, echoing Monica, will say in the changing rooms of Hennes and Tammy.

Friends didn't invent the word "puh-leeze" or start the fashion for saying, "Hell-o-ow?" to imply stupidity. But they co-opted both words, and a few more besides, to construct a whole lexicon of sarcastic incredulity: "Excuse me? I can not believe you said that." "Am I missing something here?" Note the constant mid-sentence emphasis – after a while, the dialogue in *Friends* developed a kind of recognisable music, a signature cadence you could practically hum. (Some of us began to talk like that ourselves, until threatened with divorce by our unimpressed partners). There was even a period, around Series Two, when Phoebe and Rachel briefly talked in non-verbal whinging noises, "neh-hahrr" meant "It's not fair" or "I don't want to" or sometimes, "I don't care"; "yuh-hahrr" meant "Just do it anyway and stop com-

Will the cast ever stop doing that thing with their hands?

plaining". My six-year-old son began saying it when refusing to eat his supper. Rachel's hairstyle, Chandler's dandyish one-liners ("Well, it could have gone worse" he says of Ross's wedding-day bloomer in Episode One, "He could've shot her"), Phoebe's terrible songs, all spawned a few thousand emulators.

And now, gesture. No television show has ever featured such variety and prodigality of gesticulation. No television show could possibly



The best of *Friends*: no show has ever before featured such variety and prodigality of gesticulation

feature more, unless it were a soap opera about a bunch of argumentative and cuckolded Sicilian market traders. The *Friends* lot are always going "da-dah!", but with endlessly sophisticated refinements. At the climactic moment in Episode One, when the newly-married-but-instantly-abandoned Ross asks Rachel if she'll come on his honeymoon to Greece, Rachel goes into a dizzy little tremor of indecision; nothing happens for five seconds, six, seven. Then she bursts into action. "Yes I can do that," she cries, head thrown back, hands dramatically clenched. "Oh, cool!" says Ross, giving a double-thumb-up sign. Both of them behave as if they're playing charades instead of having a conversation. Chandler is always explaining things, pressing thumbs and middle fingers together with fake-precision. Joey always seems to be holding up something and pointing at it dramatically, as though he's in a commercial. And lately he's taken to flouncing out of rooms with a double-wrist gesture (like someone asking to be handcuffed) that's never explained but always gets a laugh.

Gradually you see that each character has a gesture that's uniquely his or her own, a sort of manual idiolect. Rachel's gesture is to extend the fingers of both hands and press the tips into her temples, as if constructing a roof to ward off the bad luck that's about to befall her. Ross's is to turn both his hands into guns, with forefingers extended, and level them ballistically at whoever has annoyed him. Chandler's is to make a lightning sketch in the air with both hands, wriggling his whole body in serpentine counterpoint, as if to insist on the futility of his plans. Joey's is a simple, expansive, Italianate extending of both arms, palms upward, a demonstration of innocence. Monica's is to hold both hands up to her cheeks in fake horror, like a beautified Munch Scream. Phoebe's is to waggle an admonitory forefinger and make her whole arm tick metronomically back and forth. Look out for them; they come round all the time. Episode Two is particularly rich in gesture. If you were to press the fast-forward button, you'd swear you were watching a group of St Vitus Dance

patients attempting to chat each other up in sign language.

What does it tell us about American comedy? Only that it isn't like British comedy. We tend to shy away from excessively broad comic acting unless it's to suggest that a character is a complete prat (Vivian, in *The Young Ones*, springs to mind). We have not gone in for huge facial gestures since the heyday of Albert Ste-

Each character has a gesture that is uniquely his or hers

toe. You do not find Delboy and Rodney mugging for the camera, any more than did Captain Mainwaring and Sergeant Wilson: their expressions alone are usually enough to get the laugh. And the national genetic inheritance that makes us suspicious of hand-wavers and cheek-kissers in Marseilles or Rome translates into a shyness about throwing your limbs about the place. From *Birds of a Feather* to *Blackadder* to *The New Statesman* to *Men Behaving Badly*, British comedy is more typically

about odd-looking and semi-articulate people sitting around being inventively rude to each other.

In American sitcoms like *Friends*, *Seinfeld* and *Frasier*, if one can generalise so recklessly, what's happening on screen isn't so much acting as performing. Each of the characters in *Friends* has a turn to do, using the other five as an audience (perhaps this accounts for a suspicion that occasionally creeps into your head that, for all their togetherness, the six don't actually know each other terribly well). Each has a form of delivery, a conversational tic, that's been virtually patented – so Phoebe must keep up a flow of slightly crackpot insights and Joey must always show signs of regressive infantilism. Such individual requirements makes actual dialogue, actual conversation more and more difficult to write. Therefore, everything must be emphasised, to suggest that every small plot twist, every minor narrative point has an importance. That's why watching *Friends* can be an exhausting experience.

Friends continues on Thursdays at 9pm on Sky1

THIS WAS THE WEEK THAT WAS

Today On this day in 1959 Richard Crompton died, in the middle of her last *Just William* story. She had lived long enough to see her delinquent creation turned into card games, jigsaws, "magic painting" books and a television series starring child actor Dennis Waterman.

Tomorrow In 1895 Henry James jotted down in his journal a tale heard at a dinner party, which became his novel *The Turn of the Screw*; this then begat Benjamin Britten's opera, as well as the film version with Deborah Kerr, below, (*The Innocents*) and Michael Winner's prequel (*The Nightcomers*, sometimes known as "The Turn of the Screw").

In 1978 the executors of Lady Churchill admitted that two decades earlier she had burnt the Graham Sutherland portrait of Winston, even though Winnie had called it "a remarkable example of modern art".

Wednesday The first ever "outside broadcast" was made from the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, in 1910. *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Pagliacci* were picked up by five radio receivers nearby and also by several ships in New York Harbour, in one of which 250 guests strained their ears to catch the crackly high notes.

Thursday In 1938 *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, Walt Disney's first full-length Technicolor cartoon, premiered in the US. In London it later received a severe A certificate instead of a child-friendly U.

Friday The Russian Imperial Ballet gave Tchaikovsky's *Sleeping Beauty* its first performance in 1890. The story was from Charles Perrault's 1697 *Tales of Mother Goose*.

Saturday One of the worst riots in theatre history was caused in 1769 when a conjuror, who had promised to squeeze himself into a quart bottle and "sing several songs", failed to turn up at the Haymarket.

Sunday Roger Ruskin Spear, painter and founder-member of the absolutely barking Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band, died in 1990.

Konstantin Stanislavsky was born in 1863; his work inspired Lee Strasberg to devise the "Method" style of acting, which lives on in theatrical exercises: Be a python, Marlon.

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Legal Notices

In the Matter of B & N INVESTMENTS LIMITED
And in the Matter of the Insolvency Act and Rules 1986
In accordance with Rule 4.106, I, Stephen John Adshad, Liquidator, do hereby give notice that on 30 December 1998 I was appointed Liquidator by a resolution of the members.
Notice is hereby given that the creditors of the above named company, which is being voluntarily wound up, are required, on or before 15 February 1999 to send in their full and complete claims, together with supporting documents, full particulars of their debts or claims, and the names and addresses of their creditors, to the undersigned, Stephen John Adshad, Liquidator, at 41 Caine Way, Southampton SO14 3JH.
The Liquidator of the said company, and if so required by notice in writing from the said Liquidator, are, personally or by their Solicitors, to come in and prove their debts or claims as each time and place as shall be specified in such notice, or as default thereon they will be excluded from the benefit of any distribution.
Note: This notice is purely formal. All creditors have been notified by e-mail.
Dated 5 January 1999
STEPHEN JOHN ADSHAD Liquidator

THE INSOLVENCY RULES 1986
SHAGATAIN ENTERPRISES LIMITED
IN LIQUIDATION
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN pursuant to Rule 4.106 of the Insolvency Rules 1986, that David Noel Wilson and Neil Andrew Brackenbury of 33 Wellington Street, Leeds LS1 4JP were appointed Joint Liquidators of the above named company on 10 December 1998 by the creditors.
Dated 5 January 1999
DAVID NOEL WILSON and NEIL ANDREW BRACKENBURY Joint Liquidators

VIDEO WATCH

MIKE HIGGINS

The Simpsons
The Last Temptation of Homer, £12.99
BART WAS the undisputed star of *The Simpsons* when it first came out – he had the novelty hit single and the line of licensed goods to prove it.
Even from its early series, though, it was very clear that its creator Matt Groening was "of Homer's party" – whether he knew it or not is open to question. Bart's layout, vernal excuse for a father was a writer's gift, the couch potato spirit of Springfield made flesh (yellow flesh, naturally, and a lot of it).

Their catchphrases alone show to what extent Homer has elbowed his first-born out of the way (a typically Homer thing to do, as it happens): Homer's exclamation – "Doh!" – is everywhere, while no one's been told to eat their shorts for years.
Which brings us on to *The Last Temptation of Homer*. Four episodes selected for



Funny men: Homer Simpson and Frasier



their insight into the man about the Simpson house: Homer gets hair and promotion (*Simpson & Delilah*); Homer thinks he's been poisoned by a deadly blowfish in a Japanese restaurant, and has 24 hours to come to terms with his life (*One Fish, Two Fish, Blowfish, Bluefish*); Homer gets landed with the kids and the house (*Homer Alone*), and Homer gets a new career as a

manager of a country music starlet (*Colonel Homer*).
All good, as usual, but check out *One Fish for the Fun* that follows Homer's first encounter with sushi.

Frasier
Box Set, £29.99
CHANNEL 4 schedulers know what they're about. After a Friday evening dollop of the sublime – but saccharine –

Friends, there's nothing better than a dash of *Frasier* as a nice, tart antidote.

Come to think of it, both sitcoms show the incestuous consequences of over-crowded apartments. Unlike the storm-in-a-tea-cup-kiss-and-make-up tiffs of the late twentysomethings, however, Frasier, Niles, their dad and their housekeeper, Daphne, just about manage to rub along together – which is just as it should be.
What's more, it's rare that a great sitcom spawns an equally good successor: But *Frasier*, son of *Cheers*, showed it was possible, and these 12 episodes, comprising a "best of" selection, are as good a proof as any. I suppose it was inevitable that the show's star, Kelsey Grammer (pictured), would attempt a film career (see your local videotape's bargain bin). It's so needless, though. What comic actor wouldn't give his right leg to be immortalised as that peerless complex of neurotic pretensions – Frasier Crane?

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NETWORK

The digital life of Esther Dyson

She can't remember the last time she went on holiday and only goes home to sleep. So does that make 'the most powerful woman in cyberspace' a lonely workaholic? Far from it. **Melanie McGrath** finds she's a woman madly in love... with ideas

I think of who I am as what I've done," says Esther Dyson. It is 11am and the woman *The New York Times* described as "the most influential woman in all the computer world" has already conducted a breakfast meeting, given a press interview, answered a few dozen e-mails, ploughed the hotel swimming pool and been mistaken for Jenny Seagrove by a passing film journalist.

Dyson doesn't like to waste time. It is a relief, she says, to realise that she "doesn't have to do everything". But then, she's already made millions and become a successful venture capitalist, publisher, technological consultant and "one of the 50 most influential people in the New Establishment", according to *Vanity Fair*. Her company, EDventure Holdings, publishes the acclaimed hi-tech newsletter *Release 2.0* and runs PC Forum, the industry's brightest talkshop. Her venture capital fund, EDventure Ventures, nurtures hi-tech start-ups in Eastern Europe and she sits on the boards of organisations as diverse as the Eurasia Foundation and the Russian Centre for Internet Technologies. She has the ear of both Bill Gates and Clinton - and her first book about the Net, *Release 2.0: A Design for Living in the Digital Age*, recently revised and published in paperback as *Release 2.1*, cornered her a \$1m advance and *The New York Times*'s endorsement as "the most powerful woman in the Net-erati". Dyson herself is not particularly keen on the epithet. She agrees that it is probably true, "though unfortunately that's not saying much".

At 47, Esther Dyson still looks remarkably girlish. Her hair is cut in an impish crop, bleached a weird orange-brown by her daily swim, she fidgets on her seat and she is dressed in a disconcerting mess of "sleazy jacket, shapeless pink jumper and many jeans, suggestive both of effort and unworlship".

After the publication of *Release 2.0*, Dyson was criticised for being unrealistic about the Net's prospects, but she insists that her optimism is reserved not for the Net itself, "which is just a medium", but for the people using it.

"If you give individuals more power, they'll probably do more good things than bad things and so I'm in favour of giving individuals power and responsibility and respect," she says. "My power isn't making people do things, which is what Bill Gates can do, it's making people see things. I can only explain to people why they should do something. They'll do it if I make sense."

Fortunately, she generally succeeds. Only a year on from its first publication, many of the innovations Dyson advocated in *Release 2.0* such as anti-spam measures and better tools for privacy - are already being introduced into Net com-

merce. "I won't say I was wholly responsible, but I was certainly instrumental in some of those things," Dyson remarks.

It is this unbending faith in her own ability to affect things that explains part of Dyson's success. Touted as one of the Net's visionaries, Dyson's greatest talents lie more accurately in analysis, strategy and policy-making. It is for these that the US government has recently appointed her chairwoman of the Internet Corporation for Assigned Names and Numbers (Icann), the international organisation that has been set up to oversee the privatisation of the Net's complex addressing system.

Dyson has other avenues of influence, too. It was Dyson who suggested to Bill Gates that Microsoft invest more heavily in her beloved Russia. And though there's no way of knowing whether Gates acted directly on her advice, she's quick to point out that Microsoft has increased its Russian presence.

Gates was once a regular at Dyson's PC Forum and has been quoted as saying "What [Esther Dyson] writes about is what I'm interested in". And though the association seems to have cooled of late, Dyson still appears to be faintly obsessed by the B-word. Gates, she notes, "has become an object, and people project a lot of things on to him - 'the richest man in America' - and I'm an object, too, so people project their own fantasies - 'the most powerful woman on the Net' - on to me."

There are other, less welcome byproducts of Dyson's Net celebrity status. At 47, unmarried and famously driven, the woman who cannot remember when she last went on holiday and only goes back to her apartment "to sleep and sometimes to read" is often portrayed as a lonely workaholic in need of a life. "The theory being that I'm so intellectual and arid and brittle and digital that I have no human feelings". This, she insists, is simply not true.

If anything, Dyson wears her heart on her sleeve. It's just that her heart is already taken up. The greatest loves of her life are and always have been ideas.

Everything in her background suggested a career in academe. At 14, she was fluent in French and German and already learning Russian because "my father had been to Russia a couple of times so we knew that Russians were good even though the Soviets were bad and I thought, why not?" The daughter of a prominent mathematician and a famous scientist, Dyson spent her childhood surrounded by intellectuals and their concerns. At 16, she was studying economics at Harvard. It was a heady existence. "My younger brother and I were expected to be clever, everyone was clever - my parents, the other kids at school, the Nobel Prize winners who would



Esther Dyson: 'I'd love to go to the theatre, play with my nieces and sit on the beach, but the things I'm doing tend to be more interesting' *Kalpesh Lathigra*

come to our house for dinner," she has said.

When Dyson was five, her mother, the Swiss mathematician Vera Huber-Dyson, took a lover, quit the family and moved to California. Dyson has herself claimed - rather implausibly - that she was unaffected by her mother's departure. Her father, the eminent British astrophysicist, Freeman Dyson, remembers the five-year-old Esther exclaiming: "Who needs a mother once the milk has gone?"

Perhaps as a result of that rather fundamental abandonment, Dyson grew up with a furious ambition to succeed. Like many children of famous parents, she had to struggle to make her mark. "The whole reason I went into the commercial world was in some sense to establish my own identity," she insists. Unsurprisingly, she identified more strongly with her father than her mother as a child and admits that even now she is drawn to "what are perceived as masculine values". Oddly, she claims not to be proud of her father. "I think he's a great guy, but how can I be proud of something that just happened to me?"

Which is where Russia comes in. Dyson is a frequent visitor and it is clear she takes her Russian interests very seriously. She recently sank the reported \$1m advance for *Release 2.0* into the Russian computer industry and intends to increase her investments there. Dyson's almost fetishistic enthusiasm for the erstwhile evil empire seems to have little to do with personal enrichment. Money is rarely her primary motivation. Already a multimillionaire, she dresses un-

eventfully, takes the subway and has lived in the same Manhattan apartment for a quarter of a century. Her only indulgences appear to be first-class air travel and slick hotels. Perhaps her love affair with Russia is easier to understand in the context of Dyson's own extraordinary restlessness. Russia is, if nothing else, a country in flux and by her own account Dyson loves change. "I thrive on newness and adapting to things and dealing with circumstances," she says. "I pride myself on my ability to ride change."

All of which makes her perfectly placed to be chair of Icann. The system, which allocates domain names and matches them with numerical addresses, was administered until autumn last year under US government contract by a private company, Network Solutions.

At Icann, Dyson's somewhat daunting task will be to rationalise the existing system and to create for it a genuinely international administrative architecture. The kinds of problems that Icann will have - literally - to address range from how to handle non-Western alphabets to disputes over who gets what name.

"I'm going to spend a lot of time going around talking to people, which is what I enjoy," says Dyson about her new role. The new set-up will effectively free the Internet from US government control, creating a series of naming protocols which fully reflect the Net's now well established international and commercial character.

"Clearly, what we are doing is important because it is a model for

governance, and when your jurisdiction extends outside a single country, as it does with us, you have a lot of responsibility to do it right, which we won't. There will be a lot of trial and error."

Dyson seems vague about the details. "It will probably be 'he who pays the most gets the name,'" she shrugs, and a look of mild irritation spreads across her face when I ask how that will serve anyone but the big corporations. "I don't think anyone is going to be paying a huge amount for, say, my mother's name," she says. But what if your mother were called by Walt Disney because the name had already been "bought"?

'I thrive on newness and adapting to things. I pride myself on my ability to ride through change'

by the entertainment giant? I suggest. "Well, maybe she'll have to call herself Walt X Disney on the Net," Dyson sighs. "It's not the world's greatest tragedy." Perhaps not, but it is a surprising response from the woman who claims to "represent the little guy".

It is those little guys who make up most of Dyson's flotilla of e-mail correspondents. She gets between 500 and 1,500 messages a day, and still answers most of them personally. Her capacity for work is leg-

endary. It's the kind of life that most people would find rootless and wearisome, but Dyson adores it. "Workaholicism is what you do to escape your life," she insists, "but I'm telling you I'm happy. If I had nothing better to do I'd love to go to the theatre, read novels, play with my nieces, go to movies and sit on the beach, but the things I'm doing tend to be more interesting."

Does Dyson's emotional investment in her work serve to protect her from the ordinary disenchantments of everyday life, I wonder? She looks at me dryly: "You have your theories."

It is this contradictory aspect that makes Esther Dyson both beguiling and exhausting. While her personality is, by her own admission, almost spookily self-contained, she appears blessed with a genuinely unwavering appetite for new people and new ideas. A part of her is still innocent, still questing, still in the process of becoming.

A while ago the most influential woman in the computer world had a dream that has gripped her imagination. It was about the year 2030 in the dream. She was living in an old people's home, and her fellow companions were trying to persuade her to go out dancing with them. "But I didn't want to go. I realised I no longer found the world interesting. I knew that I was ready to die," she recalls.

However, her face lights up as she tells the tale. She thanks the photographer and checks her watch for the next appointment. "And you know what?" she continues. "It was a really happy feeling."

We'll all end up paying for computer illiteracy

ACCORDING TO a recent survey of Internet access, only 18 per cent of UK schools have even one computer with a Net connection. This compares with 38 per cent in Germany, 35 per cent in France and staggering 66 per cent in the United States. It is clear that we are falling behind in the cyberspace race.

Since it's taken five years to wire up just 18 per cent of our schools, at this rate it will take 20 years to connect the rest. That means that not one but several generations will leave school clueless about information technology. To make the matters worse, the survey indicates that 80 per cent of computer equipment is located in only 20 per cent of schools. So not just Internet skills, but general computer skills, are failing to be taught. It is impossible to achieve any meaningful IT education if there are 30 students per computer in some schools, and no computers at all in others. We are creating a two-

tier society, with a techno-elite coming from the well equipped schools, and the rest forming an unemployable underclass.

The Department of Education doesn't seem worried. I recently heard someone from the DoE claim that "there will be plenty of jobs for non-computer-literate people, and besides, we don't want to build up the expectations of kids who will then go to work as cashiers or sales assistants". The fact that the work of cashiers in supermarkets is fast going out of the window, thanks to self-scanning systems being piloted in Sainsbury's and other retailers, is obviously lost on the DoE. Such an attitude shows that the class system is alive and kicking under New Labour, but it also demonstrates a lack of strategic human resource planning that will cost all of us dear in the future, when we have to pay unemployment benefits to all those kids.

Within the next three to five years, sales assistants' work will

be automated by self-check-outs, bank tellers will be replaced by increasingly functional ATMs and online banking, and travel agents will be replaced by online booking. These new ways of automating services will create lots of new jobs, but jobs that will require solid computer competence. For example, sales assistants will be replaced by online call centre operators, but they will have to be able to work with the Web and a multitude of other software applications. Will we be forced to employ better educated Dutch, French and German school-leavers to deal with the increasingly complex work in the service sector?

Allowing schools to go without computers is bad housekeeping for tomorrow. It's also outrageous that so much potential talent is being lost owing to the lack of access. Great programmers and system designers come from many walks of life, often from underprivileged backgrounds. We can ill afford to miss out on those



EVA PASCOE
At this rate it will take 20 years to wire up the rest of our schools

kids who may turn out to be great programmers, but at the moment can't even get near a computer.

There are no easy answers to this problem. According to the schools that do have computers for pupils, a bill of around £1,500 per pupil comes with wiring up a school. Schools must budget for

system support, network support, Internet subscription, upgrades, teacher training, etc. This is the result of squeezing expensive business computing solutions into the classroom. The unfortunate truth is that most schools can afford to spend only about £85 per pupil on information technology. Since the gap between the costs and the available funds is unbridgeable, we must look for other ways of achieving computer education for every child in the UK.

Some companies have tackled the problem of lack of suitability of business solutions in a school environment. Pavilion Internet is one, having developed a school-environment server for the Brighton area. Called Nina, it takes into consideration the lack of technical knowledge in schools and provides a cheap solution with remote support, low-cost maintenance and all the special requirements teachers need, such as ability to monitor children's online activity and the

blocking of unsuitable websites. But Nina is not free, and therefore is a solution for some schools but not for all.

The bottom line is that without a concentrated volunteer effort, we are not going to solve the problem. There are more than 1.2 million computer professionals in the UK. If some of us managed to find time to contribute to a local initiative, the task of getting more kids access to a computer and the Internet should be achievable over two or three years.

In the US, General Colin Powell has led the charge with the Alliance for Youth (www.americaspromise.org), a scheme to build up volunteer support for disadvantaged schools and neighbourhoods. Some, such as the National Urban Technology Center (www.urbantech.org), help inner-city kids to build their own websites and supervises their programming efforts. One centre I recently visited in San Francisco offers free after-school

computer access to local children, supervised by retired teachers and computer professionals on a rota basis (www.child.net). There is also Chalk (Communities in Harmony Advocating for Learning and Kids), originally sponsored by Apple Computer but now fully staffed with teenage volunteers who help their peers to get into computing. The teenagers can earn pocket money providing PC support for their neighbourhood, but also get a first step on the career ladder through internships with local companies.

The Internet was created and developed by many people contributing their time without pay. Now the time has come to do it again, to help all of those children who are not fortunate enough to live in the catchment area of a wired school.

E-mail me with your ideas on providing kids with computing skill, at eva@never.com

Jobs gambles on fruit machines



Steve Jobs shows off Apple's colourful new iMacs: 'We hope people will want to collect all five'

Apple's boss unveiled a colourful new line of iMacs and a redesigned Power Mac at the annual Macworld Expo. By Richard Kelly Heft

The Steve Jobs show hit San Francisco at the annual Macworld Expo last week, and Apple's acting chief executive had lots of goodies to wow the faithful.

The iMac, which has been a roaring success since its launch in August, is soon to be available in five tasty new colours: blueberry, grape, tangerine, lime and strawberry. As well, Apple's G3 Power Mac has been redesigned along the lines of the iMac in a translucent 'fish bowl' with handles and a side panel that flips down to reveal the computer's innards.

Buttons bearing the word "Yum" handed out by the company in the new colours seemed to sum up the buzz of the expo. The company that has long thrived on being the rebel of the computer business is truly back. Over the past few years, Apple appeared to have run out of ideas: its designs were drab, it was hemorrhaging money and swiftly losing relevance.

However, with the astonishing success of the iMac last month it accounted for 8.2 per cent of home computer sales, making it the top-selling US model, all that has changed. The new colours put the company back in the business of tweaking the noses of the computer establishment. Instantly, the designs make the traditional PC look downright dowdy by comparison.

"It makes you wonder why it took so long for people to think of coming out with different colours for computers," said Jane Girard, 27, a San Francisco-based website producer. Almost lost in all the excitement of Jobs's keynote speech was the news that Apple had turned a profit for the fifth straight quarter. It was another important milestone. Before the return of Jobs in late 1996, Apple had suffered two years of knee-buckling losses and faced a highly uncertain future.

There are still long-term concerns: the company must overcome historic problems of inspiring developers to write software for the Mac; Apple has been all but wiped out of the business market (accounting for just 2 per cent of sales last year); and there is the cold reality of a world dominated by the Windows platform.

But what Apple lacks in numbers it appears to make up for in devotion. How else can you account for the drawing power of the messianic Jobs, whose speech was such a hot ticket that enthusiasts began queuing up at the Moscone Convention Center at 5.30am. Bill Gates would have to offer free shares in Microsoft to draw that kind of crowd.

Jobs, 43 and increasingly round-faced saved his candy-coloured iMacs for the grand finale. The products drew gasps from the crowd. "We hope people will want to collect all five," he deadpanned.

But a small, inexpensive product that might be as

important to Apple as all its fancy new colours is a new piece of software. Silicon Valley-based Connectix released the Virtual Game Station, a program that for \$49 promises to turn an iMac or G3 into a Sony PlayStation. Although not all titles run well, the company lists hundreds of games which are said to run almost seamlessly – a big boost for Apple because of the relative dearth of games written for the Mac. Jobs also announced that new versions of a dozen popular games such as Quake, Myth II, Sim City and Fly! will be available in the next six months.

Increasingly, software companies are taking the platform seriously. John Geelyne, Corel's Macintosh product manager, said his company committed a "huge cultural faux pas" when in 1996 it released Draw 8.0 for the Mac – "essentially a Windows product we converted to run on a Macintosh". Geelyne said that for the just-released version 8.0 they started from the ground up designing for the Mac. "With the success of the iMac, we have a lot of other products we intend to bring to market. It has opened our eyes as to what we have to develop."

Although not everyone was over-impressed with the new designs, particularly that of the new G3, which looks derivative of the iMac but less attractive, Apple disciples seem most pleased that the company is back on its feet.

"The bottom line is, if it gets more people to try Macs, I think it's a good thing," said James Jardine, a PR consultant, of the G3. "Owning a Mac is sort of like a religious feeling. You want to see them [Apple] do well."

Jobs's speech was such a hot ticket that enthusiasts began queuing up at 5.30am

Tools of the trade put to the test

IF YOU sit still in this business, events will rapidly overtake you. But that's not always a bad thing. Last week, I had planned to do a review of Web design software but then decided to talk about the state of Web design, recapping events for the New Year. So my reviews of GoLive's CyberStudio and Macromedia's Dreamweaver were delayed until today. In the small space of a week, everything changed when Adobe Systems, the largest provider of imaging software technologies, acquired GoLive, including its assets, chief among which is CyberStudio.

Adobe has its own Web design software, HomeSite, but, although it was an early contender, it never really caught on. CyberStudio, on the other hand, is the top-selling Web design software for the Mac (it is currently a Mac-only program). So, while Netscape and Microsoft square off for the hearts of Web surfers, Adobe and its chief rival, Macromedia, battle for the hearts of Web designers – both offering a suite of programs to get you from concept to product quickly and attractively. Macromedia offers Freehand, FireWorks and Dreamweaver. Adobe offers Illustrator, ImageReady, PageMill and, now, CyberStudio.

A few months ago I reviewed Adobe and Macromedia's bit-map software (Net address: www.independent.co.uk/net/980617ne/story6.html), but what about the Web design software? Let's take a look.

CyberStudio Professional Edition 3.1, £250 www.golive.com

CyberStudio started life as a complete HTML creation package that has evolved to include JavaScript, Cascading Style Sheets and Dynamic HTML capabilities. It includes these tools in an easy-to-use environment with all of the various tags conveniently located and alterable from its various palettes, which allow you to see those changes as you make them.

You can work in Layout mode that provides wysiwyg capabilities, Frames mode for editing the frames content of the page, Source mode for editing the raw HTML source, and, finally, Outline mode, which is really useful for seeing the structure of a Web page.

WEB DESIGN



JASON CRANFORD TEAGUE

CyberStudio checks your code and predicts download times as well as alerting you to potential problems in various browsers, not to mention checking all of your links to ensure that they are valid. You can add new tags or change the attributes of existing tags as new standards become available.

CyberStudio also includes an excellent FTP client and site management tools. Various options allow you to manage your site and even selectively upload only those files that have been changed since the last upload. The feature list goes on and on, but almost everything that you could want to do with a Web page is possible using CyberStudio.

Dreamweaver 2.0, £299 www.macromedia.com

While CyberStudio started as an HTML program that integrated DHTML components, Dreamweaver started as a DHTML program that has integrated more and more HTML components. Dreamweaver is primarily a wysiwyg layout program that allows you to preview the final results as you create the page. Although you can view the HTML code with the press of a button, Dreamweaver relies upon third-party software to provide rigorous HTML editing capabilities. For the Windows version, this is Allaire's Homesite program (www.allaire.com) and for the Macintosh version Dreamweaver uses BBEdit (www.bbedit.com).

One really handy feature of Dreamweaver is the "Cleanup HTML" command, which will go through the HTML code and eliminate redundant or unnecessary tags. Not only does this look a lot more professional, it

can also save a lot of download time by making your code more compact.

Dreamweaver includes a bevy of other tools and utilities such as FTP and site management, as well as the ability to create templates that separate the content from the design. Dreamweaver is also ready to tackle new Web technologies such as XML (Net address: www.independent.co.uk/net/981005ne/story6.html) without blinking an eye.

Macromedia has worked hard between releases to turn Dreamweaver from a simple DHTML generator into a fully featured Web design program, and the results are quite impressive.

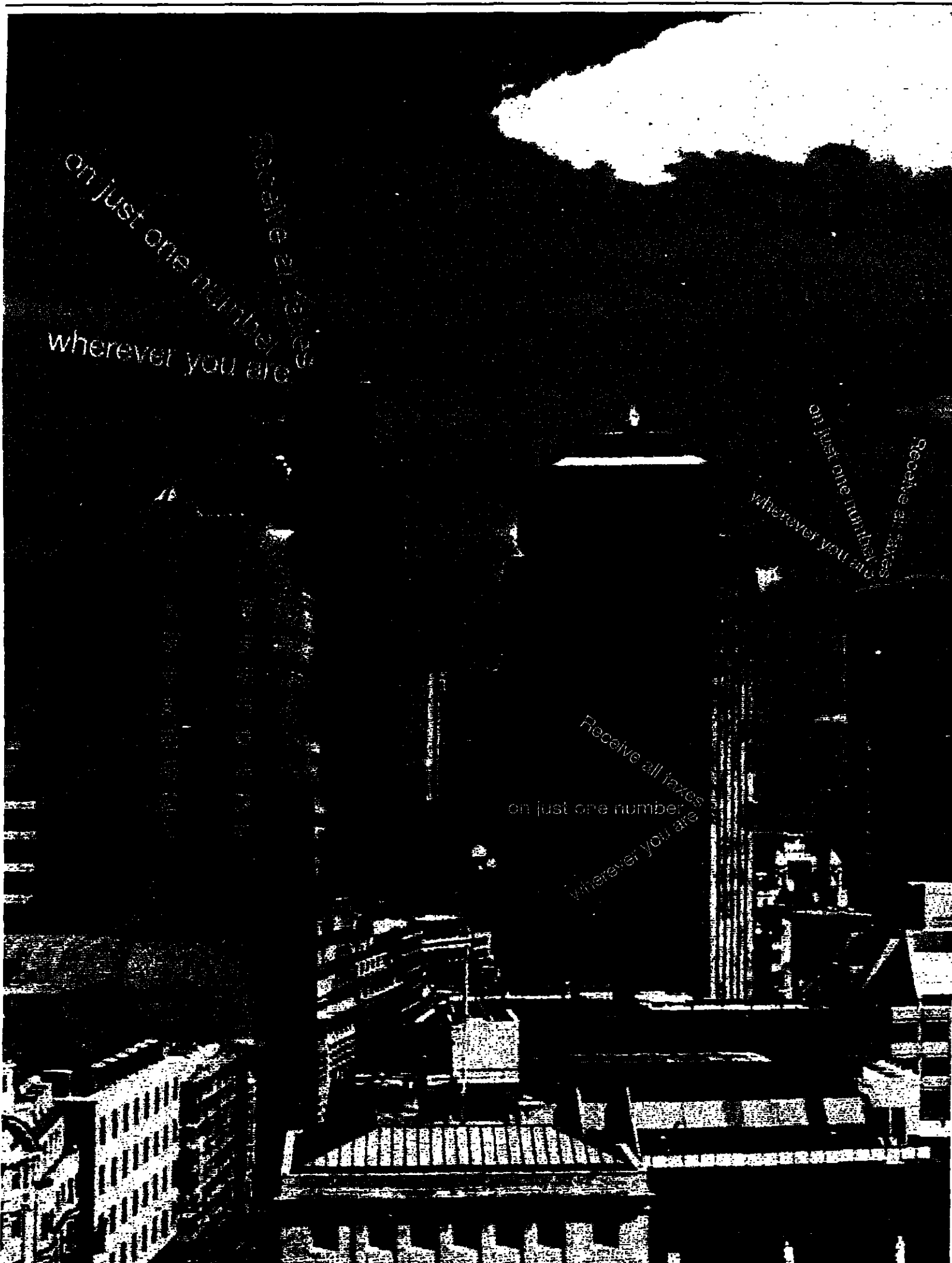
Recommendation
Before the release of Macromedia Dreamweaver 2.0 just a month or so ago, the choice was clear: GoLive CyberStudio was the hands-down winner. However, with this current release, Macromedia has taken great strides towards balancing that picture.

Still, CyberStudio comes out ahead on several crucial features. First, Dreamweaver's lack of an integrated HTML code-editing system is a major turn-off, and its other features do not fully make up for this shortcoming. Second, CyberStudio comes out way ahead when creating Cascading Style Sheets and its JavaScript editor cannot be beaten.

If you are designing on a Mac, you can't go wrong purchasing CyberStudio. But now that Adobe has purchased GoLive, a Windows version is promised soon. If you are on a PC and just can't wait, Dreamweaver is an excellent program. But professional Web developers may want to try Allaire's Homesite by itself first to see if it meets your needs before spending the extra money.

The good news is that you don't have to take my word for all of this; you can decide for yourself. All of these programs offer fully functional versions that will work free of charge for one month. Download them from their respective sites and see which one works best for you. Write and let me know what you think about them.

indy_webdesign@mindspring.com



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MY TECHNOLOGY

The naked photocopier

The anthropologist Desmond Morris made his name with pop-science bestsellers such as 'The Naked Ape' and 'People Watching'. But he is also an artist who finds colour copying a boon

There are people who are frightened of technology, who are scared of new fangled things. Some friends of mine would almost prefer to work with a quill pen. And quite famous authors still do long hand in little exercise books. But I got accustomed to technology thanks to my childhood. My father was a writer, so when I was very small he gave me a proper typewriter and I could type almost before I could write. I resisted the computer until ten years ago because I loved my IBM typewriter, a big, black elegant machine. But the electronic "cut and paste" facility on a computer was something an author who loves to fiddle around with words couldn't ignore.

My favourite technology is my colour photocopier. It's the most useful piece of gear I have had since I got my computer. I first got interested in having a colour copier when I was doing an interview for a television programme at a cartoon studio in Los Angeles, where inevitably they had amazing technology. There was a magnificent colour copier. I found out they cost something like £15,000. However, then Hewlett Packard produced one for only about £700 - the OfficeJet Pro 1150C.

The quality is absolutely wonderful. The reason it is cheaper is the plate is smaller than A4. The copier is quite small and can sit on my desk next to my computer. How I use it is rather strange - I put objects on it. I am writing a book on lucky charms and many charms are very small, so I put them on the colour copier, enlarge, reproduce and file these copies away. The alternative would be to go through the labour of photographing them. I use the photocopier as a professional photographer uses instant snaps to get an idea of the picture.

Also as a painter I do a lot of colour sketches and, again, I can put those, or even small canvasses, on the copier for my own record. At the moment I have paintings on exhibition in Brussels and Antwerp, but before the gallery took them I made colour copies.



Computer watching... Desmond Morris surrounded by his favourite pieces of technology

Hannah Gal

It's not only insurance, it makes a record of the work. I have done one original work on the copier by placing objects on the plate to make a face. It was just a bit of fooling around. I have thought of arranging bits of colour paper on the plate like a Matisse - you could have one copy as an original or a 10-print limited edition.

My thoughts about technology is that the human brain is forever inventing new things and it has been doing this for thousands of years, ever since the first flint axe. Technology has enabled us to develop our cul-

ture. Every step we have taken with technology is the result of our most human quality - our enquiring mind. We have an inventive, child-like brain which is constantly playing with new ideas. And this is something that we should cherish.

Saying that, the one piece of technology I think is overrated is the mobile phone. This business of being always available is bad, it means you are never alone with your thoughts. It's too intrusive.

When I discovered computers were so wonderful, I was very extravagant

and got a huge screen, the largest possible, nearly twice the size of an ordinary screen. I am on the Internet and use it for research. Obviously one double checks information from the Net.

I don't shop on the Internet because I feel that, the moment I put my card number into the machine, it's gone into the ether.

Anyone who thinks that all these new fangled things are leading us into trouble is being very stupid. Everything we develop can be used badly, but if the knife was invented for cutting up food, you can't say no to knives

as someone might be stabbed. You can't let technology control you. In the end you have to take the risk.

I am totally in favour of every technological advance. I think anyone who is opposing it is really being incredibly short-sighted. But there is a secret: the technology must always be the servant, and never the master.

INTERVIEW BY
JENNIFER RODGER

An Exhibition of Desmond Morris' is currently at the Witteveen Gallery, Amsterdam

WEBSITES

BILL PANNIFER

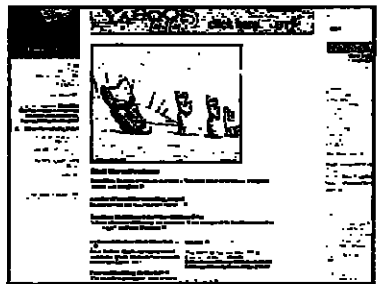
The New Statesman New Media Awards

www.newstatesman.co.uk
The Statesman launched its full online edition last month, and with it, a crusade to promote the democratic potential of the Internet. The 1999 Electronic Town Hall Competition offers a series of awards to those who employ the new media to improve accountability and civic participation. Nominations are already being invited, but readers who register online will have a chance to influence the debate before a judges' panel of web designers, politicians, journalists and other low life makes its final decision. Winners of the contest, a joint undertaking with political consultants public-policy.net, will be announced in a special edition of the magazine in June. Meanwhile most of the usual Stagers content

is available free, for now at least, on the upgraded site, including its more traditional competitions: limericks or even haiku inspired by the euro to be submitted by Thursday, please.

Vocabulary

www.vocabulary.com
Go link crazy with this innovative service, which will turn any Web page into a palimpsest of dictionary definitions and alternative versions. Enter the URL of the chosen site, and then click on any individual word within it to obtain an explanation from Webster's or from specialised medical and computing glossaries or an equivalent term from a thesaurus. A range of foreign language dictionaries will translate the text - with variable success - into French, Italian, Portuguese or Welsh. The online Works of Shakespeare or, more



obscurely, a page about Poisons and their Antidotes, are suggested for a test run, and text from elsewhere may also be pasted in for elucidation.

The Oldie

www.theoldie.co.uk
Richard Ingrams' gerontozine shuffles into cyberspace in a bid to "overtake the whizzkidds on the information superhighway". The former Private Eye editor has now

grudgingly accepted the new medium, despite previous disdain for its youthfulness and trendiness, though the main aim of the rather minimal site seems to be to recruit subscriptions and adverts for the print version. There is a Guide to the Internet for "silver surfers", though the carefully jargon-free suggestions for older Web users (book ordering and scanning family snaps) seem rather tame compared with the usual tone of the mag. A page on how to write an obituary is, however, entitled "Putting the Fun into Funeral". There are details of literary lunches, and a selective online bookstore including usual suspects such as Auberon Waugh, along with odder choices such as Lowry's Under the Volcano.

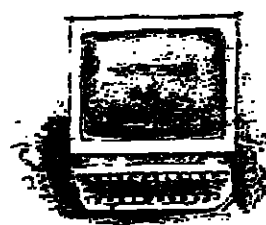
Adopt an MP

www.stand.org.uk
A visit here may not result in a

youthful parliamentarian being delivered to your doorstep in a basket. However, it will enable you to "adopt" (or, as the site puts it, @dopt) an adult version and take responsibility for his or her education in matters digital. The emphasis here is on worrying trends in the Government's encryption policy. Volunteers receive a personalised adoption certificate ("I've adopted my MP!") that they can post on their own websites, and they are asked to e-mail their political representatives with comments and suggestions once more details of the forthcoming Electronic Commerce Bill have become available. Responsible for this lobbying wheeze is Stand, a loose and insistently single-issue group which is campaigning for secure and uncompromised e-commerce legislation.

BYTES

ANDY OLDFIELD



USE OF e-mail in the UK is the most highly developed in Europe, according to a study published by BMRB International last week. Drawing on a sample of 12,000 adults in 12 European countries, it found that a larger proportion of the UK's Internet users employ e-mail to keep in contact with work colleagues and friends than any other nation in Europe - more than 50 per cent, compared with a European average of just 34 per cent.

Overall, Internet use was dominated by Scandinavia. More than half of all Swedes, nearly 50 per cent of Finns and 46 per cent of Danes have used the Internet. This contrasts with just under a third of people in the UK, Holland, Ireland and Austria, 25 per cent in France and Belgium and 20 per cent in Germany and Spain. Only 19 per cent of Italians have used the Net.

In most countries, including the UK, more people access the Net at work than at home. The exceptions are Sweden, Denmark and Germany, where home use is higher, and Belgium and Spain, where home and work use are at similar levels. French, Irish and Austrian users are more likely to have connected at school or university than at home.

bankruptcy for a second time. In October, Hayes for the second time in three years filed for Chapter 11 of the US bankruptcy code to gain protection from creditors. The company, which once employed 1,200, laid off hundreds of workers before Christmas. The final cuts came after continuing management disputes and falling sales. "The bank said it would only fund a liquidation, and not our ongoing operations," said Ron Howard, the former chief executive officer. "The bank's approach will not realise substantial value unless they change course quickly. There are ways to liquidate a company and still produce substantial value."

IN WASHINGTON, the Microsoft anti-trust trial resumed after the Christmas recess. William Harris, president of Intuit, testified that his company evaluated Web browsers from both Microsoft and Netscape and on merit would have chosen Microsoft's Internet Explorer (IE) to use with its Quicken money management software. He also said that Intuit wanted to carry on doing business with Netscape but decided to stop in return for an offer by Microsoft of a place on the Windows desktop. Bill Gates has denied knowledge of any such deal.

The US government's final witness, the MIT economics professor Franklin Fisher, said that unless the courts intervened, Microsoft would establish a monopoly in the Web browser market. He accused Microsoft of lowering the price of IE to zero to put Netscape out of business and halt the possible evolution of Navigator into a programming platform that could challenge Windows. Microsoft chose "predation to protect the operating system".

When Microsoft's lawyer Michael Lacomara suggested that PC makers might have an easier task because they get IE integrated with the Windows operating system, Fisher responded: "If Microsoft forced upon the world a single browser, that would make things simpler, but that's not what choice is about. We're going to live in a Microsoft world."

HAYES, THE pioneering company that introduced the modem for PCs in 1981 and set the standards for modem protocols, laid off all but a few of its workers last week after it failed to find a buyer to rescue it from

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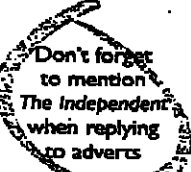
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For an application form and information pack, please write to Brian Ward, Orient Regeneration, 7 Kirkcaldie Road, London E11 1HP or telephone 0181 539 4742 (24 hour answerphone). Completed application forms must be returned by 10.30 am on Wednesday 27 January 1999.

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Ref: RR-106/IN

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An excellent opportunity for experienced Visual C++ AP's, with at least 3 years' commercial experience. As well as broadcasting experience, you will also have in your skill set, Visual Studio 97, ACTIVE X, DCOM, ATL/STL, OOD, Windows95 and NT, Oracle and MTS knowledge. Brill role. Call Pam now on 0171 839 2825.
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POLICE INFORMATION TECHNOLOGY ORGANISATION (PITO)
TECHNICAL ANALYSTS

4 PERMANENT POSTS IN LONDON

PITO is responsible for managing the National Strategy for Police Information Systems (NSPIS). This strategy involves the definition, procurement and implementation of a wide range of computer applications for the 43 police forces in England and Wales.

CONFIGURATION MANAGEMENT In the range of £20-26,000

The role of the Configuration Management Team represents PITO in post-contract negotiations and discussions relating to NSPIS applications. We are seeking to recruit an assistant to the Configuration Manager.

The Person

You will be able to demonstrate:

- A systems development background using structured methodologies
- Technical experience encompassing distributed computing platforms/networked systems management and, ideally, experience of configuration management
- A thorough understanding of Open Systems standards
- The ability to communicate well, orally and in writing

The Job

You will:

- Implement a Configuration Management System, developing the practices and procedures necessary to maintain an up-to-date configuration library
- Maintain the Configuration Library
- Assist/deputise for the Configuration Manager at Project Boards and User Group meetings, in negotiations with suppliers and in carrying out impact analyses.

BROWSER ACCESS PROJECT

In the range of £20-26,000

We are seeking a Technical Analyst to work initially on this project which will provide a Single Sign On solution for web-enabled applications to Police Forces. The solution will encompass authentication, authorisation and audit services. Thereafter you will assist in the identification of requirements and evaluation of solutions often as a team member but sometimes leading small projects.

The Person

You will be able to demonstrate:

- That you are a good team worker with strong interpersonal and communication skills
 - Self motivation and a desire to explore the potential of current and new technologies
- Experience in the field of Browser Technology, Intranet and Extranet Security, PKI, X509 and LDAP would be advantageous.

The Job

You will:

- Assist with the preparation of a user requirement, the procurement stage and a pilot implementation in a Police environment.

All posts will provide the opportunity to become closely involved in existing and new environments. Although based in London, some travel with overnight stays away from home is likely.

If you think you have the appropriate knowledge, skills and vision to ensure that PITO delivers the most advanced policing systems in the world, to find out more about PITO and to apply for these positions call Michael Diaz on 0181 358 5402 or send your CV By Post To: Michael Diaz, PITO, Room 105, Horseferry House, Dean Ryle Street, London SW1P 2AW.

By Fax to: Michael Diaz Fax No: 0181 358 5538. E-mail to: pito_tasd.pso@compuserve.com

CLOSING DATE FOR COMPLETED APPLICATIONS: Friday 22nd January 1999.

PITO welcomes applications from candidates regardless of ethnic origin, religious belief, gender, sexual orientation, disability or any other irrelevant factor.

DATA ANALYST/SENIOR DATA ANALYST In the range of £23-30,000

The post is in the Data Standards Group (DSG) of the Police Information Technology Organisation. DSG is responsible for creating data item definitions and a common data model for the various business areas of the police service. We are seeking to recruit a Data Analyst or Senior Data Analyst.

The Person

You will be able to demonstrate:

- A systems development background using structured methodologies
- Proven ability in the data modelling area of computer development
- Familiarity with the SELECT CASE tool and with HTML would be an advantage.

The Job

You will:

- Develop and maintain data standards for use in NSPIS applications
- Test NSPIS applications for conformance to the data standards
- Maintain the NSPIS common data model using the SELECT CASE tool
- Produce an HTML version of the data model to enable Intranet access

STYLE GUIDE ANALYST

In the range of £20-26,000

We are seeking a Technical Analyst to work on the production and maintenance of the NSPIS Style Guide. The guide provides the necessary rules to enable users to develop consistent user interfaces on all GUI systems undertaken by PITO under the NSPIS programme. The guide will involve both Windows and Browser environments.

The Person

You will be able to demonstrate:

- A knowledge and understanding of the design and development of GUIs
 - Self motivation and a desire to explore the potential of current and new technologies.
- Experience in the field of Browser Technology, HTML, VB and/or DELPHI would be advantageous.

The Job

You will:

- Develop a new version of Style Guide for Windows based environments
- Develop a version of the Style Guide for use in Browser environments
- Manage the testing of NSPIS applications for conformance to the Style Guide
- Produce an HTML version of the Style Guide



Comms/Control

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Additionally you will be accountable for the Authority's computer security and virus policies.

Educated to Degree level in either Electronics or Computing, you must have five years experience of systems management, which must include Digital Open VMS and Pathworks and preferably IBM AIX. You will have technical knowledge of ODBC tools and extensive knowledge of PC architectures, operating systems and applications, especially Microsoft products.

For an application form and job description please contact the Personnel Department, Nottingham Health Authority, 1 Standard Court, Park Row, Nottingham NG1 6GN. Telephone (0115) 912 3344 Ext 49395. Quote ref Tech / Dev. Closing date for receipt of applications is 1 February 1999

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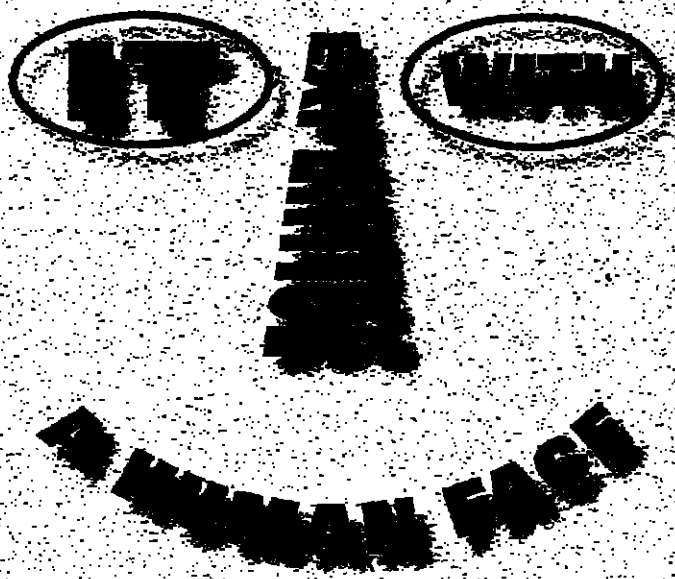
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NEW FILMS

LITTLE VOICE (15)
Director: Mark Herman
Starring: Jane Horrocks, Michael Caine
Holed up in her bedroom, timid North Country sparrow LV (Jane Horrocks) cannibalises her dead dad's record collection, perfects strident Shirley Bassey/Judy Garland impersonations, then falls in with Michael Caine's impresario; a low-rent, Bermuda-shirtd huckster with one rummy eye on the big time. Brenda Blethyn trundles around in a hip-hugging mini-skirt as LV's mum, Ewan McGregor pops up as a simple pigeon-breeder, and seedy seaside cartoonery runs as a garish visual backdrop. Where Mark Herman's last film, *Brassed Off*, was a whole and solid effort, *Little Voice* proves altogether more witty and piecemeal. For while the director does a decent spot of carpentry in remoulding Jim Cartwright's stage-play for the screen, the result still trades in gestures and caricature and is further hindered by tentative pacing. Bracing black comedy, Horrocks's vocal pyrotechnics, plus a marvelously weighted turn from the rejuvenated Caine push it through to the final curtain. **West End:** ABC Tottenham Court Road, Barbican Screen, Chelsea Cinema, Clapham Picture House, Curzon Mayfair, Hammersmith Virgin, Odeon Camden Town, Odeon Kensington, Odeon Marble Arch, Odeon Swiss Cottage, Odeon West End, Phoenix Cinema, Renoir, Ritzy Cinema, Screen on Baker Street, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Fulham Road.

PI (15)
Director: Darren Aronofsky
Starring: Sean Gulleite, Mark Margolis
Aronofsky's pungent debut idles in a kind of ante-room between maths lesson and art class, as Sean Gulleite's New York number-cruncher ponders a numerical code behind the holy Hebrew texts, and designer flourishes overrun the screen. The rhythm runs on a staccato beat - the tone is self-consciously lugubrious. What sustains *PI* is the pure-blood ingenuity of its central conceit, its ongoing "mathematics is the language of nature" mantra, and the louché, too-cool-for-school demeanour. It all adds up. **West End:** Curzon Soho, Gate Notting Hill, Ritzy Cinema, Screen on the Green, Screen on the Hill.

PSYCHO (15)
Director: Gus Van Sant
Starring: Vince Vaughn, Anne Heche
Homage or sacrilege? Photocopy or experiment? Whichever camp you fall into, Gus Van Sant's

shot-by-shot *Psycho* reconstruction is a bizarre undertaking. Here, the original's high-contrast black-and-white is dumped in favour of Edward Hopperish colour. Hefty Vince Vaughn stands in for twitchy Anthony Perkins, Anne Heche for Janet Leigh, and Julianne Moore for Vera Miles. In the meantime, Van Sant simply runs through a karaoke cover-version of the Hitchcock classic; a pitch-perfect bit of movie mimicry which has a definite curiosity value without ever quite adding up to much more besides. File this one under "White Elephants". **West End:** Empire Leicester Square, Hammersmith Virgin, Odeon Camden Town, Odeon Kensington, Odeon Marble Arch, Odeon Swiss Cottage, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Fulham Road, Virgin Haymarket.

THE SIEGE (15)
Director: Edward Zwick
Starring: Denzel Washington, Bruce Willis
A rare Hollywood attempt to get to grips with contemporary geopolitics, *The Siege* winds up a hopelessly fingers-and-thumbs affair. The nominal boss (Muslim terrorist bombing in New York) gets draped with all manner of garbled goings-on as Denzel Washington's FBI man rubs shoulders with Bruce Willis's gung-ho army renegade. Zwick desperately attempts to touch all the bases, but even the speedy, kinetic editing can't gloss over his film's messy marriage of perfunctory liberalism and noisy chest-beating. **West End:** Elephant & Castle Coronet, Odeon Camden Town, Odeon Kensington, Odeon Leicester Square, Odeon Marble Arch, Odeon Swiss Cottage, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Chelsea.

TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT (PG)
Director: Howard Hawks
Starring: Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall
That immortal "You know how to whistle, don't you?" line aside, *To Have and Have Not* has come to be more highly regarded for its behind-the-scenes history than its narrative content. Conceived as a *Casablanca* cash-in, and irreverently adapted from what Hawks reckoned to be Hemingway's worst novel, this wartime drama is credited with getting Bogart (then an unhappily married megastar) together with 19-year-old Bacall. The taut, proficient plot has Bogart's Martinique-based skipper sandwiched between the Vichy government and the Free French resistance. Hawks directs with a pointed, easy grace. **West End:** Curzon Soho.

Xan Brooks

GENERAL RELEASE

THE ACID HOUSE (18)
See *The Independent Recommends*, above. **West End:** Odeon Camden Town, Plaza, Ritzy Cinema, Virgin Fulham Road, Virgin Haymarket, Warner Village West End.

ANTZ (PG)
Computer-animated comedy voiced by a stellar cast stars Woody Allen as worker-ant "Z". **West End:** UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Chelsea, Virgin Trocadero.

THE APPLE (SIB) (PG)
Samira Mahmalbaf's precocious debut stages a true-life re-creation of the fortunes of Iran's Naderi sisters. Part docu-drama, part rites-of-passage fable, this is a luminous and extraordinary missive from a burgeoning Iranian film scene. **West End:** Metro, Renoir.

(B)ABE: PIG IN THE CITY (U)
The follow-up to *Babe* tosses the hapless "sheep pig" into the midst of the city where he becomes the unlikely saviour of a bunch of warts. Comedy is kept to a minimum in favour of a bleak-animatoric fairytale. **West End:** Plaza, UCI Whiteleys.

DANCING AT LUGHNASSA (PG)
Less a dance, more of a tribute, Pat O'Connor's Ireland-set saga pinpoints the ebb and flow of an eccentric Catholic family in deepest Donegal. What gives it backbone is Meryl Streep's regal performance as the brood's eldest sister, plus the ever watchable Michael Gambon as the homecoming brother. Kathy Burke, Catherine McCormack and Brid Brennan also feature. **West End:** Barbican Screen.

THE DREAM LIFE OF ANGELS
See *The Independent Recommends*, above. **West End:** ABC Swiss Centre.

ELIZABETH (15)
Shekhar Kapur's follow-up to *Bandit Queen* is the story of a female figurehead struggling to gain purchase in a male world. But opportunities for fun are largely neglected in a story of independence triumphing over cruelty. **West End:** ABC Pantion Street, Curzon Minema, Odeon Mezzanine.

ENEMY OF THE STATE (15)
Will Smith's fall-guy DA teams up with Gene Hackman's pensioned-off Pentagon warhorse and gets embroiled in all manner of Big Brother-type trouble. This is a big, noisy and effectively claustrophobic conspiracy thriller, with a top-drawer cast including Jon Voight and Gabriel Byrne. **West End:** ABC Tottenham Court Road, Clapham Picture House, Elephant & Castle Coronet, Odeon Camden Town, Odeon Kensington, Odeon Marble Arch, Odeon Swiss Cottage, Odeon West End, Ritzy Cinema, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Chelsea, Virgin Fulham Road.

THE MASK OF ZORRO (PG)
This gaudy swashbuckler gallops through 19th-century California in the company of Antonio Banderas's authentically Hispanic do-gooder. **West End:** Hammersmith Virgin, Odeon Kensington, Odeon Mezzanine, Odeon Swiss Cottage, Ritzy Cinema, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Fulham Road, Virgin Trocadero, Warner Village West End.

MULAN (U)
See *The Independent Recommends*, above. **West End:** Odeon Mezzanine, Warner Village West End.

MY NAME IS JOE (15)
See *The Independent Recommends*, above. **West End:** ABC Pantion Street, Clapham Picture House, Virgin Haymarket.

THE NEGOTIATOR (15)
Samuel L. Jackson and Kevin Spacey go head to

head in Gray's thrilling drama. **West End:** Warner Village West End.

OUT OF SIGHT (15)
See *The Independent Recommends*, above. **West End:** Plaza, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Chelsea, Virgin Trocadero.

THE PARENT TRAP (PG)
The *Parent Trap* catches Disney reheating its 1961 Lindsay Lohan as the separated-at-birth twin sisters (one British, one American) determined to reunite their parents (Natalie Richardson, Dennis Quaid). **West End:** Odeon Kensington, Odeon Swiss Cottage, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Chelsea.

A PERFECT MURDER (15)
This remake of Hitchcock's classic *Dial M for Murder* is actually not at all bad. Michael Douglas stars as the cuckolded city shark who blackmails an artist into killing his heiress wife, Gwyneth Paltrow. This is gold-plated trash: the sort of thing Hollywood does better than anyone else. **West End:** Warner Village West End.

THE PRINCE OF EGYPT (U)
In planning his cartoon life of Moses, DreamWorks honcho Jeffrey Katzenberg envisaged it "painted by Claude Monet and photographed by David Lean". The end result winds up as *The Ten Commandments* by way of Joseph and his Technicolor Dreamcoat. **West End:** ABC Baker Street, Empire Leicester Square, Hammersmith Virgin, Odeon Camden Town, Odeon Kensington, Odeon Marble Arch, Odeon Swiss Cottage, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Fulham Road, Virgin Trocadero.

RONIN (15)
Rather than adding value, John Frankenheimer's 40 years as a feature director lend an air of knackered resignation to his latest movie, which stars Robert De Niro. **West End:** Odeon Mezzanine.

RUSH HOUR (15)
Jackie Chan and Chris Tucker's star in this hit-and-miss affair. **West End:** Odeon Kensington, Odeon Marble Arch, Ritzy Cinema, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Trocadero, Warner Village West End.

SITCOM (18)
In this scattergun satire of middle-class mores, François Ozon takes pleasure in dismantling a standard nuclear family. The result is savage and funny one moment, indulgent the next. **West End:** Clapham Picture House, Curzon Soho.

STAR TREK: INSURRECTION (PG)
A belated Christmas gift for Trekkies the land over, *Insurrection* hits the cinemas stuffed with in-the-know gags and wrapped up in more cornball romance than we're used to. **West End:** ABC Baker Street, ABC Tottenham Court Road, Elephant & Castle Coronet, Empire Leicester Square, Hammersmith Virgin, Odeon Camden Town, Odeon Kensington, Odeon Marble Arch, Odeon Swiss Cottage, Ritzy Cinema, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Fulham Road, Virgin Trocadero.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT MARY (15)
Ben Stiller, Cameron Diaz and Matt Dillon star in this latest comedy from the pathologically tasteless writer-director team of Peter and Bobby Farrelly. The film is basically a soft-centred romance of the kind that drifts out of Hollywood on a regular basis. **West End:** ABC Piccadilly, Odeon Mezzanine.

WHAT DREAMS MAY COME (15)
Robin Williams perfects a lopsided simper as the dead chappie who lights out to a cod-Impressionist heaven, before jetting southward to rescue his suicide-bride. **West End:** ABC Baker Street, ABC Shaftesbury Avenue, Odeon, Haymarket, Virgin Chelsea, Virgin Trocadero, Warner Village West End.

THE INDEPENDENT RECOMMENDS

THE FIVE BEST FILMS

The Acid House (18)
A trio of interrelated shorts culled from the stories of Irvine Welsh (right). Debut director Paul McGuigan turns this into a bit of a triumph, adapting his style well to the shifting landscape of Welsh's tales. A cracker, all told.



The Dream Life of Angels (18)
Erick Zovca's remarkable debut draws its strength from the contrasting personalities of Isa (Elodie Bouchez) and Marie (Natacha Regnier), whose friendship comes alive amid the drab environs of Lille.

Mulan (U)
In Disney's animated tale, a girl disguises herself as a soldier to spare her ailing father from certain death in combat. This movie has it all, and is one of the most visually innovative films that Disney has ever made.

Out of Sight (15)
Steven Soderbergh's tale of love on opposite sides of the law knocks spots off previous Elmore Leonard adaptations, and boasts in Jennifer Lopez and George Clooney the swooniest cinema pairing of the year.

My Name is Joe (15)
All that one would expect from a Ken Loach film - humour, indignation, emotional sympathy - driven by Peter Mullan's scarily intense performance as a recovering alcoholic.

ANTHONY QUINN AND XAN BROOKS

THE FIVE BEST PLAYS

Copenhagen (Cottesloe)
Michael Frayn's profound and haunting meditation on science, morality and the mysteries of human motivation. To 27 Jan

The Tempest (Barbican Theatre)
David Calder is a magnificently querulous and authoritative Prospero in an imaginative RSC staging by Adrian Noble (below). In rep to 4 Mar

Kafka's Dick (Piccadilly Theatre)
Spiriting Kafka to suburban England, this uproarious romp by Alan Bennett survives some peculiar casting in Peter Hall's revival. To 26 Feb

Just Not Fair (Birmingham Rep)
Moving account by Jim Robinson of 18 years' wrongful imprisonment of the Bridgewater Four. Will be performed in rep with Wilde's equivalent prison testament, *De Profundis*. To 30 Jan

A Month in the Country (Swan Theatre, Stratford)
A conjunction of two great artists and cultures. Ireland's finest living dramatist, Brian Friel, adapts Turgenev's proto-Chekhovian comedy. To 20 Feb

PAUL TAYLOR

THE FIVE BEST SHOWS

Charlotte Salomon (Royal Academy)
"Life? Or Theatre?" Salomon's 40s in pictures (right). Her 40s raw gouaches tell the story of the German Jewish girl's haste before Auschwitz - an expressionistic opera in three colours. To 17 Jan



Neurotic Realism (Saatchi Gallery)
First instalment of Charles Saatchi's new made-up art movement, which, by a happy coincidence, consists entirely of works in his own collection. To 28 Mar

Chris Offili (Whitworth Gallery, Manchester)
This 1998 Turner Prize-winner is an upbeat original, his surfaces dense and decorative, with swirls of dots, Afros and black icons, and incorporating elephant dung. To 24 Jan

Edward Burne-Jones (Birmingham Museum & Art Gallery)
This centenary exhibition gathers together many favourites illustrating Burne-Jones's romantic and medievalist neither world. To 17 Jan

Grimling Gibbons (Victoria & Albert Museum)
The best chisel-work of the great 17th-century English woodcarver, who made intricacy and the abundance of nature his trademark. To 24 Jan

TOM LUBBOCK

CINEMA
WEST END

ABC BAKER STREET
(0870-902 0418) @ Baker Street
The Prince of Egypt 1.40pm, 4pm
Star Trek: Insurrection 1.20pm, 3.40pm, 6pm, 8.30pm
What Dreams May Come 6.05pm, 8.35pm

ABC PANTION STREET
(0870-902 0404) @ Piccadilly
Circus Elizabeth 1.10pm, 5.10pm, 8.10pm
The Last Days of Disco 1.10pm, 3.40pm, 6pm, 8.25pm
Lock, Stock & Two Smoking Barrels 1.10pm, 3.35pm, 6pm, 8.30pm
My Name Is Joe 1.10pm, 3.35pm, 6pm, 8.25pm

ABC PICCADILLY
(0171-282 432) @ Piccadilly
Circus (from 1pm) 1.10pm, 3.40pm, 6pm, 8.30pm
The Turkish Bath 1.25pm, 3.50pm, 6.10pm, 8.35pm
There's Something About Mary 1.05pm, 3.30pm, 6pm, 8.25pm

ABC SHAFTESBURY AVENUE
(0870-902 0402) @ Leicester Square/Tottenham Court Road
Texas Chainsaw Massacre 1.40pm, 4.10pm, 6.40pm, 8.55pm
What Dreams May Come 1.05pm, 3.40pm, 6.05pm, 8.30pm

ABC SWISS CENTRE
(0870-902 0403) @ Leicester Square/Piccadilly
Circus Belfast 6.15pm, 8.45pm, 1.15pm, 3.45pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm
The El 1.15pm, 3.45pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm
The Governess 1.45pm, 4.05pm, 6.25pm, 8.45pm
La Vie Revee des Anges 1.25pm, 3.45pm, 6.05pm, 8.25pm

ABC TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD
(0870-902 0414) @ Tottenham Court Road
Enemy of the State 1.05pm, 3.45pm, 6.25pm, 9.10pm
Little Voice 1.25pm, 3.55pm, 7pm, 9.25pm
Star Trek: Insurrection 1.20pm, 4pm, 6.30pm, 9.35pm

BARBICAN SCREEN
(0171-638 8891) @ Barbican
Moogae/Saatchi's Dancing at Lughnassa 6.15pm, 8.40pm
Little Voice 3pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm

CHELSEA CINEMA
(0171-351 3742) @ Sloane Square
Little Voice 2.20pm, 4.30pm, 6.40pm, 9pm

CLAPHAM PICTURE HOUSE
(0171-498 3323) @ Clapham Common
Enemy of the State 3.45pm, 6.20pm, 8.30pm
Little Voice 2.30pm, 4.45pm, 7pm, 9.15pm
My Name Is Joe 1.30pm, 7.15pm
Sittcom 1pm, 3pm, 5pm, 9.30pm

CURZON MAYFAIR
(0171-369 1720) @ Green Park
Little Voice 2pm, 4.15pm, 6.30pm, 8.45pm

CURZON MINEMA
(0171-369 1723) @ Hyde Park Corner/Whitehall
Elizabeth 2pm, 6.30pm
On Connell la Chenson 4.15pm, 8.50pm

CURZON SOHO
(0171-734 2255 (12pm-6pm)) @ Leicester Square/Tottenham Court Road
Star Trek: Insurrection 1.20pm, 3.45pm, 6.10pm, 8.35pm
Sittcom 1.30pm, 3.30pm, 5.30pm, 7.30pm, 9.30pm
To Have and Have Not 2.30pm, 4.45pm, 7.10pm, 9.20pm

ELPHANT AND CASTLE CORONET
(0171-703 4968) @ Elephant & Castle
Enemy of the State 3pm, 5.45pm, 8.20pm
The Siege 3.35pm, 6pm, 8.30pm
Star Trek: Insurrection 4pm, 6.20pm, 8.40pm

EMPIRE LEICESTER SQUARE
(0990-888990) @ Leicester Square
The Prince of Egypt 1pm, 3.30pm, 6pm, 8.30pm
Psycho 1.15pm, 3.45pm, 6.15pm, 8.45pm
Star Trek: Insurrection 1.30pm, 4pm, 6.30pm, 9pm

GATE NOTTING HILL
(0171-727 4043) @ Notting Hill Gate
x (P) 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7.15pm, 9.15pm (+ Short: Drip Drop)

HAMMERSMITH VIRGIN
(0870-907 0718) @ Ravenscourt Park/Hammersmith
Enemy of the State 3pm, 5.10pm, 7.10pm
Little Voice 1.20pm, 3.50pm, 6.30pm, 9pm

Psycho 3pm, 5.50pm, 8.15pm
Star Trek: Insurrection 1pm, 3.30pm, 6.20pm, 8.50pm

ICA CINEMA
(0171-930 3647) @ Charing Cross
Angel Dust 6.30pm, 8.50pm
Super 8 1/2 5pm, 7pm

METRO
(0171-734 1506) @ Piccadilly
Circus/Leicester Square The Apple 3pm, 5pm, 7pm, 9pm
The Boys 4.15pm, 8.45pm
Fire 2pm

NOTTING HILL CORONET
(0171-727 6705) @ Notting Hill Gate
Enemy of the State 3pm, 5.50pm, 8.30pm

ODEON CAMDEN TOWN
(0870-050007) @ Camden Town
The Acid House 12.25pm, 2.55pm
Enemy of the State 12.25pm, 2.55pm, 4.30pm, 6.50pm, 9.05pm
Psycho 12noon, 2.15pm, 4.30pm, 6.45pm, 9pm
The Siege 12.30pm, 3.10pm, 6.05pm, 8.35pm
Star Trek: Insurrection 11.55am, 1.25pm, 4.55pm, 6.40pm, 8.55pm

ODEON HAYMARKET
(0870-050007) @ Piccadilly
Circus What Dreams May Come 1.10pm, 3.35pm, 6.05pm, 8.40pm

ODEON KENSINGTON
(0870-050007) @ High Street
Kensington Enemy of the State 12noon, 3pm, 6.05pm, 9.10pm
Little Voice 1.45pm, 4.20pm, 6.55pm, 9.30pm
The Mask of Zorro 2.55pm, 6.05pm, 9.15pm
Psycho 1.35pm, 4.15pm, 7pm, 9.40pm
The Siege 12.40pm, 3.35pm, 6.30pm, 9.25pm
Star Trek: Insurrection 1.20pm, 4pm, 6.40pm, 9.20pm

ODEON LEICESTER SQUARE
(0870-050007) @ Leicester Square
The Siege 12.25pm, 3.35pm, 6.55pm, 8.25pm

ODEON MARBLE ARCH
(0870-050007) @ Marble Arch
Enemy of the State 12noon, 3.10pm, 6.05pm, 9.10pm
Little Voice 1.45pm, 4.25pm, 6.50pm, 9.15pm
Psycho 1.25pm, 4.25pm, 6.50pm, 9.10pm
The Siege 12.35pm, 3.25pm, 6.20pm, 9.05pm
Star Trek: Insurrection 1.25pm, 3.55pm, 6.35pm, 9.10pm

ODEON MEZZANINE
(0870-050007) @ Leicester Square
Elizabeth 12.30pm, 3pm, 5.30pm, 8.10pm
Lock, Stock & Two Smoking Barrels 1.25pm, 3.55pm, 6.10pm, 8.35pm
The Mask of Zorro 2.30pm, 5.15pm, 8.10pm
Psycho 1.25pm, 4.25pm, 6.50pm, 9.10pm
Something About Mary 12.40pm, 3.10pm, 5.40pm, 8.15pm

ODEON SWISS COTTAGE
(0870-050007) @ Swiss Cottage
Enemy of the State 12.10pm, 2.50pm, 5.35pm, 8.20pm
Little Voice 1.20pm, 3.45pm, 6.15pm, 8.45pm
The Mask of Zorro 5.15pm, 8.15pm
The Prince of Egypt 12.30pm, 3.10pm, 5.15pm, 8.15pm, 11.30pm, 1.35pm, 3.40pm, 5.45pm, 8pm, 10.05pm

ODEON WEST END
(0870-050007) @ Leicester Square
Enemy of the State 12.25pm, 2.45pm, 5.30pm, 8.25pm
Little Voice 1.55pm, 4.10pm, 6.30pm, 8.55pm

PEPSI IMAX CINEMA
(0171-494 4153) @ Piccadilly
Circus Everest 12.35pm, 2.40pm, 4.45pm, 7pm, 9.05pm
13-Row Back to the Creaceous (5-8) 11.30am, 1.35pm, 3.40pm, 5.45pm, 8pm, 10.05pm

PHOENIX CINEMA
(0181-444 6789) @ East Finchley
Little Voice 2pm, 4.15pm, 6.30pm, 8.45pm

PLAZA
(0990-888990) @ Piccadilly
Circus The Acid House 12.30pm, 3.20pm, 6.10pm, 8.45pm
Babe: Pig in the City 12.45pm, Out of Sight 12.10pm, 2.55pm
Saving Private Ryan 3pm, 7.30pm
The Truman Show 3pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm

RENOIR
(0171-837 8402) @ Russell Square
The Apple 1pm, 2.55pm, 4.50pm, 6.45pm, 8.45pm
Little Voice 2.15pm, 4.25pm, 6.35pm, 9pm

RITZY CINEMA
(0171-733 2229) BR/ @ Brixton
The Acid House 4.15pm, 6.45pm, 9.15pm
Enemy of the State 12.55pm, 3.30pm, 6.50pm, 9.25pm
Fire 2.15pm, Little Voice 12.55pm, 3pm, 5.15pm, 7.25pm, 9.30pm
x (P) 1pm, 3.10pm, 5.20pm, 7.20pm, 9.35pm (+ Short: The Albatross) Star Trek: Insurrection 2.30pm, 4.45pm, 7pm, 9.20pm

SCREEN ON BAKER STREET
(0171-935 2772) @ Baker Street
Left Luggage 2.25pm, 4.30pm, 6.40pm, 8.55pm
The Parent Trap 2.30pm, 5.55pm, 8.30pm, 10.45pm, 1.15pm, 3.05pm, 5.05pm, 7.05pm, 9.05pm

SCREEN ON THE GREEN
(0171-226 3520) @ St James's Park
x (P) 3.05pm, 5.05pm, 7.05pm, 9.05pm

SCREEN ON THE HILL
(0171-435 3366) @ Belsize Park
x (P) 3.10pm, 5.10pm, 7.10pm, 9.10pm, 11.15pm

UCI WHITELEYS
(0990-888990) @ Bayswater
Enemy of the State 3.20pm, 6.10pm, 9pm
Little Voice 4pm, 6.30pm, 8.50pm
The Mask of Zorro 3pm, 5.30pm, 8.40pm
Out of Sight 9.20pm
The Parent Trap 4.30pm, The Prince of Egypt 2.40pm, 4.50pm, 7pm, 9.40pm, 12.10pm, 9.45pm
Rush Hour 4.20pm, 9.40pm
The Negotiator 8.10pm, 10.40pm, 1.15pm, 3.45pm, 6.15pm, 8.45pm, 11.15pm

VERGIN CHURCH
(0870-907 0710) @ Sloane Square/South Kensington
Enemy of the State 2.15pm, 5.15pm, 8.45pm
Out of Sight 2.45pm, 6pm, 8.30pm
The Siege 12.45pm, 3.30pm, 6.15pm, 9pm, 11.15pm

VERGIN FULHAM ROAD
(0870-907 0711) @ South Kensington
The Acid House 9pm
Enemy of the State 12.30pm, 3.10pm, 6

16/LISTINGS

KILBURN

TRICYCLE CINEMA (0171-328 1000) Kilburn Little Voice 6.30pm, 8.45pm (+ Short: Kings of Siam with 8.45pm performance only)

JINGSTON

ABC OPTIONS (0870-9020409) BR: Kingston Babe: Pig In The City 1.10pm, 3.25pm, 6.25pm, 8.25pm The Parent Trap 2.10pm, 5.10pm, 8pm Rush Hour 1.30pm, 3.50pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm

CHISWICK HILL

ODEON (08705 050007) Highgate Babe: Pig In The City 1.50pm, 4pm, 6.15pm The Mask of Zorro 2.30pm, 5.20pm, 8.20pm Out of Sight 8.35pm The Parent Trap 2.40pm, 5.30pm, 8.25pm

PECKHAM

PREMIER (0181-235 3006) BR: Peckham Rye Antz 12.00pm, 3.00pm, 5.15pm Babe: Pig In The City 2.50pm, 4.50pm, 6.45pm Elizabeth 7pm The Mask of Zorro 3pm, 5.30pm, 8.45pm The Negotiator 8.40pm Out of Sight 9.20pm The Parent Trap 4.15pm, 6.40pm, 9pm Rush Hour 3.05pm, 5.10pm, 7.20pm, 9.30pm

PURLEY

ABC (0870-9020407) BR: Purley Babe: Pig In The City 5.50pm Blade 8.15pm The Parent Trap 5.05pm, 8.05pm Rush Hour 5.35pm, 8.35pm

PURNEY

ABC (0870 9020401) Purney Bridge: BR: Purney Antz 5.15pm Babe: Pig In The City 1.30pm, 3.45pm, 6pm The Negotiator 8.15pm Out of Sight 2.15pm, 8.15pm The Parent Trap 2.15pm, 5.15pm, 8.15pm

RICHMOND

ODEON (08705 050007) BR/VE Richmond The Mask of Zorro 2.10pm, 5.30pm, 8.45pm The Parent Trap 12.30pm, 3.20pm, 6.10pm, 9pm Rush Hour 1.40pm, 4pm, 6.50pm, 9.20pm

ODEON LIBERTY 2

ODEON LIBERTY 2 (08705 050007) BR: Romford Antz 12.30pm, 2.30pm, 4.40pm, 5.50pm Babe: Pig In The City 4.40pm, 6.50pm, 8.45pm, 10.50pm The Parent Trap 2.15pm, 5.15pm, 8.05pm Rush Hour 1.45pm, 4.05pm, 6.25pm, 8.45pm

ROMFORD

ABC (0870-9020419) BR: Romford Babe: Pig In The City 1.30pm, 3.30pm, 5.30pm Elizabeth 8.05pm The Parent Trap 2.15pm, 5.15pm, 8.05pm Rush Hour 1.45pm, 4.05pm, 6.25pm, 8.45pm

ODEON LIBERTY 2

ODEON LIBERTY 2 (08705 050007) BR: Romford Antz 12.30pm, 2.30pm, 4.40pm, 5.50pm Babe: Pig In The City 4.40pm, 6.50pm, 8.45pm, 10.50pm The Parent Trap 2.15pm, 5.15pm, 8.05pm Rush Hour 1.45pm, 4.05pm, 6.25pm, 8.45pm

SIDCUP

ABC (0541-555131) BR: Sidcup Babe: Pig In The City 5.45pm Elizabeth 5.20pm, 8.15pm Lock, Stock & Two Smoking Barrels 8.40pm

STAPLES CORNER

VIRGIN (0870-9070717) BR: Crickwood Antz 2.15pm, 4.30pm, 6.45pm Babe: Pig In The City 1.30pm, 3.45pm, 6pm, 8.15pm Blade 3pm, 5.45pm, 8.45pm, 10.50pm The Mask of Zorro 3pm, 5.45pm, 8.45pm, 10.50pm Out of Sight 8.40pm The Parent Trap 1pm, 3.40pm, 6.20pm, 9.05pm Rush Hour 1pm, 4.15pm, 6.40pm, 9.15pm

STREATHAM

ABC (0870-9020415) BR: Streatham Hill/VE Brixton/Caporn Common Babe: Pig In The City 1.20pm, 3.40pm, 6pm Blade 12.20pm, 3pm, 5.40pm, 8.20pm The Mask of Zorro 12.20pm, 3pm, 5.40pm, 8.20pm The Negotiator 8.20pm The Parent Trap 12.10pm, 5.20pm, 8.30pm, 10.30pm Rush Hour 1.30pm, 3.50pm, 6.10pm, 8.40pm

STRATFORD

NEW STRATFORD PICTURE HOUSE (555 3366) BR: Stratford East Babe: Pig In The City 2pm, 4.15pm, 6.15pm The Mask of Zorro 12.10pm, 3pm, 5.45pm, 8.35pm Out of Sight 8.45pm The Parent Trap 12.25pm, 3.10pm, 5.55pm, 8.30pm Rush Hour 1.10pm, 3.30pm, 6.45pm, 9.10pm

SUTTON

ODEON (08705 050007) BR: Sutton/VE Morden Antz 2.30pm, 4.45pm Babe: Pig In The City 2pm, 3pm, 4.30pm, 6.45pm, 8.45pm The Mask of Zorro 3.15pm, 6.15pm, 9.30pm The Negotiator 9.15pm Out of Sight 7pm, 9.45pm The Parent Trap 2.45pm, 5pm, 8.45pm Rush Hour 4.15pm, 6.30pm, 9pm Saving Private Ryan 8.30pm

TURNPIKE LANE

ODEON (0181-888 2519) Turnpike Lane: Babe: Pig In The City 4pm, 6.20pm, 8.30pm The Mask of Zorro 4.30pm, 8.10pm Rush Hour 4.10pm, 6.30pm, 8.45pm

SURREY QUAYS

ABC (0990 888990) Surrey Quays Antz 2.45pm, 6.10pm Babe: Pig In The City 1.35pm, 4.55pm, 7.30pm, 9.45pm, 11.50pm Blade 3.10pm, 6.30pm, 9.10pm The Mask of Zorro 3.30pm, 6.30pm, 9.30pm The Negotiator 8.30pm Out of Sight 8.40pm, 9.30pm The Parent Trap 3pm, 6pm, 8.50pm Rush Hour 3.15pm, 6.45pm, 9.15pm

WATFORD

WATFORD (0181-888 2519) Watford: Babe: Pig In The City 4pm, 6.20pm, 8.30pm The Mask of Zorro 4.30pm, 8.10pm Rush Hour 4.10pm, 6.30pm, 8.45pm

WELL HALL

CORONET (0181-850 3351) BR: Eltham Babe: Pig In The City 4pm, 6.20pm, 8.30pm The Parent Trap 3pm, 5.45pm, 8.20pm

WIMBLEDON

ODEON (08705 050007) BR/VE Wimbledon/VE South Wimbledon Antz 12.25pm, 2.15pm, 4pm Babe: Pig In The City 12.15pm, 2.20pm, 4.25pm, 6.30pm, 8.30pm The Parent Trap 11.45am, 2.35pm, 5.25pm, 8.15pm Rush Hour 2.30pm, 5.10pm, 7.20pm, 9.30pm

WOODFORD

ODEON (0181-854 5063) BR: Woodford/VE Woodford Antz 12.25pm, 2.15pm, 4pm Babe: Pig In The City 12.15pm, 2.20pm, 4.25pm, 6.30pm, 8.30pm The Parent Trap 11.45am, 2.35pm, 5.25pm, 8.15pm Rush Hour 2.30pm, 5.10pm, 7.20pm, 9.30pm

WOODLICH

CORONET (0181-854 5063) BR: Woodlich/VE Woodlich Antz 12.25pm, 2.15pm, 4pm Babe: Pig In The City 12.15pm, 2.20pm, 4.25pm, 6.30pm, 8.30pm The Parent Trap 11.45am, 2.35pm, 5.25pm, 8.15pm Rush Hour 2.30pm, 5.10pm, 7.20pm, 9.30pm

WOODLICH

CORONET (0181-854 5063) BR: Woodlich/VE Woodlich Antz 12.25pm, 2.15pm, 4pm Babe: Pig In The City 12.15pm, 2.20pm, 4.25pm, 6.30pm, 8.30pm The Parent Trap 11.45am, 2.35pm, 5.25pm, 8.15pm Rush Hour 2.30pm, 5.10pm, 7.20pm, 9.30pm

WOODLICH

CORONET (0181-854 5063) BR: Woodlich/VE Woodlich Antz 12.25pm, 2.15pm, 4pm Babe: Pig In The City 12.15pm, 2.20pm, 4.25pm, 6.30pm, 8.30pm The Parent Trap 11.45am, 2.35pm, 5.25pm, 8.15pm Rush Hour 2.30pm, 5.10pm, 7.20pm, 9.30pm

WOODLICH

CORONET (0181-854 5063) BR: Woodlich/VE Woodlich Antz 12.25pm, 2.15pm, 4pm Babe: Pig In The City 12.15pm, 2.20pm, 4.25pm, 6.30pm, 8.30pm The Parent Trap 11.45am, 2.35pm, 5.25pm, 8.15pm Rush Hour 2.30pm, 5.10pm, 7.20pm, 9.30pm

WOODLICH

CORONET (0181-854 5063) BR: Woodlich/VE Woodlich Antz 12.25pm, 2.15pm, 4pm Babe: Pig In The City 12.15pm, 2.20pm, 4.25pm, 6.30pm, 8.30pm The Parent Trap 11.45am, 2.35pm, 5.25pm, 8.15pm Rush Hour 2.30pm, 5.10pm, 7.20pm, 9.30pm

WOODLICH

CORONET (0181-854 5063) BR: Woodlich/VE Woodlich Antz 12.25pm, 2.15pm, 4pm Babe: Pig In The City 12.15pm, 2.20pm, 4.25pm, 6.30pm, 8.30pm The Parent Trap 11.45am, 2.35pm, 5.25pm, 8.15pm Rush Hour 2.30pm, 5.10pm, 7.20pm, 9.30pm

WOODLICH

CORONET (0181-854 5063) BR: Woodlich/VE Woodlich Antz 12.25pm, 2.15pm, 4pm Babe: Pig In The City 12.15pm, 2.20pm, 4.25pm, 6.30pm, 8.30pm The Parent Trap 11.45am, 2.35pm, 5.25pm, 8.15pm Rush Hour 2.30pm, 5.10pm, 7.20pm, 9.30pm

WOODLICH

CORONET (0181-854 5063) BR: Woodlich/VE Woodlich Antz 12.25pm, 2.15pm, 4pm Babe: Pig In The City 12.15pm, 2.20pm, 4.25pm, 6.30pm, 8.30pm The Parent Trap 11.45am, 2.35pm, 5.25pm, 8.15pm Rush Hour 2.30pm, 5.10pm, 7.20pm, 9.30pm

WOODLICH

CORONET (0181-854 5063) BR: Woodlich/VE Woodlich Antz 12.25pm, 2.15pm, 4pm Babe: Pig In The City 12.15pm, 2.20pm, 4.25pm, 6.30pm, 8.30pm The Parent Trap 11.45am, 2.35pm, 5.25pm, 8.15pm Rush Hour 2.30pm, 5.10pm, 7.20pm, 9.30pm

WOODLICH

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THEATRE WEST END

Ticket availability details are for today; times and prices for the week; running times include intervals. @ Seats at all prices. * Seats at some prices. [1] Sun, [3] Tue, [4] Wed, [5] Thur, [6] Fri, [7] Sat

ALARMS & EXCURSIONS

Michael Frayn's new comedy about a dinner party which is interrupted by mysterious messages from the past. Starring: Michael Frayn, Michael Williams, Michael Williams, Michael Williams. W1 (0171-494 5065) @ Picc. Circ. Mon-Sat 7.45pm, [5] 7.30pm, [7] 7.30pm, [1] 7.30pm, [3] 7.30pm, [4] 7.30pm, [6] 7.30pm, [2] 7.30pm, [8] 7.30pm, [9] 7.30pm, [10] 7.30pm, [11] 7.30pm, [12] 7.30pm, [13] 7.30pm, [14] 7.30pm, [15] 7.30pm, [16] 7.30pm, [17] 7.30pm, [18] 7.30pm, [19] 7.30pm, [20] 7.30pm, [21] 7.30pm, [22] 7.30pm, [23] 7.30pm, [24] 7.30pm, [25] 7.30pm, [26] 7.30pm, [27] 7.30pm, [28] 7.30pm, [29] 7.30pm, [30] 7.30pm, [31] 7.30pm, [32] 7.30pm, [33] 7.30pm, [34] 7.30pm, [35] 7.30pm, [36] 7.30pm, [37] 7.30pm, [38] 7.30pm, [39] 7.30pm, [40] 7.30pm, [41] 7.30pm, [42] 7.30pm, [43] 7.30pm, [44] 7.30pm, [45] 7.30pm, [46] 7.30pm, [47] 7.30pm, [48] 7.30pm, [49] 7.30pm, [50] 7.30pm, [51] 7.30pm, [52] 7.30pm, [53] 7.30pm, [54] 7.30pm, [55] 7.30pm, [56] 7.30pm, [57] 7.30pm, [58] 7.30pm, [59] 7.30pm, [60] 7.30pm, [61] 7.30pm, [62] 7.30pm, [63] 7.30pm, [64] 7.30pm, [65] 7.30pm, [66] 7.30pm, [67] 7.30pm, [68] 7.30pm, [69] 7.30pm, [70] 7.30pm, [71] 7.30pm, [72] 7.30pm, [73] 7.30pm, [74] 7.30pm, [75] 7.30pm, [76] 7.30pm, [77] 7.30pm, [78] 7.30pm, [79] 7.30pm, [80] 7.30pm, [81] 7.30pm, [82] 7.30pm, [83] 7.30pm, [84] 7.30pm, [85] 7.30pm, [86] 7.30pm, [87] 7.30pm, [88] 7.30pm, [89] 7.30pm, [90] 7.30pm, [91] 7.30pm, [92] 7.30pm, [93] 7.30pm, [94] 7.30pm, [95] 7.30pm, [96] 7.30pm, [97] 7.30pm, [98] 7.30pm, [99] 7.30pm, [100] 7.30pm, [101] 7.30pm, [102] 7.30pm, [103] 7.30pm, [104] 7.30pm, [105] 7.30pm, [106] 7.30pm, [107] 7.30pm, [108] 7.30pm, [109] 7.30pm, [110] 7.30pm, [111] 7.30pm, [112] 7.30pm, [113] 7.30pm, [114] 7.30pm, [115] 7.30pm, [116] 7.30pm, [117] 7.30pm, [118] 7.30pm, [119] 7.30pm, [120] 7.30pm, [121] 7.30pm, [122] 7.30pm, [123] 7.30pm, [124] 7.30pm, [125] 7.30pm, [126] 7.30pm, [127] 7.30pm, [128] 7.30pm, [129] 7.30pm, [130] 7.30pm, [131] 7.30pm, [132] 7.30pm, [133] 7.30pm, [134] 7.30pm, [135] 7.30pm, [136] 7.30pm, [137] 7.30pm, [138] 7.30pm, [139] 7.30pm, [140] 7.30pm, [141] 7.30pm, [142] 7.30pm, [143] 7.30pm, [144] 7.30pm, [145] 7.30pm, [146] 7.30pm, [147] 7.30pm, [148] 7.30pm, [149] 7.30pm, [150] 7.30pm, [151] 7.30pm, [152] 7.30pm, [153] 7.30pm, [154] 7.30pm, [155] 7.30pm, [156] 7.30pm, [157] 7.30pm, [158] 7.30pm, [159] 7.30pm, [160] 7.30pm, [161] 7.30pm, [162] 7.30pm, [163] 7.30pm, [164] 7.30pm, [165] 7.30pm, [166] 7.30pm, [167] 7.30pm, [168] 7.30pm, [169] 7.30pm, [170] 7.30pm, [171] 7.30pm, [172] 7.30pm, [173] 7.30pm, [174] 7.30pm, [175] 7.30pm, [176] 7.30pm, [177] 7.30pm, [178] 7.30pm, [179] 7.30pm, [180] 7.30pm, [181] 7.30pm, [182] 7.30pm, [183] 7.30pm, [184] 7.30pm, [185] 7.30pm, [186] 7.30pm, [187] 7.30pm, [188] 7.30pm, [189] 7.30pm, [190] 7.30pm, [191] 7.30pm, [192] 7.30pm, [193] 7.30pm, [194] 7.30pm, [195] 7.30pm, [196] 7.30pm, [197] 7.30pm, [198] 7.30pm, [199] 7.30pm, [200] 7.30pm, [201] 7.30pm, [202] 7.30pm, [203] 7.30pm, [204] 7.30pm, [205] 7.30pm, [206] 7.30pm, [207] 7.30pm, [208] 7.30pm, [209] 7.30pm, [210] 7.30pm, [211] 7.30pm, [212] 7.30pm, [213] 7.30pm, [214] 7.30pm, [215] 7.30pm, [216] 7.30pm, [217] 7.30pm, [218] 7.30pm, [219] 7.30pm, [220] 7.30pm, [221] 7.30pm, [222] 7.30pm, [223] 7.30pm, [224] 7.30pm, [225] 7.30pm, [226] 7.30pm, [227] 7.30pm, [228] 7.30pm, [229] 7.30pm, [230] 7.30pm, [231] 7.30pm, [232] 7.30pm, [233] 7.30pm, [234] 7.30pm, [235] 7.30pm, [236] 7.30pm, [237] 7.30pm, [238] 7.30pm, [239] 7.30pm, [240] 7.30pm, [241] 7.30pm, [242] 7.30pm, [243] 7.30pm, [244] 7.30pm, [245] 7.30pm, [246] 7.30pm, [247] 7.30pm, [248] 7.30pm, [249] 7.30pm, [250] 7.30pm, [251] 7.30pm, [252] 7.30pm, [253] 7.30pm, [254] 7.30pm, [255] 7.30pm, [256] 7.30pm, [257] 7.30pm, [258] 7.30pm, [259] 7.30pm, [260] 7.30pm, [261] 7.30pm, [262] 7.30pm, [263] 7.30pm, [264] 7.30pm, [265] 7.30pm, [266] 7.30pm, [267] 7.30pm, [268] 7.30pm, [269] 7.30pm, [270] 7.30pm, [271] 7.30pm, [272] 7.30pm, [273] 7.30pm, [274] 7.30pm, [275] 7.30pm, [276] 7.30pm, [277] 7.30pm, [278] 7.30pm, [279] 7.30pm, [280] 7.30pm, [281] 7.30pm, [282] 7.30pm, [283] 7.30pm, [284] 7.30pm, [285] 7.30pm, [286] 7.30pm, [287] 7.30pm, [288] 7.30pm, [289] 7.30pm, [290] 7.30pm, [291] 7.30pm, [292] 7.30pm, [293] 7.30pm, [294] 7.30pm, [295] 7.30pm, [296] 7.30pm, [297] 7.30pm, [298] 7.30pm, [299] 7.30pm, [300] 7.30pm, [301] 7.30pm, [302] 7.30pm, [303] 7.30pm, [304] 7.30pm, [305] 7.30pm, [306] 7.30pm, [307] 7.30pm, [308] 7.30pm, [309] 7

